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KING EDWARD VII
HIS LIFE AND REIGN





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KING
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VI

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BATHAMPTON, ENGLAND



KING EDWARD VII

HIS LIFE & REIGN

*The Record of
a Noble Career*

By

EDGAR SANDERSON M.A.

Author of "The British Empire at Home and Abroad"

and

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Author of "Life of Thackeray" &c.

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KING EDWARD VII

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

It is the purpose of this work to set forth in as complete, accurate, and lively fashion as may be attained by the writer, the personality and the public character and career of Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, whose sudden and regretted death has plunged the whole world into mourning. The record will show how truly remarkable, and without parallel in our history as a free people, that career and character were. We shall note the vigorous, tactful, sympathetic, and dignified discharge of every kind of public duty in a man of manifold activities and of universal interest in all that concerns the public weal. We shall show how vain is the notion that, in a thoroughly constitutional monarchy, the head of the State, or, for many years in the case of King Edward the Seventh, the personage next the Throne, is a mere puppet or figurehead; how strong, on the contrary, is the influence exerted by a popular prince, devoid of direct political power, over the classes distinguished by rank, wealth, and leisure—an influence not, perhaps, based on anything noble, but capable of being used by skilful leadership and timely example for ends most beneficent to the needy and suffering. Kindly consideration for the feelings of others in every rank; sympathy, broad and deep, with human suffering and wrong; earnest patriotism combined with a due regard for the rights and sensibilities of foreign peoples; adaptability of manner to all sorts and con-

ditions of men and women; versatility in tastes, occupations, and recreations; unfailing memory for faces and names, and for the personal associations, predilections, and habits of those who are encountered in social functions; graceful and cordial demeanour, allied with dignified self-respect and with the will and capacity to check presumptions and intrusive advances—these are valuable qualities of heart and head in princes—and the sovereign now under review, both as heir apparent and as monarch, proved himself to be their possessor. Not only did these qualities render him, during the very long period of life which preceded his accession, the most popular of all heirs to a throne in modern history, but to the possession and the exercise of some of them the nation and the Empire, in political affairs, were deeply indebted. Succeeding to a throne held for an unequalled period by one of the most able, beloved, and venerated of queens, he had no cause to fear comparison even with such a predecessor. Regarded in the metropolis of the Empire, and in his native land, with the greatest liking, he was always highly esteemed in the French capital, and this fact, at a particular time, had a most important influence in drawing closer two great nations which, after a long period of cordiality, had somewhat drifted apart.

In his long career as Prince of Wales, nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which, according to the testimony of a great Prime Minister who was anything but a servile courtier, he devotedly and honourably met every call of public duty laid upon him; under special circumstances, to an unusual extent. The Prince, thus hardly tried, rose to every occasion, and won for himself his own position with every class of the community, without ceasing for a moment to be his mother's respectful and devoted subject, without raising the slightest suspicion of self-seeking for sinister ends, such as some of his predecessors had justly incurred. Both as prince and as king, he always acted on the assumption that, in this age and this empire, royalty can only win its right to public esteem by a frank and full acceptance of the responsibilities of that exalted rank, and by the conscientious discharge of public duties.

Throughout his course of life a naturally quick temper was held in control; he was ever most affectionate in family relations, ever a faithful friend, and a sure keeper of countless secrets confided to his care. His courtesy to persons in the most humble walks of life was as unflinching as that displayed to those in a rank next the throne. A deputation of working men always left his presence, when he was Prince of Wales, with the conviction of his earnest sympathy with their troubles, and with a most grateful sense of his courteous behaviour. The London cabmen and the London police received from him, on certain occasions, emphatic public testimony to the merits which none but ill-natured and prejudiced people would attempt to deny. In his readiness to afford the people in provincial towns the longed-for opportunity of gazing upon him, he rode in open carriages, with personal discomfort, amid wintry cold and in storms of rain. Such a man could hardly fail to enjoy, in the best sense, what is called "popularity". We conclude this part of our subject by a reference to the breadth and diversity of intellectual culture possessed by him. Rarely, indeed, did any man receive such a training for such a position. The son of a most able and accomplished father, he was carefully educated by tutors chosen under the best advice. The teaching of his boyhood was followed by a brief university course at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge, where he received the soundest instruction from the ablest men in their several departments. His mind, in early and later manhood, was further developed and enlarged by travel extending to all the continents save Australia. In wanderings many, not of suffering, risk, and toilsome adventure, as in those of the Homeric hero, but of profitable and pleasurable ease, the King was a veritable modern Ulysses. Many men and cities he saw and knew, and many ways of mankind, and this knowledge he turned, on many occasions, to good account in social and political affairs as one of the best of non-professional diplomatists.

CHAPTER II

THE CHILDHOOD OF KING EDWARD

1841-1848

About noon on November 9, 1841, the sound of the guns on the platform in front of the Tower, and in St. James's Park, was booming and re-echoing over the capital. Their thunders announced a most important event, one of joyous significance for the realm, to the loyal subjects of Queen Victoria. Her second child, the first son, Albert Edward, seventeenth Prince of Wales, had been born at Buckingham Palace about a quarter to eleven o'clock that morning. His sex fulfilled a cheerful prediction made by the Queen on the birth of his sister, the Princess Royal, nearly a year previously. When Prince Albert displayed some disappointment on the arrival of a girl, his wife exclaimed: "Never mind, the next will be a boy", and expressed a hope that she might have as many children as her grandmother, Queen Charlotte. The birth of the heir apparent was attended by the presence in the chamber itself of Dr. Clark and Dr. Locock, Mrs. Lilley the nurse, and the father of the child. In the ante-room were other doctors, and in accordance with custom, some high officials and other personages in Church and State. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, had been unable to arrive at short notice, and was represented by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. With him were the Prime Minister (Sir Robert Peel), the Lord Chancellor (Lord Lyndhurst), Sir James Graham (Home Secretary), and the most illustrious subject of the Crown, the Duke of Wellington. At the request of Prince Albert, the Bishop held a brief service of prayer for the safety of the sovereign, and the distinguished visitors departed after a brief view of the child, presented by the nurse. The spread of the news caused universal joy, and we may note some particulars which show the difference of past and present facilities for that purpose. The electric telegraph was still in a very early stage of development, and the wires conveyed tidings from London only to some of



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BUCKINGHAM PALACE

the larger towns in Great Britain. The birth of a prince was quickly known in the Midlands and the North, but in Dublin only on November 10, by means of a special train to Liverpool and a steamer thence to the Irish capital. Meanwhile Buckingham Palace was invested by crowds of joyful citizens, and the air was filled with the clangour of bells pealing from every steeple and tower.

A curious point arose in connection with the precise time of the birth. The alleged custom, for which there was found, on enquiry, to be no precedent, was that, on the birth of a royal child, the officer on guard at St. James's Palace was to be promoted to the rank of major. The guard was relieved at 10.45, and at that time the new guard marched into the Palace Yard. The bulletin posted up at Buckingham Palace for public view, at half-past eleven a.m., with the signatures of four doctors appended, stated that the Queen was delivered of a Prince at forty-eight minutes past ten o'clock. The question arose as to which officer could rightly have promotion. The officer of the fresh guard claimed it on the ground that the relief marched in three minutes before the birth, and the keys were then delivered to him. The other officer based his claim on the assertion that the sentries had not been actually changed when the child was born, and that his men were still on guard; and he disputed the fact of the delivery of the keys as having, most probably, not taken place before the moment of birth. The matter was referred to the Commander-in-chief, Lord Hill, the veteran who was distinguished in the Peninsular War as Sir Rowland Hill, and also held a prominent command at Waterloo, and he awarded the promotion to the officer of the guard relieved.

It will have been observed that the day of birth coincided with what is popularly known as "Lord Mayor's Day". At that time the civic progress to Westminster was made by water with a procession including a great and gorgeous "State Barge" and other gaudy vessels starting from London Bridge westwards. The guns announced the birth at the time when the municipal party was setting out from Guildhall for the waterside. There are those

who love to see signs and portents in coincidences of time, and some might suggest that the day of the birth of an heir to the throne pointed to the fact that he was coming into life at a time in his country's history when municipal institutions, under the system of reformed corporations, were to have an ever-growing vigour and importance in our polity, and when, during a manhood's life of nearly forty years before acceding to the throne, he was to become the recipient of countless addresses from the hands of innumerable mayors. However this may be, the birth of the heir apparent was received in the City of London with the warmest welcome. The health of the infant was drunk with special honour, in what is called a Loving Cup, amidst uproarious cheering, at the Guildhall banquet. The principal guest, Sir Robert Peel, a master of stately and sonorous eloquence, referred in his speech to "the auspicious event which will make this day memorable in the annals of England" as one "completing the domestic happiness of Her Majesty, and filling the whole people with joy". He stated also his pleasure in the fact that distinguished foreigners were present, representing friendly and powerful States, to witness such a display of loyalty, and he looked forward to the day when, in the fulness of time, the young Prince should come to the throne of his ancestors, and, formed by the tender care and instructed by the example of his illustrious parents, should at some distant date prove himself worthy of so high a destiny. This was an anticipation which all good subjects of the Empire now admit to have been amply fulfilled. A few days later the civic dignitaries of London attended, with many distinguished persons, at Buckingham Palace, to offer their congratulations. The visitors were received by Prince Albert, and the little Prince was brought into the room and carried round for inspection, wrapped in a mantle of blue velvet and ermine. The party then tasted the "caudle". The very name of this beverage is, we suppose, quite unknown to most modern readers. A great wit and humorist of the early Victorian age, Douglas Jerrold, contributed to the pages of *Punch*, soon after the foundation of that famous and facetious periodical, many admirable sketches of a "nagging" wife, under the title of

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. We find, on enquiry, that the drink in question was made up of ale or wine mingled with sugar, spices, and bread, and served warm, to a woman after childbirth, and to the gossips who gathered around her.

In connection with the event we also note that the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, who had returned specially from Germany, was present at the birth; that a Privy Council was quickly assembled at Whitehall after the event, and an order was issued for a form of thanksgiving to be prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury, "for use in all churches and chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed"; that the nurse appointed to suckle the Prince was Mrs. Brough, formerly a housemaid at Claremont, and at this time wife of a sailmaker in the Isle of Wight, and that she received for her important and, in the case of a sovereign whose public duties absolutely precluded her from this maternal function, indispensable service, the munificent fee of £1000. This was double the sum paid to the nurse of the Princess Royal. 'One of the Prince's nurses was Mrs. Hull, who became a great favourite in the royal family, and was always known as "dear old May". Under this name she was mentioned on the beautiful wreath sent to be placed on her coffin by King Edward and his Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, when she died at Windsor in 1888, at a good old age.

Amidst the general festivities which celebrated the event, an act of royal clemency took place in the Queen's command to the Home Secretary to commute the punishments of well-behaved convicts, and to grant liberty at once to any deserving men who were on board the prison hulks.

The Queen made a rapid recovery, and on November 21, the first anniversary of the Princess Royal's birthday, we learn from the royal journal that "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy (as "Vicky" was also called) in such a smart merino dress, trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her. And as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite moved

with happiness and gratitude to God." On November 29 the Queen wrote to her Uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, regarding the young prince: "Our little boy is a wonderfully strong and large child, with very large dark-blue eyes, a finely formed but somewhat large nose, and a pretty little mouth; I *hope* and *pray* he may be like his dearest papa. He is to be called *Albert*, and Edward is to be his second name." On December 6 the Court was moved, for a healthful change, to Windsor Castle, whence letters were written to "Uncle Leopold" and other dear friends, speaking of domestic happiness and affection as the true compensation for inevitable trials and vexations; expressing her delight in having two children now, a thing "like a dream" to her, and uttering, as wife and mother, her prayer that her boy might in all respects come to resemble his father.

On December 8 the Queen, by letters patent, created her son "Prince of Wales" and "Earl of Chester". The ceremonial of investment was, no doubt, "taken as performed", the *Gazette* stating that the Queen thus ennobled and invested him with the principality and earldom "by girding him with a sword, by putting a coronet on his head, and a gold ring on his finger, and also by delivering a gold rod into his hand, that he may preside there, and may direct and defend those parts".

We must now take note of the title "Prince of Wales". Until the time of Charles the Second, the connection of the heir apparent with his principality was maintained, in a curious way, by the arrangement that the Prince always had a Welshwoman as wet-nurse. The first receiver of the principality, as well as of the dukedom of Cornwall, under the special existing limitations, was Edward the Black Prince. The "entail", or limited succession, of the principality, was "to him and his heirs the Kings of England", and of the dukedom "to him and his heirs the first-begotten sons of the Kings of England". Hence, when a Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall succeeds to the throne, the principality merges at once in the Crown, and cannot exist again except by a fresh creation. If the prince has a son, the dukedom descends im-



THE CHRISTENING OF KING EDWARD IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
WINDSOR, 1842

From a Drawing by Charles M. Sheldon

mediately to him, or remains in abeyance until he has a son. If, however, a Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall dies in his father's—the sovereign's—lifetime, leaving a son and heir, both dignities cease to exist, because the son, although he is his heir, is neither a King of England nor the first-begotten son of a King of England. The title of "Prince of Wales", then, is not inherited, but must be received from the sovereign by patent and investiture, or by simple declaration.

Edward the Seventh, as Prince of Wales, directly inherited the title of Duke of Saxony by right of his father, and, by right of his mother, he became Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles (*i.e.* the Hebrides), and Great Steward of Scotland. A dispute arose concerning the armorial bearings of the Prince. He had been gazetted at once, in honour to Prince Albert, as Duke of Saxony, with precedence for that title over the other inherited titles. The title of Prince of Wales, however, on the issue of the letters patent, took precedence over that of Duke of Saxony, and some British jealousy of German influence was thus allayed. As regards the armorial matter, the Queen and Prince Albert wished that their son should quarter the arms of Saxony along with the Royal arms of Britain. The Heralds of the College, and some others, thought that the Saxony arms ought not to be foisted upon the royal arms. The Queen desired to have the matter settled at once on the next meeting of the Council, but Sir Robert Peel objected to anything but a decision of the Council on the right date. The Earl Marshal thought what the sovereign desired inconsistent with the rules and laws of heraldry. After a lengthy correspondence between the Prime Minister and high functionaries, the Home Secretary (Sir James Graham) took it on himself to order the Earl Marshal to have a coat of arms drawn out, right or wrong, according to the Queen's wishes. It was also settled that, in the Liturgy, the words "His Royal Highness" should not be inserted before "Prince of Wales". In giving some account of the keeping of the Christmas festival at Windsor, the Queen refers to her two children "who, they know not why, are

full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree and its radiant candles". The Christmas tree was then, for this country, a recent importation from Germany, due to Prince Albert. The custom is said to be traceable to the Roman festival known as the Saturnalia, or great festival of Saturn, celebrated on December 17 and 18 as a religious observance, but lasting, in popular usage, for seven days. Among the gifts bestowed on children were wax tapers and clay dolls, which at once remind us of Christmas-tree decorations. From Italy the festival, in some form, passed with the conquering legions into such parts of Germany as were subdued.

The Queen and Prince Albert had resolved that the ceremony of christening the young Prince of Wales should be performed with great solemnity and splendour. The choice of sponsors required some thought. The difficulty of selecting as godfather one out of many distinguished royal relatives was avoided by an appeal to the sovereign of the chief Protestant nation on the Continent. General approval was accorded to the invitation thus sent to Frederick William IV of Prussia. That monarch, an accomplished, intelligent personage of good intentions, but weak character, consented to come over, and did visit this country, in spite of much intriguing interference from pragmatistical politicians in other leading European nations, who persisted in assigning political importance to his presence in England. He was met by Prince Albert on his arrival at Greenwich, and conducted to Windsor, where the Queen received him at the grand entrance of the castle with the usual ceremonial kiss and profound curtsies. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with amiable features and little hair, agreeable and humorous in manners and conversation. The Queen soon made him feel quite at home, and, at the festivities following the ceremony, she persuaded him to resume his dancing, long laid aside, and become her partner in the royal quadrille.

The christening ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. This famous edifice has been the scene of many services in which royalty has played the chief part, gay or grave, festive or solemn, in connection with life or death. There the

roof has echoed the sounds of hymns sung on the reception of royal infants into the national Church, of the joyous hymeneal march, and of the slow funereal dirge. The name of the chapel shows at once its intimate connection with our leading order of knighthood, the "Most Noble" Order of the Garter, instituted in an uncertain year, and for an unknown reason, about the middle of the fourteenth century, at a time when the Court of England was, in Hallam's words, "the sun of that system which embraced the valour and nobility of the Christian world", when "chivalry was in its zenith, and in all the virtues which adorned the knightly character none were so conspicuous as Edward the Third and the Black Prince". The Order was dedicated to St. George of Cappadocia and St. Edward the Confessor, and its feast or solemn annual convention was kept at Windsor on St. George's Day, April 23, with scarcely a break from the reign of the founder, the third Edward, to that of Queen Elizabeth.

The building is one of the finest examples of Perpendicular architecture in England, surpassing in design, according to some judges, the glorious King's College Chapel at Cambridge, and that of Henry the Seventh at Westminster. The architecture shows the latest style of mediæval art, in which the aspiring lines of earlier days are lost, and lavish and intricate ornament appear. The work of erection was begun by Edward the Fourth, who pulled down, in 1473, almost all the earlier chapel, completed and adorned with stained-glass windows in 1363 by Edward the Third. The nave of the chapel was vaulted about 1490, and the choir groining was finished in 1507. The hanging pendants from the fan-vaulting of the choir show a later development of style, in strong contrast with the simpler lines of the earlier vaulting in the nave. The lantern and rood screen were finished in 1516, and the stalls and other fittings some years later. Much of the later work and decoration are due to the taste and skill of Sir Reginald Bray, who rendered active service in bringing the first Tudor king to the throne, and was also chief architect of Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster. He died in 1503, and lies buried in the Windsor chapel. In this edifice, so founded

and dedicated, adorned on each side of the choir, the sovereign's and the prince's, with the banners overhanging the stalls of the knights, it was most fitting that another royal Edward should be enrolled in the service of Christ

The imposing rite began at 10 o'clock in the morning of St. Paul's Day, January 25, 1842, in presence of the Queen and her consort, ambassadors, high officers of State, Court officials, Knights of the Garter wearing the full insignia of the Order, dignitaries of the Church, and many great ladies gorgeously arrayed. In the Queen's procession, where the victor of Waterloo bore the sword of state before his sovereign and Prince Albert, with the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward on either side, walked the royal dukes, uncles of the Queen, and the princely cousins from Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Weimar. The chief Church officials acting at the grand ceremony were Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Edward Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, attended by other prelates. Great preparations, involving the labour of many weeks, had been made inside the chapel. The carved work shone with new polish. A rich purple carpet covered the floor of the choir, from the front stalls of which a platform was laid down to the rails of the communion table. On this platform, for the chief royal personages, stood six ample chairs, covered with purple silk bearing the Garter star. The Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Sumner, Prelate of the Order, and the Dean of Windsor, Registrar, wore their mantles of rich velvet, and the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Bagot, Chancellor of the Order, was conspicuous in a long crimson cloak. The font, filled, as usual on great occasions, with water from the River Jordan, stood on a purple cushion, and was a composite structure including golden ware used at the baptism of Charles the Second and of the Princess Royal.

The young heir apparent, who is described by the chief reporter present as behaving during the ceremony "with princely decorum", was carried by his nurse from the chapter-house to the chapel, with the Lord Chamberlain and other high officials as escort. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, took



AT THE AGE OF 5 MONTHS
From a miniature by Sir W. C. Ross painted
by command of Queen Victoria



AT THE AGE OF 5 YEARS
Drawn by the Prince Consort after a sketch
by Sir W. C. Ross



AT THE AGE OF 6 YEARS
After Winterhalter



AT AGE 7, WITH HIS BROTHER ALFRED
After Winterhalter

KING EDWARD VII IN CHILDHOOD

him from the nurse and placed him in the arms of the Archbishop of Canterbury, from whom he received, through the good taste of his parents, the simple name "Albert Edward", after his father and maternal grandfather, instead of the long string of appellations often bestowed on royal infants. The chief sponsor was, as we have seen, the King of Prussia, and the other sponsors were the old Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Cambridge (as proxy for the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha), the Princess Augusta of Cambridge (representing the Princess Sophia), Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duchess of Kent as proxy for the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. There was a full choral service, and, at Prince Albert's desire, no anthem was sung, although one had been expressly composed for the occasion by Mr. (afterwards Sir George J.) Elvey. The Prince had remarked that, if there were an anthem to end the service, all would go out criticizing the music. He wished to have, instead, "something we all know—something in which we can all join—something devotional". The ceremony accordingly concluded with the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the overture to Handel's oratorio *Esther*.

The King of Prussia was afterwards invested, as an extra, foreign knight, with the Order of the Garter by the Queen, at a "chapter" held for the purpose; and he conferred the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle on the Prince of Wales. In 1844 the Emperor of Russia gave the young prince the Grand Cross of St. Andrew. The Queen, in her journal, wrote concerning the christening ceremony: "It is impossible to describe how beautiful and imposing the whole scene was in the fine old chapel, with the banners, the music, and the light shining on the altar."

There was a great banquet, in the evening, in St. George's Hall, with a grand display of gold and silver plate. In the middle of the table was a massive gold or silver-gilt vessel, described as "more like a bath than anything else, holding thirty dozen of wine". This vast receptacle, the sight of which astonished the King of Prussia, was filled with mulled claret. The healths drunk, as proposed in succession by the Lord Steward, were "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales", "The King of Prussia", "The

Queen", and "Prince Albert". The guests moved away after the banquet to the Waterloo Chamber, where the christening cake, eight feet round, was viewed and tasted; and the evening ended with a grand concert in the same apartment.

Of King Edward in his earliest life we have only occasional glimpses through mention by his mother and by some of her intimate friends. No royal personage, save Queen Victoria, has had features more familiar to British subjects in all parts of the Empire than those of King Edward the Seventh in his mature manhood as heir apparent and king. This fact is due to the development, as regards beauty, accuracy, and cheapness of reproduction, of the art of photography, during the later decades of the nineteenth century. For knowledge of his personal appearance in his earlier days we are mainly indebted to engravings of pictures representing him as an infant in his mother's lap; as playing with his toys; as holding the Queen's hand when she received Louis Philippe of France, in 1844, at Windsor Castle; as grouped with some of his brothers and sisters; as seated in a box with his father and mother and the Princess Royal, gazing at the equestrian performances in Astley's famous amphitheatre, near the Surrey-side foot of Westminster Bridge; in sailor's dress at the age of seven; and in Highland costume, seated on a pony's back, in a group composed of the Queen and Prince Albert and their attendants, including "gillies", with slaughtered deer lying on the ground beside a loch among the hills.

One of our earliest notices of the Prince is derived from that remarkable personage, Baron Stockmar, whose name is familiar to all readers of Sir Theodore Martin's excellent *Life of the Prince Consort*. This gentleman, of Swedish descent, born at Coburg in 1787, became physician there to Prince Leopold, afterwards husband of our Princess Charlotte. His mental abilities and high moral qualities soon made him chief secretary and the most confidential adviser of Leopold, before and after attainment of the new throne of Belgium. In 1834 he quitted the King's service for that of mentor to Prince Albert of Coburg, and he



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A YOUNG HIGHLANDER

From a Drawing by Charles M. Sheldon

was for many years the trusted friend of the Prince and Queen Victoria, spending much time at the British Court. The Baron writes of the Prince of Wales, at one year old, as "strong upon his legs, with a calm, clear, bright expression of face". In the diary of Lady Bloomfield, who, until her marriage with a gentleman who became distinguished in the Queen's service as a diplomatist, was a "maid-of-honour in waiting" as the Hon. Miss Georgiana Liddell, we read, under date of December 15, 1843, "We had a pleasant interview with the royal children in Lady Lyttelton's room yesterday, and almost a romp with the little Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales. They had got a round ivory counter, which I spun for them, and they went into such fits of laughter it did my heart good to hear them." A few days later she writes of trying a German ballad of Prince Albert's composing and says: "The Prince of Wales stayed some time in the room while we were practising. He was very attentive, and both he and the Princess Royal seem to have a decided taste for music." We read elsewhere of "Vicky and Bertie" (their home names) coming to the Queen's room, in the early years of her married life, when she had left town for Claremont, in the height of the season, to enjoy a few days of repose with her husband and children, to wish her many happy returns of her birthday. They were dressed, as planned, for a surprise, by Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent, in Tyrolese fashion, and, as the Queen wrote, "looked such sweet little foreigners that their mother hardly knew them". At six years of age the Prince was a very pretty boy, with his mother's fine blue eyes and beautiful hair, with a shy manner, and yet full of mischief and fun. We read of his having, at eight years old, a bad fall on an iron-barred gate, which caused two black eyes and a badly cut nose.

Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, when he was visiting at Balmoral, described him as "a pleasing, lively boy", who gave him an animated account of the tricks performed before the Court by "Professor Anderson", the "Wizard of the North"; of his firing a pistol, and sending several watches through the head of a footman, in regard to which the Prince said: "Papa knows how all

these things are done, and had the watches really gone through the footman's head, he could hardly have looked so well".

As regards conduct in childhood, we note that, though he sometimes needed, as nearly all healthy children of good animal spirits will, some sharp correction, he is frequently referred to by the Queen as "good little Bertie". He was always a most affectionate son to his father while he lived, and ever afterwards to the Queen, showing marked respect for her on all occasions, uncovering always and standing up when the National Anthem was played. His loving regard for his brothers and sisters, and their strong affection for "Bertie", are well known. We cannot doubt that the Prince's years of childhood were happy amid his surroundings. He soon had playmates in a troop of brothers and sisters. An elder sister, as we know, he had already in the Princess Royal, very clever and bright, very affectionate and wilful, and perchance somewhat domineering, in a sister's way, towards her young brother. In April, 1843, came the Princess Alice; in August of the following year, a brother for the Prince, in Alfred, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; in May, 1846, the Princess Helena, afterwards known as Princess Christian; in March, 1848, his sister Louise, who became Duchess of Argyll; in May, 1850, yet another brother, Arthur, afterwards Duke of Connaught; then, in April, 1853, Prince Leopold, who became Duke of Albany; and, lastly, in April, 1857, his youngest sister, Beatrice, afterwards Princess Henry of Battenberg.

The selection of a lady to superintend the earliest mental education and the moral and religious training of the royal children was naturally a subject of anxious care to a mother so wise and loving as Queen Victoria. Early in 1842 she consulted Lord Melbourne, and he advised the choice of "a person of good condition", as one who would have a better understanding than any other lady, of lower rank, concerning the precise nature, duties, and responsibilities of her position, and as more likely to fulfil them. He also wrote on March 31, 1842: "It should be a lady of rank; but that she should be a woman of sense and dis-

cretion, and capable of fulfilling the duties of the office, is of more importance than whether she is a duchess, a marchioness, or a countess". A thoroughly competent person for the high trust was found in Lady Lyttelton, widow of the third Baron Lyttelton, who died in 1837. Before marriage she was Lady Sarah Spencer, eldest daughter of the second Earl Spencer. Well known to the Queen already as a lady-in-waiting since 1838, she was fifty-five years of age when she became the first governess of the royal children, and she discharged her duties with an ability and devotion which, during nearly nine years' tenure of her post, won the esteem and regard of the royal parents, and with a kindness which gained the respect and affection of her pupils in the nursery. She was, indeed, not only an accomplished and excellent lady, but a kind, motherly woman, and on her resignation of her office, in 1850, we know from the best evidence that "her young charges saw her leave with sad hearts and tearful eyes". By Lady Lyttelton's own testimony we know, that during twelve years of service in the royal household she was treated with unvarying kindness by the Queen, and that both her royal mistress and Prince Albert uttered grateful words and showed sincere sorrow at the leavetaking, while she herself could do no more than utter a broken sentence or two, and, on leaving the Queen's presence, was obliged, as she writes, to "have her cry out" upon the staircase before she could rejoin her colleagues of the household. A record this, we may surely say, which does equal honour to all concerned.

The Prince of Wales had, of course, other instructors, for music and modern languages, and Prince Albert took an active part in the regulation of the children's studies, in the selection of books for their reading, and in giving a lively and practical interest to their pursuits. As far as possible, with due regard to arduous and incessant public duties, the Queen and Prince Albert made companions of their children, and created the sympathy born from a sense of freedom, confidence, and affection. At Windsor, parents and young people visited the farm, and strolled in the park, or the children rode about on their favourite ponies,

and played with the pet dogs, large and small, which attended the family on the outdoor expeditions. The Queen's journal supplies us with a pleasing picture of life at Osborne, when, on returning from a journey, she and her husband, in the light of a lovely sunset, danced with the children on the terrace; and tells of rambles in beautiful Scotland to visit loch, moor, and mountain. At Balmoral, the young heir apparent, with the other royal lads, clad in kilts and tartans, used to wander on the hill-side, paddle about in the burns, and play with the children of the cottagers on the estate.

One of the Queen's chief cares for her young folk was to preserve them from the evil influences of flattery and self-indulgence, and from undue regard for power and rank. They were trained to be perfectly polite to all persons, and to have consideration for the feelings of those around them. The Prince of Wales soon became marked as a thorough little gentleman, and bowed to visitors with the charming grace which always distinguished him in later life. Good sense was also shown in the young princes and princesses being trained to useful work with their hands, instead of indulging in idle amusement with a superfluity of toys. In the grounds at Osborne was a Swiss cottage, somewhat spacious, where the young royal girls had their kitchen and pantry, and learned to make cakes and tarts, and to prepare for table plain dishes, using the produce of their own little gardens. In some of the rooms the children had their museums of natural history and curiosities, containing specimens in botany, mineralogy, and geology, gathered by themselves under due supervision, and many stuffed birds and animals. The boys had a carpenter's shop in which they learned something of practical mechanics, and, under Prince Albert's direction, constructed a model fortress, every part of which, even to the bricks, was of their own manufacture. The Prince of Wales and his brothers acted as builders and gardeners, working for two or three hours a day under a foreman, who entered the amount and value of their work on a paysheet, according to which they received from their father the weekly wages due for the work performed. A pretty scene is brought before us by Dr.



After Winterhalter

A ROYAL GROUP

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE ALFRED,
PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS ALICE, AND PRINCESS HELENA

Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, when he writes of the christening of the Princess Louise in April, 1848: "There was the Queen, with the five royal children around her, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales hand-in-hand, all kneeling down quietly and meekly for every prayer; and the little Princess Helena, alone, just standing and looking round with the blue eyes of gazing innocence".

When the Prince who is the special subject of this work attained the age of seven years, at the end of 1848, it became needful to select a gentleman for the important office of his private tutor. His father, though he had already formed his own judgment as to the principles on which the education of the heir to the throne should be conducted, applied to his trusted friend Baron Stockmar. From him he received a long and elaborate letter which set over against each other an education on the old conservative lines, and one which would give the young Prince an intelligent appreciation of modern changes due to the spread of knowledge among the people, and to the development of constitutional system in national institutions. Prince Albert, agreeing in the main with Stockmar's evident judgment, further consulted, with the Queen's sanction, some leading men in England, laymen and churchmen, including Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and Sir James Clark. It was then decided that the education of the heir apparent should be truly and thoroughly English, and that his character should be formed on a basis of intelligent sympathy with the best movements of the age. He was thus to be prepared for what lay before him, in accordance with Baron Stockmar's view that a British sovereign should act as a balance-wheel in the movements of the social body; and that, beyond all intellectual attainments, a prince preparing for that exalted position should be trained to freedom of thought and to a firm reliance on the inherent power of sound principles—religious, political, and moral—to sustain themselves under all circumstances, and to produce practical good in a fair field for their action. We may note also that Prince Albert, on this subject, in a letter to the Duchess of Coburg, wrote: "Upon the good education of princes, and

especially of those who are destined to govern, the welfare of the world in these days very greatly depends”.

It was in the early summer of 1849 that the Prince of Wales, in the middle of his eighth year, was consigned to the charge of his first tutor, the Rev. Henry Mildred Birch, M.A. (Cantab.), described by Prince Albert as “a young, good-looking, amiable man”. Both as a scholar and as a teacher the record of Mr. Birch was excellent. He had been educated at Eton, where he became captain of the school, and obtained the Newcastle medal. As a King’s scholar he proceeded in due time to King’s College, Cambridge. The system then in force precluded King’s College undergraduates from striving for honours in the two great Triposes, but Mr Birch, in competitions open to the whole University, gave ample proof, before graduating as Bachelor of Arts in 1843, of his classical attainments and skill. In 1841 he won the Craven Scholarship, the “Blue Ribbon” of the University in that line. In 1840 he gained the gold medals of Sir William Browne’s foundation, both for the Greek ode and for the Latin ode. In 1841 he was again successful for the Latin ode, and in the same year he carried off the Camden Medal for Latin hexameter verse. He was elected a fellow of King’s College, Cambridge, and then, for four years, he was an assistant master at Eton, where his pupils won special distinction. At a preliminary interview Mr. Birch made a very favourable impression on Prince Albert, as one to whom children might easily attach themselves. This prognostic was amply fulfilled. Under his tuition the Prince of Wales not only made satisfactory progress in his studies, but conceived a great affection for his instructor. The appointment was held until June, 1852, and we read that, some weeks before his departure, “the affectionate, dear little boy”, as a lady of the Court styled him, aware of the coming event, “used to put little notes and presents on Birch’s pillow”. The tutor became afterwards, on the presentation of the Earl of Wilton, incumbent of the rich Rectory of Prestwich, near Manchester; Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; Canon Residentiary of Ripon Cathedral, and chaplain to his former pupil. We may

here note that the Prince was instructed in music by Mrs. Anderson, an excellent pianist, wife of the Queen's bandmaster, and was taught drawing by Mr. Corbould, and French by M. Brasseur. We go forward in the Prince's life, at this part of the narrative, to state that Mr. Birch was succeeded as tutor by Mr. Frederick W. Gibbs, M.A., on the recommendation of Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., a man of high distinction in legal, political, and literary matters, counsel to the Colonial Department and to the Board of Trade, permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, author of a brilliant series of essays in the *Edinburgh Review* on ecclesiastical biography and other subjects, and Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University. In 1857 the Rev. Charles Feral Tarver, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, became chaplain and director of studies to the Prince, and Mr. Gibbs retired in 1858. Mr. Tarver was afterwards appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Hon. Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and Canon Residentiary of Chester Cathedral.

Before passing on to notice the early travels of the Prince, and his first public appearances, we may refer to a domestic scene at Windsor Castle in 1854, when the Prince was just over twelve years of age. The royal children planned the performance of a masque on February 10, in honour of the anniversary of their parents' wedding day. The particulars are given by the Baroness Bunsen, who was a guest at Windsor on the occasion. The performance represented the Four Seasons. Princess Alice came forward first as *Spring*, scattering flowers, and repeating verses from Thomson's poem with graceful movement, and in a sweet and penetrating voice of excellent modulation, reminding hearers of her mother's gifts in that style. On a change of scene the Princess Royal appeared as *Summer*, with Prince Arthur lying on the sheaves as one tired with the heat and harvest toil. Prince Alfred acted well as *Autumn*, clad in a panther's skin, and crowned with vine leaves. The next change was to a winter landscape, in which the Prince of Wales represented the season, wearing a cloak covered with well-imitated icicles, and reciting, like his predecessors, passages from Thomson, while the little Princess

Louise, warmly clad, busied herself in keeping up the fire. The masque concluded with the appearance of all the Seasons in one group. On a highly raised platform in the rear stood Princess Helena as St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. With a long white veil hanging on both sides down to her feet, she called down benedictions on her parents. The show ended with the grouping of the whole family, while the nurse brought in the baby, Prince Leopold, looking at all with his large blue eyes, and holding out his arms to his father.

King Edward the Seventh was, as already noted, a veritable modern Ulysses, and far more, in the extent and variety of his travels, and of the many men "whose towns he has seen and whose mind he has learnt", though not, happily, in "the woes he has suffered in his heart upon the deep". Of him we may truly say, with Pope, but in far other than the poet's sarcastic sense: "Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too". And not Europe only. In Asia, Africa, and North America King Edward, in his earlier days, beheld much of what was best worth beholding, and Australasian regions alone, in all his vast empire, never received him in bodily presence. We go back a few years from the time of the pretty home episode just described in order to note some early movements from his abode at Windsor or at Osborne when he was yet a fair-haired little lad. On September 9, 1844, a dripping day, an early start was made from Windsor. The two elder children, "Vicky", the Princess Royal, not yet four years old, and the Prince of Wales, still two months short of three years, accompanied their parents. The other two, little Princess Alice, and the five-weeks-old baby Prince Alfred, remained behind with Grandmamma, the Duchess of Kent. The journey to Scotland was made by water, on board the new yacht, the first of several successive vessels called *Victoria and Albert*. This fine steamship, constructed for the Queen's use, was launched in the spring of 1843 from the royal dockyard at Pembroke. The vessel, named, at the Queen's express desire, by the Countess Cawdor, glided into the water to the strains of the National Anthem from the dockyard band, while ten thousand voices, of natives



VICTORIA, ALBERT, AND ALICE, THE THREE ELDEST CHILDREN
OF QUEEN VICTORIA



SCENE FROM SCHILLER'S "WALLENSTEIN", WITH KING EDWARD AS "MAX"

(Both Illustrations are from Drawings by Queen Victoria)

of a land renowned for song, took up the tune, and countless spectators loudly cheered. The deck length of this *Victoria and Albert* was 205 ft., with a breadth, outside the paddle-boxes, of 59 ft., a hold depth of 22 ft., and 1049 tons burthen. She was divided into five water-tight compartments, and her engines, constructed by Messrs. Maudsley, were of 450 horse-power. Designed by the surveyor of the navy, she was at that time, according to the best judges, superior in regard to beauty, buoyancy, and strength to any other vessel made in the British Isles. The construction of the vessel was novel, and of remarkable strength. Built almost wholly of wood, she had, inside, two layers of oak, $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, placed across each other diagonally, at an angle of 45 degrees. The outside planking was of larch, 3 in. thick, lying longitudinally, or with the sheer of the ship, the whole being bound up with vertical and diagonal iron bands. Between the layers of plank the surface was covered with thick tarred felt, rendering leakage and inside damp impossible. The layers of planks were fastened with copper screws running right through, and, both inside and outside layers being caulked, the hull received over all a copper sheathing 3 in. in thickness. The five compartments, due to four water-tight bulkheads extending up to the state deck, made the hull unsinkable, in whatever quarter the vessel might be stove in. The keel had been laid on November 9, 1842, the anniversary of the birthday of the young Prince whom she carried on the trip now described. The rapidity of construction—the vessel was completed in twenty-three weeks during the winter months—would have been remarkable in any period of the shipbuilder's art.

This magnificent vessel, as steamships were in that period of modern shipbuilding, arrived on the morning of September 11, at Dundee, the famous Forfarshire royal and parliamentary burgh and seaport, on the north bank of the Firth of Tay, 12 miles up from the German Ocean. At the town of linen and toothsome marmalade, soon to become great in the jute manufacture, the royal party landed from the state barge on a stage and staircase covered with scarlet cloth. The Queen writes of "Vicky" holding

her father's hand as they walked up, amidst loud cheers, to the carriages in waiting, and of the self-possession of her behaviour, "like a grown-up person". There were few railways in Scotland in 1844, and the journey inland involved a long drive. A brief halt was made at Dunkeld, a town presenting a picture of rare beauty with its noble river, ancient cathedral, quaint older quarter buried amid luxuriant trees, and mountains finely wooded overlooking all. Thence the travellers drove to the Pass of Killiecrankie, with its memories of battle in the Jacobite age, where the Garry rushes southward over its rocky bed, to join the Tummel on its course to the Tay, and where the woods rise up for many hundreds of feet, in the rich verdure of oak and alder, combined with the delicate leafage of birch and ash, the light green of hazel, and the dark hues of fir. The royal visit was a quiet one, free from all ceremony, to Blair Castle, a mansion of Lord Glenlyon, afterwards Duke of Atholl. The castle has a grand appearance in its turreted style, amid the scenery around, and is a historical place in connection with the heroic Marquis of Montrose, the soldiers of Cromwell, Viscount Dundee, whose corpse was carried there after the battle of Killiecrankie, and the Duke of Cumberland, in his advance against the Highlanders under Prince Charlie. Dundee's remains were buried in the old church of Blair, a little above the castle.

Lord Glenlyon had joined the party at Dunkeld, on the borders of his great domains, and on the way up country the Queen and Prince Albert stopped at Moulin to taste the "Atholl brose" brought to the carriage. The owner of Blair Castle and his wife had given up Blair to their royal guests, and were living in the factor's house near at hand. The Queen records her enjoyment of the Highland scenery, as she and the Prince, her husband, rode on mountain ponies, or drove to points of interest, including beautiful Glen Tilt and the Falls of Bruar. It was now that the sovereign, with excellent taste, selected, as a point of vantage for the eye, a spot above the left bank of the Garry, looking south, known since to tourists as "the Queen's View". There was some deer-stalking and shooting for the

gentlemen, the former being sometimes viewed by the Queen and ladies of her suite, who had to speak in whispers lest the quick-eared game should take alarm. In a letter to Leopold, King of the Belgians, the Queen, who left Blair with much regret, wrote: "The place possesses every attraction you can desire—shooting, fishing, beautiful scenery, great liberty and retirement, and delicious air". Prince Albert, for his part, wrote to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg: "We live a somewhat primitive, yet romantic mountain life that acts as a tonic to the nerves, and gladdens the heart of a lover, like myself, of field sports and of nature". The above may seem to have no close connection with the little Prince of Wales, too young then to appreciate the delights of scenery and sport, but the remarks made by his parents show the real bearing of this visit on their eldest son's future life. It is plain that they were both falling in love with the Highlands, and that the impression made upon them by the scenery and the health-giving air gave the first impulse to the choice of that delightful region as their home in autumn, and so brought the heir apparent into early and intimate connection with Scotland.

On August 20, 1846, the royal party, comprising the sovereign, her husband, and the two elder children, embarked on board the *Victoria and Albert* as she lay in the safe and beautiful harbour of Dartmouth, the lower estuary of the lovely river that rises from the bosom of an abrupt hill amid the dreary solitudes of Dartmoor, and, sweeping over a black, bare waste and through a deep and narrow defile flanked by the grim tors, becomes, at Totnes, 12 miles from the sea, a charming tidal river of many windings, so that successive reaches assume the form of lakes, the lofty wooded hills shelving down to the water's edge, and the lowest twigs of the noble oak trees wetted at high tide by the sea. At Dartmouth the estuary, still of tortuous course, is completely landlocked, and the shipping lies secure, overlooked by quaint buildings erected in Elizabethan or in Plantagenet days, and by the castles of Dartmouth and its opposite neighbour Kingswear. Thence the travellers put to sea for farther west, and the Queen

records: "I never saw our good children looking better or in higher spirits". The Prince of Wales was, at this time, nearly five years of age. At Plymouth, a port whose historical associations and varied, picturesque beauty, both of land and sea, should need no description, the children went with their parents to the loveliest spot of all, Mount Edgcumbe, on the Cornwall side, rising gently from the sea in a mass of foliage of laurustinus, arbutus, and myrtles, crowned with pine and chestnut, a perfect picture of beauty, majesty, and grace. The Mount is really the extreme end of a headland 3 miles broad and nearly 5 miles long, which careful improvement has turned into a park and garden. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe's residence is a Tudor building of the native red sandstone, with an octagonal tower at each angle. The pleasure grounds include separate English, French, and Italian gardens, where the shining verdure and bright hues of shrub and flower are in contrast with the marble of statue and bust, vase and fountain. From the south-west coast the royal yacht ran across to the rocky coast of Guernsey. The last British sovereign who had visited the island, we may note, was the Queen's lineal ancestor, King John. After a brief stay in harbour at St. Peter Port, the *Victoria and Albert* took the party back to England and landed them at East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, for a sojourn at the new royal marine residence, Osborne House, about a mile inland, equidistant from the estuary called the Medina River on the west, and Osborne Bay, Spithead, on the east.

The Queen and Prince Albert had for some time desired to possess a private abode within easy distance of London, and yet having the attractions of perfect retirement and sea air. Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, had called their attention to the mansion and estate at Osborne, and the property was soon purchased by the Queen, to the extent of 800 acres, from the owner, Lady Isabella Blatchford. In the sovereign's own words: "It is impossible to see a prettier place, with woods and valleys, and points of view which would be beautiful anywhere, but when these are combined with the sea (to which the woods grow down)

and a beach which is quite private, it is really everything one could wish". The sea view from the estate is very fine, with the noble anchorage of Spithead and Portsmouth in the background. The estate afforded a fine opportunity for the skill and taste of Prince Albert, who planned the laying out of the ground in such wise as to give the best artistic effect to its most beautiful features. Additional land was bought from time to time until the estate contained 5000 acres, giving space to the Prince not only for the pleasure of landscape gardening, but also for the practical delights of model scientific farming, whereby he paid for all improvements, and even obtained a profit on the outlay. The place grew in beauty year by year, and became a most delightful home. The present Osborne House was erected in 1845, from plans prepared by Prince Albert, by Mr. Thomas Cubitt, and is in the Palladian style, invented in the middle of the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio, of Vicenza, who designed many fine buildings in his native city, many stately churches and palaces in Venice, and numerous country villas in northern Italy. The chief features at Osborne are the flag tower, 107 ft. in height, near which were the Queen's own apartments, in an extensive wing, and a corresponding tower at the other end of the building. The beautiful terraced gardens are decorated with sculptures, and at the water's edge are sea baths and a private pier. The Queen describes how, in this beautiful place, when she and the Prince walked in peace and happiness together in the woods, he loved to listen for the nightingales' notes, and would whistle to them in their own long peculiar tone, which they always answered. The royal pair often stood out on the balcony at night to hear their song.

At Osborne, an abode which, as we shall see hereafter, is closely connected with the childhood of King Edward, the Queen and her husband felt a charm in the sense of ownership independent of the Government or the State, and in writing to her uncle, King Leopold, in March, 1845, she says: "It sounds so snug and nice to have a place of *one's own*, quiet and retired, and free from all Woods and Forests, and other charming Departments, which really are the plague of one's life". In their life in the Isle of

Wight, while public duties were never forgotten, the usual occupations were those connected with the pursuits in which the Queen and the Prince delighted—the designing of plantations and gardens, the care of the farm, dairies, and aviaries, the reading and discussion of books, the study of drawings and paintings, the teaching of the young people, and the pleasant recreations of a family life directed by parents whose lives were happy in the truth and simplicity of mutual confidence and affection. The portion of the house called the Pavilion, in which the royal personages were to reside, was completed in the later summer of 1846, and on September 16 was first occupied. Lady Lyttelton records that one of the maids of honour, Miss Lucy Kerr, threw an old shoe, by the old Scottish custom, after the Queen as she entered the building, so that nobody might catch cold or be affected by the smell of fresh paint. Everything in the house was quite new, and the drawing-room windows, lighted by the brilliant lamps, must have been seen far out at sea. After dinner the members of the household drank the health of the Queen and Prince Albert, who told them that in Germany there was a hymn of prayer for such occasions. When the following year's accounts were made up, it was found that careful attention and good management of the royal finances would enable the Queen to provide for the whole cost of the estate, two hundred thousand pounds, out of her revenue, and that one hundred thousand pounds had been saved out of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall—a good prospect for the little Prince who was to become proprietor of that estate.

On September 2, "Bertie" and "Vicky" again embarked with their parents at Osborne Pier on the *Victoria and Albert* for verdant Jersey. Of this yachting excursion the Queen wrote: "After passing the Alderney Race it became quite smooth, and then Bertie put on his sailor's dress, which was beautifully made by the man on board who makes for our sailors. When he appeared, the officers and sailors, who were all assembled on deck to see him, cheered, and seemed delighted with him." On the return voyage, after a most loyal reception at Jersey, the *Victoria and Albert* came off Penzance, the most westerly town



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OSBORNE HOUSE

on the south coast, lying on a declivity at the north-west edge of Mount's Bay, closely encircled by hills to the east and north. The Queen writes: "The boats crowded round us in all directions, and when Bertie showed himself the people shouted 'Three cheers for the Duke of Cornwall!'" At Falmouth the vessel entered the unsurpassed harbour, 4 miles long by 1 in breadth, which is formed by the passage of the beautiful Fal River and some smaller streams into the sea. There is an average depth of 15 fathoms, and the entrance is guarded by two stately headlands, with St. Mawes Fort on the east and Pendennis Castle on the west. There, as the Queen writes, "The corporation of Penryn were on board the *Fairy* (a smaller vessel in attendance on the great yacht) and very anxious to see 'the Duke of Cornwall', so I stepped out of the pavilion on deck with Bertie, and Lord Palmerston told them that that was the 'Duke of Cornwall', and the old Mayor of Penryn said that 'he hoped he would grow up a blessing to his parents and to his country'." On the same day the *Fairy* took the royal party up the branch of Falmouth harbour called Truro creek or river, an inlet which, at high water, spreads out into a fine lake 2 miles in length. Of this excursion the Queen wrote: "We stopped here (at the village called Malpas, with some pleasant landscapes) awhile, as so many boats came out from a little place called Sunny Corner, just below Truro, in order to see us; indeed, the whole population poured out on foot and in carts, &c., along the banks, and cheered, and were enchanted when Bertie was held up for them to see. It was a very pretty, gratifying sight."

On August 11, 1847, the *Victoria and Albert* was again at sea with the royal family aboard, for a third visit to Scotland. The young heir apparent was now nearly six years old. The start for Scotland, by way of the Channel and the western coast, was made from Osborne pier, with Vicky and Bertie to represent the young people. On this occasion there was an escorting squadron composed of the Admiralty yacht and some war steamers. The weather was somewhat rough, and the Queen suffered much from seasickness on the voyage to Dartmouth and the Scilly

Islands, where a landing was made at St. Mary's, the largest of the group, about 9 miles in circumference, having a park connected with the Elizabethan fortress called Star Castle. Here amid scattered boulders and gorse and fern, on a slope descending from a ridge to the rocky sea edge are a herd of deer, grazing sheep, and swarms of rabbits. The Queen records that "the children recover from their seasickness directly", and that at the Scillys Bertie went with Prince Albert to see one of the islands. Thence the royal yacht steamed to the noble, landlocked estuary, stretching 10 miles inland, and from 1 to 2 miles broad, Milford Haven, with a depth of from 15 to 19 fathoms, completely sheltered by hills, rendering it a safe anchorage in any weather. The *Victoria and Albert* anchored off Milford, on the northern shore, and, as the Queen records, "Numbers of boats came out, with Welsh women in their curious high-crowned men's hats; Bertie was much cheered, for the people seemed greatly pleased to see the 'Prince of Wales'." His mother, while the Prince and his father went to Pembroke on the *Fairy*, where they would see the "slip" from which the royal yacht was launched, remained on the deck sketching, with pleasant smiles and bows for the loyal greetings of her Cymric subjects. Then the squadron passed northwards along the Welsh coast, and, on the *Fairy*, while the *Victoria and Albert* went round to Holyhead, the royal party steamed through the Menai Straits, under the wonderful suspension bridge designed and completed by Telford in 1825, spanning the water for 580 ft., with a height of 100 ft. above the tideway. On the same evening they rejoined the larger yacht, which, with her escort, voyaged past the Isle of Man to Loch Ryan, in Wigtownshire, and thence, past mountainous Arran, to Bute, where, on August 17th, Rothesay Bay was reached. The voyage was continued up the Firth of Clyde to Greenock, where a change was made to the *Fairy*, and a landing took place, with the young Prince and Princess, at Dumbarton, the strange double lump of rock 240 ft. in height and a mile in circumference. An ascent was made to the once impregnable stronghold, Dumbarton Castle with the remains of

a Roman fort. Thence the party steamed up Loch Long, about 24 miles in length and 2 in breadth, separating the counties of Dumbarton and Argyll, bordered by hills reaching 2000 ft. in height. At Rothesay the *Victoria and Albert* was again boarded, and the Queen writes that "the children enjoy everything extremely, and bear the novelty and excitement wonderfully. The people cheered the 'Duke of Rothesay' very much." We may return for a moment to note that at Dumbarton the display of Scottish loyalty was almost overpowering, in the form of thirty-nine steamers with people from Glasgow, Renfrew, and other towns, the vessels being loaded almost to the water's edge with sightseers waiting to welcome their sovereign, and a vast flotilla of sailing vessels and rowing boats moving in all directions, but not getting out of the way for the royal craft. On the *Fairy* various excursions were made on the Firth, and one extended to Inveraray, far up Loch Fyne, near the mouth, as the name implies, of the River Aray. At the massive quadrangular castle with its round towers flanking and overtopping the two stories, a visit was made to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the latter being eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, "dear Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower", as the Queen calls her. The royal carriage was preceded by pipers and guarded by Highlanders up to the mansion, outside which stood the Marquis of Lorne, described by his future mother-in-law as "just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother . . . a merry independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket with a 'sporrán', scarf, and Highland bonnet." Thence the voyage was continued to Lochgilphead, on an inlet from Loch Fyne, where the party disembarked. The journey along the pretty Crinan Canal was made in a splendidly decorated barge drawn by three horses ridden by postilions in scarlet. At Loch Crinan they rejoined the *Victoria and Albert*, which had steamed thither round the Mull of Kintyre and through the Sound of Jura. She started away for Oban's pretty landlocked bay, and thence the Sound of Mull was traversed to the open sea for Staffa Isle, where the

royal tourists entered the barge to visit Fingal's Cave. It was the first time that the British standard, floating in the breeze over a Queen of Great Britain and her husband and children had ever passed beneath the lofty basaltic arch into that magnificent natural recess, and the cheers of the rowers sounded very impressive there. The countless ranges of symmetrical columns at the sides, the exquisite roof, the rich hues of red, green, and gold, and the clear bright tints of the sparkling translucent sea were duly admired, and then a visit was made to Iona, near by, an islet about three and a half miles in length and half as broad, the early seat of Scottish Christianity, preached in the sixth century by the Irish missionary, Saint Columba. The monastic ruins consist of St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Oran's Chapel, and other buildings. The famous Runic cross is passed on the way to the burial ground, and is a rarely beautiful specimen of monumental scroll-work.

On August 20th the voyage ended at Fort William by way of Loch Linnhe. Prince Albert and his eldest son visited the grand and gloomy Pass of Glencoe, with its sinister memories of Jacobite days, and the royal party then drove from Fort William, escorted by Lord Abercorn, to Ardverikie, a comfortable shooting-lodge, built of stone, on "the remote and desolate, but wildly beautiful Loch Laggan", 7 miles in length and about 1 broad, bordered by natural woods of oak, alder, and birch. The party remained there until September 17, living in a quiet style, and visiting points of interest amid the romantic scenery of the watershed of Scotland, dividing the streams that flow east and west into the North Sea and the Atlantic. There the heather is of unusual brightness, and the "bluebells of Scotland" are rarely finer. The three great natural terraces known as "The Parallel Roads" are at hand in Glen Roy; and Glen Spey shows remains of Marshal Wade's famous military road to Fort Augustus, on the Caledonian Canal. The return journey was made from Fort William by way of the Crinan Canal, and thence on the *Victoria and Albert*, in very rough weather, to Loch Ryan, Ramsey Bay, in the Isle of Man, and to Fleetwood Harbour for train, on September 21,

to London. In such travel, and amid such scenes, the young Prince of Wales could not but feel happiness, and gain health and strength of body and mind under the care of parents so accomplished, tender, and wise.

The autumn of 1848, when the Prince was about seven years old, brought him a new experience in the first visit to Balmoral, a place destined to become very notable in the lives of the royal family. It had been a year of political convulsion in Europe, with Louis Philippe driven from the throne of France, and with fighting in the capitals of other countries. In Britain the party known as the Chartists had caused some anxiety, but the public peace had been preserved, save for riots in several manufacturing towns of the North of England, and in Edinburgh and Glasgow. On March 18th the Queen had given birth to her sixth child, the Princess Louise, and made a good recovery. Parliament had been sitting for the long period of ten months when it was prorogued, on September 5th, by the sovereign in person, the brilliant ceremony taking place in the new House of Lords, which had only just been completed. There was then time for a brief holiday, and the Queen, Prince Albert, "Vicky", and "Bertie" and the little Prince Alfred, made a voyage on the royal yacht to Aberdeen, whence they started up country for Balmoral. The district had been strongly recommended by the royal physician, Sir James Clark, on the grounds of possessing delightful scenery and the dry, bracing air which was found to be more beneficial to the sovereign and her husband than the more humid atmosphere of western Scotland. This region became, as is well known, the usual autumnal abode for the royal family. We note here first some experiences of the young prince who is our subject in this biography. We read of Bertie's going in a post-chaise with his parents, and that then they mounted ponies, "Bertie riding Grant's (the head keeper's) pony on the deer-saddle, and being led by a gillie, Grant walking by his side". Prince Albert was out after deer, and the stalkers soon discovered the longed-for game. Then the Queen and the young prince turned back, and rode up a glen

to the foot of a craig, where they dismounted, and "scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box made of hurdles and interwoven with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height. There (the Queen continues) we seated ourselves with Bertie, Macdonald (a Jäger of Prince Albert's) lying on the heather near us, and quite concealed." Then came a stag, which Prince Albert shot. The district, from the first, commended itself to the Queen and her husband as one suited for autumnal residence. The soil of the hills and of the lowlands is mainly sand or gravel, and the whole of the Dee valley, from Aboyne, about 30 miles almost due west of Aberdeen, to Braemar, about the same distance westwards again, is one of the driest regions in the beautiful land of lochs, mountains, and moors, which is in many parts too rich in rain for the comfort both of tourist and resident. In all the valley, Balmoral, about 18 miles west of Aboyne, is the most favourable spot for climate and soil. In the second place, the situation is remote from the usual routes of casual visitors, and it promised to the sovereign a privacy and freedom of movement not likely to be much marred by loyal but somewhat intrusive subjects. The scenery presents great attractions to those who, like the Queen and Prince Albert, were true and tasteful lovers of nature. On the journey from Aberdeen, the landscape grows finer and grander as the hilly region is farther penetrated by the traveller. Near Aboyne are mountains reaching three thousand feet in height. At Ballater the tourist comes in full view to south-west of the great group including Byron's "dark Lochnagar", the mountain near which the poet spent part of his boyhood. This noble height reaches 3786 ft., and near it, on all sides, are numerous peaks either well over, or nearly attaining, three thousand feet. The coach road onwards from Ballater to Braemar runs mainly along the north bank of the Dee, as the river runs over a rocky bed, and passes Balmoral on the opposite shore. Woods, mountains, and moors lie all around, and deer forests extending westwards into the wildest region of the Grampians, where lie, in one great group, Ben Muich Dhui and Cairn Gorm, Braeriach and Cairn

Toul, Ben - a - bourd and Ben Avon, the loftiest cluster in the British Isles, the first four being well over, and the last two all but, four thousand feet. The snow lies in the sunless hollows of the upper glens, in great masses, throughout the year, and cataracts rush down the sides of the mountains, marked here and there by high rugged precipices and deep ravines, with sometimes a softness, relieving to the eye, afforded by the tender foliage of the weeping birch.

The Balmoral estate formerly belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverey, a few miles west of Braemar, and was sold by them to the Earl of Fife. Sir Robert Gordon took the property on a thirty-eight-years' lease from the Earl, and, in his many improvements, he erected the first castle, a plain grey-granite structure, white-washed, with a high, eastern tower, surmounted by a turret. The Queen describes it on her first visit in 1848: "It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all round. There is a nice little hall, with a billiard room, next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase), immediately to the right and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine, large room, next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs. At half-past four we walked out and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. Looking down from the hill which overhangs the house, the view is charming. To the left you look to the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen or valley, along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary it did one good as one gazed around, and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils." It must be

remembered that the Queen was writing when the Continent was seething with revolution. The interesting and artless passage just quoted clearly shows the impression made by Balmoral. The Queen and Prince Albert had come, seen, and been conquered. They longed to possess a place so desirable. This object was soon effected. On the death of Sir Robert Gordon in the previous year (1847) the remainder of the lease had fallen into the hands of his brother, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Prince Albert at once purchased the reversion from the Earl. In 1852 he bought the fee-simple of the estate for £32,000, from the trustees of the Earl of Fife, and, as we shall see, resolved to build a larger mansion. Such was the Highland region in which, as boy and man, King Edward passed in all many months of the autumnal season. It was there that, in scenes of salmon fishing in smooth loch or rushing river, and of grouse shooting amid the purple heather, and of stalking the red deer in the glens, the heir apparent gained his lifelong love of sport. In those regions the young Prince could not fail to feel that he was of Stewart as well as of Hanoverian or Brunswick line, and, in attendance at the simple service of Crathie Kirk beyond the river from Balmoral, he would realize that in Scotland he was to be, if he survived, a Presbyterian King, as truly as to the south of the Cheviots and the Tweed he would be head of the Episcopalian Church of England. In the wearing of the kilt he became, for the autumnal time of mingled work and play, a "Scottie", and, in attending his mother not only at Highland gatherings, games, dances, and excursions, but to the homes of cottagers and tenants, of gillies and keepers, and at the little village shops where tea, candles, and sugar were sold on one side, and drapery on the other, he gained a wholesome familiarity with humble neighbours of the class whom it is well for sovereigns to know and love, and whose simple, sincere, and loyal affection it should be their pride to win. In all that was said and done by his parents, he had ever the best example that a father and a mother could supply.

CHAPTER III

A PRINCE'S TRAINING

1849-1856

Some new scenes and experiences came with the year 1849, when the Prince accompanied his mother on her first visit to Ireland, and, in the autumn, appeared in London, for the first time, at a public function. On the evening of August 2, the *Victoria and Albert* was anchored, with an attendant squadron, in the beautiful Cork harbour, famous for its safety and its size, being a basin of 10 square miles formed by the estuary of the River Lee, with its richly-planted, villa-studded banks. The entrance from the open Atlantic is a channel 2 miles long by 1 broad, and the estuary contains Spike Island, Haulbowline, and other isles of some size, rising high and abruptly from the water, with narrow channels between them. The royal visit was not to be one of public ceremony, but simply incidental to a yachting excursion along the southern and eastern coasts of Ireland, and across to Glasgow, on the way to Balmoral. A loyal welcome was ready from the warm-hearted people, and the brief summer night afforded a striking spectacle in the bonfires that blazed on the surrounding heights. When morning came, the Queen, who had with her Prince Albert, the four elder children, and Mr. Birch, the Prince of Wales's tutor, landed at the place called Cove, on which the new, abiding name of "Queenstown" was now conferred. As she stepped ashore, the grey heavy clouds were pierced by the brilliancy of sudden sunshine. The voyage up the river to the town of Cork was made in the *Fairy*, attended by wild shouts of welcome from the people gathered on the banks, the firing of guns, and the ringing of bells from the church towers and the spires, including "the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee".

The streets, and every window and balcony, and many parapets, were thronged with delighted people cheering their loudest at the sight of their sovereign. The multitude that surrounded

the royal carriage were, in the Queen's words, "noisy, excitable, but very good-humoured, running and pushing about, and laughing, talking, and shrieking". She remarks further that "the beauty of the women is very remarkable and struck us much; such beautiful dark eyes and hair, and such fine teeth".

Thence the visitors went in the royal yacht eastwards to Waterford, finely placed on the south bank of the Suir, 4 miles above its junction with the Barrow, at the head of the tidal estuary called Waterford Harbour, a winding well-sheltered bay, 15 miles in length, with an entrance $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide. After an equally enthusiastic reception there, the royal squadron steamed for the east coast, and on the evening of August 5 entered the harbour of Kingstown, formerly a fishing village called Dunleary, which received, like Queenstown, a change of name from a sovereign's landing, when the Queen's uncle, George the Fourth, had gone first to Ireland twenty-eight years before. The Queen's account informs us that she and the two young Princes, Bertie and Alfred, had suffered much from seasickness during the run from Cork. The scene at Kingstown was very impressive—yachts, boats, and steamers, heavily laden with eager crowds, awaited the arrival of the royal party outside the harbour, and "the wharves where the landing-place was prepared were densely crowded; altogether it was a noble and stirring spectacle".

At ten next morning the Queen, Prince Albert, and the children went ashore, amid thundering salutes from the men-of-war in harbour, and the cheers of ladies as well as men. The males were wedged together in a mass, but, wherever they could find room to wave anything, they swept the air with hat or stick, or coat stripped off on a hot day, and shouted loyal greetings with unflagging energy until the visitors entered the railway carriages for Dublin. The hearts of the Irish people were specially touched by the sight of the royal children, and a stout old lady screamed out, in words that had a general response: "Oh! Queen dear, make one of them Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you!" The words were not forgotten, and in the following year (1850) Prince Arthur, third son and seventh child, received "Pat-

rick" as one of his names, and was afterwards sent to the House of Lords as Duke of Connaught. The route in Dublin to the viceregal lodge in the beautiful Phoenix Park was a scene of the most enthusiastic and exuberant demonstration, with roofs and house fronts alive with people; the suburban hedgerows were adorned with flags, and the lowliest homes had put forth verdant wreaths and other decorations in foliage and flower. The Queen described it as "a never-to-be-forgotten scene". During the royal sojourn in the Irish capital there was no abatement of loyalty, and the occasion was observed by various functions, some of a stately, others of an unceremonious kind.

On a visit to the National Model Schools, the sovereign was received by Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop, and by Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. A levee was held, with the presentation of four thousand persons, and, after a review of troops in Phoenix Park, Prince Albert visited the Royal Irish Academy, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Royal Dublin Society. At the last, after a speech in cordial acknowledgment of the loyal reception of the Queen, he examined the show of cattle and agricultural implements, and made some practical remarks on the rearing of stock for the benefit of the country. A drawing-room was held in the evening at the Castle, and next day came a visit to the Duke of Leinster at Carton, in County Kildare. On the re-embarkation at Kingstown there was another grand demonstration, and, as the royal yacht steamed past the extreme point of the pier enclosing the harbour, the vast crowd sent up such a cheer that the Queen climbed the paddle-box on which Prince Albert was standing, and waved her handkerchief, after giving orders for the engines to "slow down". The paddles scarcely revolved, and by previous impetus the vessel slowly glided on close to the pier and far beyond it, while every eye of the shouting multitude was fixed on the figure of the sovereign as she stood waving her farewell. The royal standard was thrice lowered in special salute to so loyal a people. It is evident that the young heir apparent, having nearly completed his eighth year, must have been impressed by such displays of affection for his mother, and from so

early a time in his life we may date the existence of the warm regard which he always showed for the Irish nation.

The *Victoria and Albert* then sped northwards to Belfast, at the mouth of the River Lagan, flowing into Belfast Lough, a most picturesque inlet both on the Antrim and on the Down side. At this chief manufacturing and commercial town of Ireland a like reception was accorded to the visitors during a stay of a few hours. The visit to Ireland brought another peerage to the Prince of Wales, as the Queen, on August 12, wrote in her diary: "I intend to create Bertie 'Earl of Dublin', as a compliment to the town and country; he has no Irish title, though he is *born* with several Scotch ones, and this ('Earl of Dublin') was one of my father's titles". The intention was carried into effect by patent of September 10 in the same year (1849). From Belfast the yacht steamed across to Loch Ryan in Wigtownshire, and so on to the Clyde for Glasgow, where the party made a triumphal procession through the principal streets, crowded with thousands of cheering spectators. A pleasant time was then passed at Balmoral before returning to London.

It was in the metropolis that the young Prince made what we may describe as his first semi-official appearance, as, in a sense, representing his mother in her enforced absences. On October 30, 1849, the New Coal Exchange in the city of London, opposite the site of Smart's Quay, Billingsgate, was opened by Prince Albert. The Queen had arranged to be present, but she was kept away by an attack of chicken-pox. She was therefore represented by "Puss and the boy", as she called her two elder children in her diary. The statement of the route taken by the royal procession has a novel sound in these days, although the usual one in former times, that by water from Westminster to the City. A row of steamers was moored along the north side of the river between the above points, while a row of coal-lighters was arranged on the south side. Between these a space of about 100 ft. in width was kept clear for the water procession, the Thames police maintaining order. On the lighters were platforms, and on the steamers rows of seats, for the spectators. At 12.15 the royal party left Buck-

ingham Palace. At 12.30 water was taken at Westminster. The two leading barges were those of the Superintendent of Woolwich Dockyard, and of Admiral Elliot, Commander-in-chief at the Nore. The Lord Mayor's Bailiff followed in his official craft. Next came the city barge, with its quaint gilded poop high in air, and decked with rich emblazoned devices and floating banners. This vessel was followed by the royal barge, a gorgeous structure of antique design, built for Frederick Prince of Wales, great-great-grandfather of the heir apparent standing on its deck. The vessel was rowed by twenty-seven watermen in rich livery, under the command of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. Two royal gigs and two smaller royal barges escorted the vessel. Then came the Queen's shallops, rowed by ten oars and conveying the state-officers of the household. The day was fine, and Prince Albert and his son and daughter stood in conspicuous positions, so as to be in full view of the vast mass of gazers on the steamers, the lighters, the river banks, and the houses, and even on church steeples and St. Paul's Cathedral. The rear of the procession was brought up by the barges of the Admiralty and the Trinity House Corporation. The Admiralty barge was the one presented to that body by George Prince of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, when he held the office of Lord High Admiral, and was that which conveyed the body of Lord Nelson from Greenwich for interment in St. Paul's. The streets running down to the riverside from the Strand and Fleet Street were packed with people eager for a brief passing glimpse. Every bridge was loaded, and from those points came specially hearty cheers. The most picturesque moment on the route was when the procession had passed under London Bridge, and came in sight of the flag-adorned forest of masts in the Pool. Then too came the boom of the Tower guns re-echoing from the buildings on each side of the imperial river. At the Custom-House Quay, the appointed place of landing, the space was covered in with coloured canvas along the whole length of the quay, and across Thames Street to the entrance of the Coal Exchange. The entire length of the covered way, 600 ft., was fitted up with seats containing nearly 4000 people.

The guard of honour was composed of the Artillery Company, the corps of gentlemen-at-arms, and a detachment of the Grenadier Guards. The distinguished personages on the quay, in addition to the municipal authorities, included Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Wellington, still hale and hearty, chatting freely with those around him. The royal children were most cordially received. The Prince of Wales, described as looking "pale and somewhat timid", wore a white waistcoat and trousers, a black velvet coat with a single row of gilt buttons, a white turn-down collar and black neckerchief, and a white cap with a black band. His sister had a pink-quilted satin bonnet with a small pink feather at the side, a black velvet mantle drawn in at the waist, a green silk frock with white stripes and three flounces, and pale drab boots.

Prince Albert, with the Prince and Princess, after due reception by civic deputations at the quay, passed down the corridor bowing to the people. The royal visitors were followed by the members of the Government who had come on the Admiralty and the Trinity House barges, including the Premier (Lord John Russell), Sir George Grey (Home Secretary), Mr. Goulburn, and Sir George Cornwall Lewis. When the grand hall of the Coal Exchange was entered, the city procession moved to meet the royal party. The Lord Mayor and the Recorder presented an address to Prince Albert, which was read by the Recorder with such solemn emphasis that the Prince of Wales seemed "struck and almost awed". Prince Albert made a suitable reply, and then presentations were made of the chairman of the Coal Exchange Committee of Management (Mr. John Wood) and Mr. Bunning, the architect. At this point the old Duke of Cambridge went up to the royal children and talked to them, patting the Prince of Wales on the head, and Mr. John Wood called their attention to the Prince of Wales's chair with its beautiful canopy of feathers; both of them seemed pleased and interested. About 2 p.m. the royal party sat down to a luncheon, after which the usual toasts were given, including one for the Prince of Wales and his sister, received "with enthusiastic

demonstrations". At 3 p.m. the royal party returned to Westminster in the *Fairy* yacht. As Prince Albert stepped on board, he expressed to the Lord Mayor his great pleasure in all the proceedings, and, turning to the children said: "Remember, you are indebted to the Lord Mayor for one of the happiest days of your lives." The Prime Minister soon afterwards wrote to the Lord Mayor, informing him that the Queen was pleased to confer on him the honour of a baronetcy, by which he became Sir James Duke.

We may record that it was noted at the time by Lady Lyttelton, the royal governess, who was in attendance, that Prince Albert was careful to put forward his son during the ceremonial, in which the heir apparent was referred to as "the pledge and promise of a long race of kings". It was fitting that he who was to reign, at a yet far distant day, over the greatest of manufacturing countries, should first publicly appear on an occasion connected with the trade in the most useful of all the minerals. The new building, designed by the city architect, Mr. Bunning, has an extensive and lofty frontage in Thames Street and St. Mary-at-Hill, with an entrance in a circular tower 109 ft. high. The lower story is in Roman Doric, and the first in Ionic style. A dome, 74 ft. in height, resting on eight piers, crowns the inner rotunda, and by a novel use at that time, about 300 tons of iron were worked into the structure. The decorations included emblematic figures of the northern rivers whence coal is exported, views in arabesque of the Wallsend and other famous collieries, and groups of flowers and fossil plants. The flooring, of inlaid wood in over four thousand pieces, comprising ebony, oak, mahogany, white holly, walnut, mulberry, and elm, was extremely beautiful, the black oak being part of an old tree discovered, after lying for several centuries, in the River Tyne. The mulberry wood forming the blade of the dagger in the city arms came from a tree planted by Peter the Great when he worked as a shipwright in Deptford dockyard. The value of coal is duly represented by a figure of Plenty scattering riches, painted in the ceiling of the lantern, and visible from the floor below.

In the following year (1850) we find the young Prince again in the Highlands with his parents and brothers and sisters, and on September 13 the Queen wrote: "We walked with the boys (meaning Bertie and Prince Alfred) and Vicky to the riverside above the bridge"—this was to see salmon leistering or spearing.

The year 1851 still stands out vividly in the history of the British Isles, and specially of London, for all Britons well past middle age. The first of May in that year brought the opening of what remains, for us, emphatically The Great Exhibition—the first grand international display, officially known as the "Exhibition of the Works of Art and Industry of all Nations". Thirty-six years had rolled away since Waterloo, the victor of which memorable fight was still alive, the close friend of Queen Victoria and the greatest of her subjects, and there were men who thought that a time of lasting and universal peace for Europe had begun. Let history tell how bitterly confidence has been betrayed in convulsion and conquest, the fall of monarchs, and the siege and capture of fortresses and towns, including the greatest Continental capital. The story of the great Exhibition has been often told—how Prince Albert devised and promoted the scheme; how a few alarmists predicted riot, revolution, assassination, moral corruption, and universal mischief as the certain outcome of the presence in the capital of "foreign incendiaries and Continental scum"; how utterly these predictions failed of fulfilment; how perfectly peace was preserved; how glorious was the building devised by the genius of Paxton; how comprehensive and magnificent the display of human works; how triumphant the success in all ways, including the financial side, of the whole vast and beneficent enterprise. The structure was a wonder of the world, covering 19 acres of ground in Hyde Park, a thing of magical beauty in glass and iron, with the colossal glittering arch of its transept taking within its shelter huge elms left standing where they grew. The popular voice at once named it "Crystal Palace", and the same structure, in the improved form of a circular



OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851

instead of a flat roof, remains under that name, still unrivalled, unapproached in the world, on the heights of Sydenham. The effect on the soul of the spectator who, for the first time, entered at one end of the transept, and advancing to the centre stood by the crystal fountain and looked to right and left for three hundred yards in each direction up and down the eastern and western naves, is beyond all description for the shock and thrill of transcendent pleasure transmitted by the eye to the brain. The young Prince of Wales was there with his mother, who, disdaining the ill-omened words of mean or mistaken spirits, reposed a perfect trust in the love and loyalty of her people, and went with a full heart to inaugurate the great display. We cannot do better than take some of her own description of that grand day of sunshine and success.

“The great event has taken place; a complete and beautiful triumph, a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country. . . . At half-past eleven the whole procession in state carriages was in motion. . . . The Green Park and Hyde Park were one densely crowded mass of human beings in the highest good humour and most enthusiastic. . . . The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget. . . . We went for a moment to a little side room, where we left our shawls, and where we found Mamma and Mary (afterwards Duchess of Teck), and outside which were standing the other princes. In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair (which I did *not* sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was magical, so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt, as so many did whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion, more so than by any service I ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building . . . the organ

(with 200 instruments and 600 voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband, the author of this 'Peace Festival', which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live for ever."

We have no record of the effect that may have been produced on the mind of the boy in his tenth year who was at his mother's side on this great day. It was of good omen for the nation over which he was to rule, and for the capital in which so much of his life was to be spent, that the whole of the day passed without one single mishap, without one case of riot or serious breach of the law among the vast and imposing multitude.

The autumn was, as usual, partly spent in Scotland, and, on the way south from Balmoral, a few days before the closing of the Exhibition in October, the Prince of Wales and some of the elder children were with the Queen and Prince Albert on visits to Liverpool and Manchester, where they were received with the utmost delight. At Salford, a borough adjoining Manchester, over 80,000 children sang "God Save the Queen" before her in the Peel Park.

The year 1852 was made notable by two events, one being the death of the Duke of Wellington, on September 14, at Walmer Castle, followed by a three-days' lying-in-state at Chelsea Hospital, and by a splendid public funeral on November 18, the procession being attended by Prince Albert in a state carriage drawn by six horses, in a progress to the place of interment, St. Paul's Cathedral. The other was the establishment of the second French Empire, on December 2, when Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Napoleon, became Napoleon the Third, by the suffrages of the people and the support of the army. The Queen was at Balmoral when the news of her great subject's death arrived, and she was deeply affected by the loss which she and the country had sustained. In October of that year we find "Bertie", with other royal children, helping to build a cairn on the top of Craig Gowan, near the old castle at Balmoral, to commemorate their mother's "taking possession

of this dear place", as she writes in her diary, meaning the Balmoral estate.

In July, 1853, the young Prince, now in his twelfth year, had a fresh experience in the visits which he paid, along with his parents, to the camp which had been formed on Chobham Ridges, in north-west Surrey. This establishment was the first attempt, in modern British military history, to prepare our troops for the field of war by practice in real manœuvres on the system inaugurated, with such notable success in his seven-years' struggle, by Frederick the Great of Prussia. After the Napoleonic wars yearly training of this kind became the custom in every large Continental army. Great Britain alone had dispensed with such practice for her troops, perhaps by reason of the constant training received by officers and men in Indian and colonial warfare. In 1853 a wise man of ideas and theory, the Prince Consort, conferred with a wise veteran soldier of abundant practical experience in military and civil affairs, Lord Hardinge, who had served with great ability under Wellington and Beresford in the Peninsular War; had fought at Vimeiro and Corunna; had saved the day for Beresford by a daring order at the critical moment in the hard-fought battle of Albuera; had been wounded at Vittoria, and failed to be on the field of Waterloo only because he had been severely wounded on June 16, 1815, at Ligny. He afterwards entered Parliament, served in two Ministries as Secretary-at-War, was twice Chief Secretary for Ireland, and won his peerage as Governor-General of India and conqueror in the First Sikh War. In 1852 he succeeded the Duke of Wellington, on the death of his old master, as Commander-in-Chief. On his official initiative the camp at Chobham was formed, and became the germ of the permanent establishment at Aldershot three years later. The troops were under the command of Lord Seaton, another Peninsular veteran as Sir John Colborne, who fought at Corunna, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, the Nivelle, the Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, and Waterloo. Some brilliant work was done at Chobham under his able directions. It was on July 11 that the Prince

of Wales and some of the younger royal folk first visited the camp from Windsor Castle. They witnessed with delight and surprise the passage of troops—Life Guards, Lancers, Light Dragoons, 93rd Highlanders and other foot, and Royal Artillery, —under command of the Duke of Cambridge, across a pontoon bridge thrown over Virginia Water. In the marching of the infantry, the Prince would note that the officers took special care to prevent the men “keeping step”, so as to avoid extreme stress coming at the same moment on the planking. The bridge was then well covered with heather for the crossing of the artillery and the cavalry. The pontoon bridge was afterwards broken up into “rafts”, and upon these the two infantry regiments—the Highlanders and the 38th Foot—were taken across, half a company on each raft, in about a quarter of an hour. On July 12 the Prince again went to Chobham, arriving in the camp in mid-afternoon. When his carriage reached the quarters of the Scots Fusilier Guards, he alighted and asked for Sergeant-Major Edwards, the instructor of the two elder Princes in gymnastic exercises. When the sergeant-major arrived, the Prince desired to see his tent, and, after an inspection of the interior, thanking his preceptor and giving him a handsome “tip”, he viewed the camp kitchens of the battalion, tasted the soup, and left another “tip” behind him. Before returning to Windsor, the young visitor drove along the whole line of the encampment, seeing on the way the quarters of the “Sappers and Miners” (Royal Engineers), and returned down the main streets amid the hearty cheers of the troops. The occasion was one of interest as his introduction to the camp life of the British army.

The following month brought a contrast of interest in the shape of a great naval review, a spectacle of the right arm of British power which had then been rarely offered to the people of this country, and one which amply proved her to be foremost of the world in naval strength. On August 11, about half-past ten o'clock in the morning, the *Victoria and Albert* arrived from East Cowes at Spithead, having on board the

Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and their four sisters, and the Duke of Cambridge. The Queen was then rowed in her barge to the great line-of-battle ship the *Duke of Wellington*, where the royal standard was run up, amid a thundering salute from all the other vessels. After a brief inspection of the noble vessel she returned to the yacht, whence the Prince, his brother, and his sisters had viewed the proceedings. The fleet then steamed away in two columns, illustrating the great revolution in the means of movement which had come over the royal navy. On reaching the Nab Light, the vessels were steered so as to form line abreast, and then, at one cable distance from each other, turned broad-side on to an approaching hostile fleet of sailing liners and war steamers. At cannon-shot range the enemy fired a gun, and the signal for "beating to quarters" was run up on the Spithead fleet. The foe then tacked and retired. The steamships at once bore down in line, and a battle ensued with a rolling fire, clouds of smoke, and terrific din until the enemy hoisted a signal to cease fire, and, as the smoke cleared away, his ships were seen striking flags. The Spithead steam fleet and the enemy's squadron comprised the *London* and the *Prince Regent*, 90-gun sailing ships; the *Queen*, 116-gun sailer; the *Duke of Wellington*, 131-gun screw steamer; the *Agamemnon*, 91-gun screw; eight other "screws", from 60 to 14 guns, and a few paddle steamers, from 22 guns downwards to the swift little 2-gun *Banshee*. The *Duke of Wellington* was the finest and most powerful battleship then afloat. Launched at Pembroke in the autumn of 1852 as the *Windsor Castle*, her name was changed, by the Queen's express desire, in honour of the great commander recently deceased. The "screws" were also sailing vessels, and the *Agamemnon*, on her trial trip, made nearly twelve knots an hour unaided by her engines.

About a fortnight later the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred accompanied their parents to Ireland. The royal party travelled by rail from Southampton to Holyhead, where the *Victoria and Albert* lay at the pier head, and, after the

embarkation steamed into the new harbour, with the screw-frigates forming the royal squadron. On Sunday Prince Albert took his sons to examine the North Breakwater under construction on the plans of Mr. Rendel, and the Queen and they inspected the quarries where the vast mass of needful materials was obtained. The South Stack lighthouse, in a most picturesque position, was also visited; and the Prince of Wales and his father descended to the rock on which it stands, and spent some time in inspecting the lighthouse and admiring the coast scenery which it commands. The Holyhead works were on a gigantic scale, involving the daily deposit in the sea of 5000 tons of material, and, begun in 1847, they were completed in 1873, after Mr. Rendel's death, by Sir John Hawkshaw. On the following day a fine passage was made to Kingstown, where the royal squadron was met by a swarm of steamers, ordinary sailing vessels, and graceful yachts of the St. George's Club. The royal suite included Earl Granville, the Marquis of Breadalbane, and Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence being in command of the royal yacht. Earl St. Germans (Lord-Lieutenant) and his wife, the Primate (Lord John Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh), the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately), the Duke of Leinster, and other high personages received the visitors; and we may inform our lady readers that the Queen, looking somewhat flushed and a little fatigued, wore a white muslin dress, flowered in pink and green, a white Indian embroidered shawl, and a white bonnet, with white feathers. The Prince of Wales and his brother were simply dressed and seemed singularly amused by the ceremonies. The usual addresses and procession followed in Dublin, where the Viceregal Lodge was reached before noon. The city was brilliantly illuminated in the evening. The chief purpose of the royal visit was the opening of the Dublin Exhibition of Irish Industries, the building for which had been erected at the sole expense of Mr. William Dargan, a wealthy and truly patriotic Irishman, a pupil of Telford in engineering. Mr. Dargan, in 1831, was contractor for the first Irish railway,

that from Dublin to Kingstown, and from that time until his death in 1867 he was connected with most of the important Irish enterprises in the way of canals and railways, and was also a steamboat owner, a farmer, and a flax-grower. This excellent man, on the occasion under notice, declined the honour of a baronetcy. The usual ceremonies took place at the opening of the Exhibition, where a chair of state was placed on a dais for the Queen, flanked by others, with blue satin seats and backs, and white and gold arms and legs, for the Princes. The scene was made most picturesque by the mingling of military pomp with the beauty of gaily-dressed Irish ladies, to whose view the Queen presented herself, clad in a Limerick lace dress and shawl, and a pink gauze bonnet. The young Princes were again in very simple attire; their father appeared as a Field-Marshal, with the insignia of the Garter. After the loyal address from the Committee, and the Queen's reply, many introductions were made, Mr. Dargan being received with hearty cheers. A stay of a week was made in Dublin, during which the Queen and her party visited Mr. and Mrs. Dargan at their residence, and were conducted by them to a lofty tower commanding a grand view of Kingstown harbour, Howth, Dublin Bay, the Wicklow Mountains, the city, and the rich valley of the Liffey. The Exhibition was visited nearly every day, and the Prince of Wales and his brother showed much interest. Dinners, illuminations, reviews in Phoenix Park, and a visit to Howth Castle completed the programme of amusements, and, after another most loyal display of enthusiasm at Kingstown, the *Victoria and Albert* steamed back to Holyhead.

The Queen, her husband, and the two children then went northwards by train to Edinburgh, stayed the night at Holyrood Palace, and on the next day, by railway and a carriage drive of 60 miles, reached Balmoral for the autumnal stay at the old castle, soon to be replaced by the present structure.

In 1854 the Russian or Crimean War came as the first of a series of great national conflicts in Europe which were destined to belie utterly the promise afforded to sanguine souls by the

Great Exhibition. As regards the Prince of Wales, we have to record that when the Queen opened Parliament in person, at the end of January, her eldest son appeared beside her, for the first time in that place, seated on the throne as she delivered her speech. Great Britain and France had found it politic to join forces against the ambitious and arrogant Czar Nicholas of Russia, when he assailed Turkey with a view to possessing Constantinople, and making an end of Turkish power. War was proclaimed on March 28, and a fine British force was dispatched to Turkey, landing first on the western coast of the Black Sea, and then, in the middle of September, in the Crimea. The young Prince was with the Queen at Balmoral when the news came of the victory won by the allied forces over the Russian army posted on the heights above the little River Alma, barring the march to Sebastopol, their great fortress in the Black Sea. We learn that, being now thirteen years of age, the Prince took a keen interest in the struggle carried on in south-eastern Europe. In March, 1855, he went with his parents on a visit to the military hospital at Chatham, to see and cheer up sick and wounded soldiers who had been brought home from the front. He also, with his brothers and sisters who were of an age for such work, sent drawings and other contributions to the exhibition held at Burlington House, Piccadilly, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. There was, of course, a keen desire among many persons of wealth to possess these products of royal taste and toil; and we learn that a painting by the Prince of Wales fetched the sum of fifty-five guineas.

In the following year (1855) the cordial feeling which had arisen between the old antagonists, France and Great Britain, was increased by exchanges of visits between the sovereigns of the countries in alliance. In the middle of April the Emperor Napoleon and his beautiful wife Eugénie, daughter of the Count de Montijo, a Spanish grandee, and of a lady of Scottish descent, arrived at Dover in the midst of a dense fog which, during and long after the disembarkation, hid from view the French and British squadrons of escort and welcome. The

imperial visitors had a hearty reception on passing through the capital from London Bridge Station to Paddington, and a grand welcome at Windsor, all gay with flags and triumphal arches. At the Castle the Queen, with her children, the Prince of Leiningen (her half-brother), and her cousin the Duke of Cambridge, received her illustrious guests on a fine bright evening. We have her own account of the reception, telling how, after the usual monarchical embraces between herself and the Emperor, she then embraced "the very gentle, graceful, and evidently very nervous Empress. We presented the (two adult) Princes, and our children (Vicky with very alarmed eyes making very low curtsies). The Emperor embraced Bertie, and then we went upstairs, Albert leading the Empress." A friendship quickly arose between the distinguished personages, the Queen being specially attracted by the Empress, whom she describes as "full of courage and spirit and yet so gentle, with such innocence and *enjouement*, that the *ensemble* is most charming. With all her great liveliness, she has the prettiest and most modest manner." The festivities which ensued in honour of the visitors included a review, in Windsor Home Park, of the household troops, when the Emperor showed himself an excellent horseman astride of a very fiery beautiful chestnut; and Lord Cardigan rode the steed on which he was mounted in the Balaclava "Charge of the Light Brigade". The Queen, referring to a ball at Windsor, writes: "How strange to think that I, the granddaughter of George the Third, should dance with the Emperor Napoleon, nephew of England's great enemy, now my nearest and most intimate ally, in the *Waterloo Room*, and this ally only six years ago living in this country an exile, poor and unthought of". She also records that the Emperor wrote in Bertie's Autograph Book some German lines, which are thus translated by Sir Theodore Martin:—

"Youth, of soul unstained and pure,
Innocent and fresh in feeling,
Choose and ponder, but be sure
World's praise never sways thy dealing!

Though the crowd with plaudits hail thee,
Though their calumnies assail thee,
Swerve not: but remember, youth,
Minstrel praises oft betray,
Narrow is the path of truth,
'Twixt charms duty threads her way."

This visit was an important one for the Prince of Wales, for it brought to him, in the later summer, a new and striking experience, often indeed to be repeated, in his first view of Paris. At the close of the visit to Windsor, the Queen and Prince Albert promised to make a return visit to Paris if public duties did not prevent them. It would be needful to wait until after the prorogation of Parliament, and the stay in the French capital could only be brief, as the health of the Queen would require the change and repose to be found only in the Highlands. After a terrible winter of loss and suffering for the British army, preceded by successes for the allies at Balaclava and Inkermann, and followed by a repulse of their forces in a general assault on Sebastopol on June 18, 1855, and the death of Lord Raglan, the British commander, success in the great enterprise was clearly approaching. On August 16 a Russian relieving army was smartly defeated by the French and Sardinians on the River Tchernay, and the time seemed now suitable for the royal visit to Paris, as Parliament had been just prorogued. We may preface our account by some description of the new royal yacht, the second *Victoria and Albert*, a splendid vessel, which did good service until the end of the century.

The former yacht had, in 1854, been added to the fleet for general purposes, as the *Windsor Castle*. In May of that year the building of her successor was begun at Pembroke Dockyard, where she was launched on January 16, 1855. Her length was just over 336 ft.; the breadth on deck, 40 ft., and the deep displacement over 2400 tons. A paddle-wheel steamer of 2400 horse-power at highest pressure, the new *Victoria and Albert* was built chiefly of mahogany and East India teak, on the diagonal principle, so as to combine lightness and strength.

The decks were laid in Canadian fir; near the state-cabins were water-tight bulkheads; and felt was laid, to deaden sound, between the beams and the deck. The whole space from the paddle-boxes aft was devoted to the accommodation of royal passengers. On the upper deck was a dining room 24 ft. by 17 ft., glazed all round to afford a complete view seawards and over the weather-deck. The state-cabin was 21 ft. by 17 ft., and the royal bed-chamber 19 ft. by 14 ft., with a dressing-room at each end. Thorough ventilation for the cabins was provided by means of pipes passing up through the ship's sides and ending at the gunwale on deck. On the deck beneath were the royal nursery and the cabins for the use of the suite. The berths of the officers and crew lay forward. The internal arrangements and decorations were in excellent taste, comprising maplewood fittings, with relieve leather, enriched with gilding, in the cornices and other parts. The Queen and Prince Albert were specially pleased by the union of the emblems of Britain and France, as a fitting decoration for the vessel on her first trip to the country whose armies and navies were allied with ours against a common enemy. The speed reached on the trial trip was over 15 knots, exceeding 17 miles per hour, deeply laden.

The Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal accompanied their parents, and the party were received at Boulogne by the Emperor and a brilliant retinue. A succession of splendid fêtes alternated with periods of repose at the beautiful palace of St. Cloud, where the Queen, Prince Albert, and their children were received by the Empress, the Princess Mathilde, and the ladies, and conducted to their rooms up the noble staircase lined by the tall Cent-Gardes in their superb uniform. The welcome to Paris had been wonderful in the splendour of decorations, military display, and illuminations, with enthusiastic crowds shouting "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre" to the tones of the National Anthem. Recent architectural changes were seen in the new Boulevard de Strasbourg, and the spectacle was specially imposing at the Porte St. Denis, the Madeleine, the Place de la Concorde, and the Arc

de Triomphe de l'Étoile. The day after the arrival, Sunday, August 19th, was quietly spent, the afternoon affording a drive in the Bois de Boulogne to Neuilly and the Seine with the Emperor and Empress. We may here note, by way of interlude to the account of gay doings, that no British sovereign had entered Paris ceremoniously since the days of Henry the Sixth. At St. Cloud, a place destroyed during the troubles of 1870, the Queen was delighted with the air, the gardens, and the view of Paris from her windows. Versailles, with its historical adjuncts, its gardens and fountains, was visited, and a luncheon enjoyed at Petit Trianon, while the Emperor's fine band of the Guides played under the trees. Then came a state visit to the Grand Opera, with a ballet that ended in a scene depicting Windsor when the Emperor arrived there. "God save the Queen" was rapturously received by the crowded and brilliant assemblage, and Paris, on the return to St. Cloud after midnight, was ablaze with illuminations. Prince Albert received from the Emperor, at the Exposition des Beaux Arts, then open in Paris, a fine Sèvres vase representing the 1851 exhibition. At the Tuileries the Queen received the Prefect of the Seine and the municipality of Paris, and on the following evening attended the great ball at the Hôtel de Ville. She wore there a diadem containing the great Koh-i-noor diamond shown at our Great Exhibition. On August 24 there was a grand review in the Champ de Mars, at which the Queen said to the Emperor, "Those splendid troops are the comrades of the men who are fighting along with mine, and I have a real affection for them".

A memorable part of the proceedings was the visit to the Hôtel des Invalides, of which the Queen writes: "There I stood, at the arm of Napoleon III, his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe; I, the granddaughter of that King who hated him most, and who most vigorously opposed him, and this very nephew who bears his name being my nearest and dearest ally! The organ of the Church was playing 'God save the Queen' at the time, and this solemn scene took place by torchlight and during a thunderstorm." On

August 25 there was a visit to the forest of St. Germain, where the huntsmen, with their dogs and horns, appeared *en grande tenue*, and village girls, all dressed in white, and presented by the curé, offered flowers and fruit to the Queen. In the evening there came a splendid state ball and supper at Versailles, preceded by a display of fireworks and illuminations in the park. Sunday, August 26, was Prince Albert's birthday, when he received from his hosts a fine picture by Meissonier and a carved ivory cup; and after breakfast three hundred drums sounded a grand roll beneath the window. On the next day came the leavetaking, when the Empress gave the Queen a beautiful fan, with a rose and a heliotrope from the garden, and a bracelet, in rubies and diamonds, with her own hair enclosed, to the Princess Royal. At Boulogne the party were received by salutes from the British squadron out at sea, and by a march-past of French battalions, some of the bands playing "Rule, Britannia" with grand effect. The port was ablaze in the evening with illuminations, and resonant with music, and the Emperor conducted his chief guest on board her yacht, attending her some distance out to sea. Then he quitted her in his barge with the usual salutes, and the kindly words: "Adieu, madame! Au revoir!" to which the Queen replied: "Je l'espère bien!"

We must devote a few words to the heir apparent, who had vastly enjoyed his experiences on French soil. His father, Prince Albert, a judge not easily satisfied, wrote of his eldest son, to Baron Stockmar, as *si gentil*, in reference to his behaviour, and to his mother-in-law, the Duchess of Kent: "I am bound to praise the children greatly. They behaved themselves extremely well and pleased everybody. The task was no easy one for them, but they discharged it without embarrassment and with natural simplicity". 'Vicky' and 'Bertie', during their stay, had a good share in the entertainments arranged for their parents, and made themselves general favourites. The Emperor was fond of children, and paid much attention to his young guests, who both became greatly attached to him. The

Prince of Wales, in later years, showed his affection for his former kindly host by his attentions when the ex-Emperor was an exile at Chislehurst. It is certain that the Prince's strong liking for the French began with this, his first, sojourn in their country. At the grand review in Paris he attracted much attention in his Highland dress, and he enjoyed his visit so much that he begged the Empress to obtain the Queen's consent for himself and the Princess Royal to stay on after their mother's return. When she replied that the Queen and Prince would want them, he cried: "Not do without us! don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they don't want us!"

Some of the autumn time was again spent at Balmoral, where the Prince of Wales was with the family when the Queen's mind was relieved from long anxiety by the telegram announcing the capture of Sebastopol. The royal party had arrived on Deeside on September 7, and after a dinner on the 9th, as the Queen was reading telegraphic dispatches from Lord Clarendon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Granville, President of the Council, who was her guest as Minister in attendance at Balmoral, cried: "I have still better news—from General Simpson—Sebastopol is in the hands of the allies". The Queen writes on this occasion: "Our delight was great, but we could hardly believe the good news. . . . The new house seems to be lucky indeed, for from the first moment of our arrival we have had good news." On the top of a cairn near by the faggots and other materials for a great bonfire had been prepared on a former occasion when, just after the victory at Alma, on September 20, 1854, a false report had come of the fall of the Russian fortress. Now at last the big fire could duly blaze, and at 11 p.m. it was lit. We learn from the Queen's journal that "the whole house seemed in a wonderful state of excitement. The boys (*i.e.* Bertie, Alfred, and Arthur) were with difficulty awakened, and when at last this was the case, they begged leave to go up to the top of the cairn. In a few minutes Albert and all the gentlemen, in every species of

attire, sallied forth, followed by all the servants, and gradually by all the population of the village—keepers, gillies, workmen—up to the top of the cairn. We waited and saw them light the bonfire, accompanied by general cheering. It blazed forth brilliantly, and we could see the numerous figures surrounding it, some dancing, all shouting—Ross playing his pipes, and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually.”

The royal mention of “the new house” brings us to a description of the Balmoral Castle which still exists, where King Edward the Seventh spent many happy autumn days in youth, manhood, and middle age, and which became, by inheritance, his possession, and occasional place of residence, on his succession to the throne. The former castle, built by Sir Robert Gordon, as already mentioned, was soon found to be too small for the family, suite, and household. On September 28, 1853, the foundation stone of a new structure was laid, the Prince of Wales being present with his brothers and sisters, and he affixed his signature, with those of the other children capable of writing, to the parchment recording the day of the stone being laid. We may first record that, on the purchase of the Balmoral estate, Prince Albert had given careful attention to the building of cottages for the tenantry, and to bringing the land under a better system of tillage, without undue hurry in forcing improvements on a people accustomed to the old ways. He first set about improving the tenants, by teaching them that pure air in their homes, with cleanliness inside and out, and the abundant use of fresh water for their persons, were better than close rooms and dirt. He gave them the means of living in decency and comfort, providing good cottages, with gardens, and, wherever it was possible, a croft and a cow for handicraftsmen and tillers of the soil, of good character, whom he encouraged to settle on his land. Schoolhouses and teachers were provided for the children, and a library—joint gift of the Queen and her husband—was opened at Balmoral for the people of the district. The influence of this work, so good and so wise, on his elder son, was amply shown afterwards when he, on his

estate in Norfolk, had the opportunity of following the excellent example of his deceased father.

As regards the new house, we have seen that, in the autumn of 1855, it was partly finished, but the lower and the connecting part of the building were still incomplete, and the offices were not erected, so that the way lay through the old castle, where the gentlemen of the suite, except the cabinet minister in attendance on the sovereign, still had to live. In August, 1856, the new Balmoral Castle was finished, and the old building had disappeared. On October 13 of that year the Queen wrote in her journal: "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dear Albert's own creation, own work, own laying out, as at Osborne, and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere". The Castle cost £100,000 in erection, and is built of reddish-grey granite in the Scottish baronial style. It consists of two separate blocks of building, joined by wings, with a massive tower 35 ft. square, rising to 80 ft. in height, surmounted by a corner stair-turret 20 ft. high. There are also turrets, of conical shape, somewhat irregularly placed, and the whole building, at a distance, has a strong and imposing appearance, as if hewn out of one huge rock. The internal decorations and furniture are mostly plain and homely, befitting a country house, and the many rooms are suited for a large family circle, but are not of regal dimensions, nor do they show the elegancies which were found at Osborne, nor the grandeur and sumptuousness of Windsor. The dining-room and drawing-room are fine spacious apartments, and there is an excellent billiard-room, large enough for ladies who are looking on at the players to move round the table without getting in the way of the cues. There is a good library, and the ball-room is a long, large hall forming an annexe to the house, built out as a separate feature. There entertainments were given to guests, tenants, or retainers in due course. The royal children used to take part in these festivities, and Prince Albert mentions, in one of his letters, that



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BALMORAL CASTLE

at a gillies' ball Prince Arthur (afterwards Duke of Connaught) had great success in the Highland reels, in which, "next to Jamie Gow, he was the favourite in the room". After the accession of King Edward, the whole of the interior was remodelled and refitted in modern style, with the addition of a second corridor. The Balmoral estate now includes Birkhall, in Glen Muick, south-west of Ballater; Loch Muick, some miles farther up the glen, a sombre sheet of water encircled by precipices; and the top of mighty Lochnagar, so as to comprise about 30,000 acres. Among the neighbouring places of frequent mention in connection with Balmoral we may name Invercauld House, the most beautifully situated mansion on Deeside, with a lofty massive tower of grey granite standing out well against the wooded hill; Braemar Castle, over four centuries old; the Falls of Corriemulzie, in a deep, narrow, precipitous ravine, softened by a profusion of brake, ferns, and creepers, continually freshened by the spray; and the striking falls known as the Linns of Dee and Quoich.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRINCE'S YOUTH

1856-1860

Among the events of the young Prince's life in 1856 we find a walking tour in the west of England, made *incognito*, in company with his tutor, Mr. Gibbs, and Colonel Cavendish. His father, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, writes of this trip as "going off well and seeming to interest him greatly". The camp at Aldershot had been completed, and was visited by the Queen in April, when she was present at a field day of 18,000 troops, and rode a richly harnessed chestnut charger, herself in uniform as a field-marshal, with the star and ribbon of the Garter, and a dark-blue riding skirt. On July 8 the sovereign was again at the camp, and was now attended by the Prince

of Wales, as well as by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the King of the Belgians, and the Comte de Flandres. The main body of the troops had returned from the Crimea, and the Queen delivered, as she stood up in her carriage, a brief, stirring address of thanks and welcome to the officers from the Crimea who had been under fire, and to representative groups of four men of each company and troop, standing forth from the Crimean regiments forming three sides of a square near the carriage. Her words of confidence in the devotion of the army, of joy for the safe return of those whom she beheld, of sorrow for the brave men who had fallen in their country's cause, and of gratitude that warfare was at an end, were uttered in her usual clear and musical tones, and evoked a great shout of "God save the Queen", with cheers echoing among the hills, and the sight of waving sabres flashing, and of helmets, bearskins, and shakos flung into the air.

Towards the end of this year (1856) the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice accompanied their parents on an occasion of much interest to the people of Great Britain and the United States. The name of Sir John Franklin is one of deathless fame in our annals. Born at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, in 1786, he fought under Nelson, in 1801, at Copenhagen, and was signal-midshipman on the *Bellerophon* at Trafalgar. After eminent service as an explorer by land in the Arctic regions of North America, and receiving the Fellowship of the Royal Society and a knighthood, he returned to England in 1843, on completing nine years' service as Governor of Tasmania, then still called Van Diemen's Land. Franklin, in his sixtieth year, left the Thames in May, 1845, in command of an expedition sent out by the Government for another attempt to discover a practicable north-west passage to eastern Asia, by way of Lancaster Sound and Behring Strait. His two vessels, of sinister designation and gloomy renown, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were seen, on July 26, by a whaler, in Baffin Bay, and from that day they vanished for ever from the view of Europeans, not an officer or man surviving to tell the tale. A month after

month, and year by year, glided away, Lady Franklin and the nation waited and hoped for intelligence, with expectation that turned slowly to despair, and hope into mourning as for those assuredly dead. That noble lady, married in 1828, was the hero's second wife. The sympathy of the whole civilized world was aroused, and between 1848 and 1859 about twenty expeditions of search were sent out from Britain and the United States, by sea and by land, at the charges of Franklin's widow, as the event proved her to be, or of other private persons, or at the cost of one or other of the two Governments. It was not until October, 1855, that one of the searchers, Dr. Rae, arrived in London with relics of the dead, in the form of compasses, telescopes, guns, parts of watches, and other articles, obtained from Eskimo wanderers, which proved the fate of the expedition beyond reasonable doubt. In 1859, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Francis Leopold) M'Clintock, in command of the *Fox*, purchased and fitted out by Lady Franklin, brought back a document found in a cairn and written on April 25, 1848, which proved that Sir John Franklin had died on June 11, 1847, along with many officers and men.

We come now to the vessel with which this narrative is specially concerned. On April 15, 1852, an expedition sailed from Woolwich to take part in the search for the great navigator. It consisted of five ships, and was under the command of Sir Edward Belcher, afterwards Admiral. His vessel was the *Assistance*, and the other ships of the squadron were the *Intrepid*, under M'Clintock, the *Resolute*, commanded by Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral Sir Henry) Kellett, the *Pioneer*, and the *North Star*. In August the expedition reached Beechey Island, in Barrow Strait, where the *North Star* remained. The *Resolute* and *Intrepid* proceeded towards Melville Island, whilst the *Assistance* and *Pioneer* sailed up Wellington Channel. In April, 1854, Sir Edward Belcher, finding himself in difficulties, ordered the abandonment of the vessels in advance, in opposition to the views of his captains. The explorers returned home in the *North Star* and two other ships, and the captains

were acquitted after being tried by court martial. The *Resolute* had already discovered and saved Captain M'Clure, a native of Wexford, who, after serving in two Arctic expeditions, was sent out from Plymouth, in 1850, to search for Franklin from the west—the Pacific side—by way of Behring Strait. His ship—the *Investigator*—became icebound on its eastward course. M'Clure had practically solved the problem of the “north-west passage”, but had to abandon his vessel, and was rescued from desperate difficulties in the ice by Lieutenant Pim. The meeting of Pim and M'Clure was one of extraordinary interest, as the one had come from the Pacific and the other from the Atlantic. The *Resolute* was then, as we have seen, abandoned in her turn and left icelocked, in the spring of 1854, off the shores of Melville Island. Over sixteen months had passed away when, on September 17, 1855, Captain Buddington, of the American whaler *George Henry*, caught sight of a vessel in Davis's Straits, about 40 miles from Cape Mercy. No signals were put out nor responded to, and the ship, when she was boarded, was found empty of men. The crewless craft had drifted over 1000 miles, through Barrow Straits, Lancaster Sound, and Baffin's Bay, from her icy prison to her position near Cape Mercy. The *Resolute* was then taken to New York, and, the British Government having abandoned all claim upon her, the United States Government, with admirable taste and good feeling, purchased the ship, repaired, re-equipped, and re-furnished her, not only with stores, but with officers' libraries, pictures, &c., and sent her across the Atlantic, in charge of Captain Harstein, of the United States navy, as a present to the Queen and people of Great Britain. She arrived at Southampton on December 12, 1856, and four days later the royal party steamed out to her as she lay at anchor off Cowes, and the Queen formally received the ship on behalf of the nation. This graceful act of the United States Government was rightly regarded as a token of the unity of interest existing between the two great peoples of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the friendship then avowed happily remains one of the chief guarantees for the peace of

the world. The *Resolute* remained on the British navy list until 1879, when she was broken up. A desk made from some of her timber was presented by Queen Victoria, in 1880, to President Hayes.

To commemorate the Queen's visit to Peel Park, Salford, in 1851, the 80,000 Sunday scholars who had been assembled to receive her on that occasion, had contributed, with the help of other subscriptions, to erect a statue of Her Majesty in the Park. This memorial was unveiled by Prince Albert on May 6, 1857, when he visited Manchester to open a splendid Exhibition of Art Treasures, formed by a loan collection of the finest pictures from the private galleries of noblemen and gentlemen throughout the kingdom. The success of the scheme was largely due to the good advice and energetic assistance of the Prince, who proposed that the Exhibition should be made both national and educational by obtaining examples of the best paintings of the best masters, and so arranging them as to illustrate the history of art in a chronological and systematic way. An able letter, in which he set forth his plan, was made public; the owners of rare and valuable paintings heartily supported the proposal, and the committee, of which Lord Ellesmere was chairman, was able to obtain such a show of art treasures as had never before been seen in England. The Exhibition was notable for many of the finest specimens of the British water-colour school, and for the gems of the Marquis of Hertford's great collection, including the famous "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough, and Rubens's superb "Rainbow" landscape.

It was on June 29 that the Queen, who had been unable to go to Manchester early in May, on account of the birth of her fifth daughter and youngest child, Princess Beatrice, on April 14, paid a visit to the Manchester Exhibition. With her were the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal and her future husband, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred. The royal party were the guests of the Earl of Ellesmere at Worsley Hall. Early next morning they started in open carriages for the Exhi-

bition, the rather dreary streets of the great town being made as gay as possible with flags and flowers, rich drapery and triumphal arches bearing loyal inscriptions. The Queen writes of this occasion: "The crowd was enormous, greater than ever witnessed before, and enthusiastic beyond belief; nothing but kind and friendly faces". Her Majesty, with her royal relatives and suite, stood on a dais at the Exhibition surrounded by a brilliant crowd of visitors, and after receiving and replying to addresses from the corporations of Manchester and Salford, she conferred knighthood on the Mayor of Manchester. She used for this ceremony the sword of the general officer in command of the troops, a weapon which had been in four actions with its gallant wearer, Sir Harry Smith, victorious over the Sikhs at Aliwal in 1846, and formerly Governor of Cape Colony, where his memory abides in the name of the town of Aliwal North, while in Natal, through his Spanish wife, it became of lasting renown at Ladysmith in the great Boer War. After devoting the afternoon to an inspection of the picture galleries the party returned to Worsley Hall amidst falling rain which did not diminish the numbers nor damp the fervent loyalty of the throng along the line of route. On the following day a more careful examination was made of the gems among the art treasures, and the Queen passed through Peel Park, to inspect the statue of herself on her return to Lord Ellesmere's, while the Prince of Wales, his brother, and Prince Frederick William went with Prince Albert to the Town Hall, where an address from the Corporation was received by the Prussian Prince, who was soon to marry the Princess Royal. The Princes then paid visits to some of the great manufacturing works, and on the following day the party returned to London.

On July 26 of this year (1857) the Prince of Wales went abroad for a time to pursue his studies, attended by his tutors, Mr. Gibbs and the Rev. Charles Tarver, General Grey, Sir Henry Ponsonby, and, as younger companions, by Mr. Charles Wood (a son of Sir Charles Wood, afterwards Lord Halifax), Mr. (afterwards Lord) Cadogan, Mr. Frederick Stanley (a son

of Lord Derby), and Mr. W. Gladstone, eldest son of William Ewart Gladstone. The Continental place selected was Königs-winter, a pleasant little town and summer resort in Prussia, on the right bank of the Rhine, above Cologne, at the foot of the romantic Drachenfels.

We have already seen something of the care bestowed by the Queen and Prince Consort on the training of their children. Both parents felt this work to be a duty of the highest importance, a constant and solemn responsibility. The first religious impressions received came to the young people from a good mother's words, or from those of an excellent substitute, Lady Lyttelton. Both parents desired to maintain simplicity and an open mind in religious matters, of special importance for the heir apparent, as one who would some day rule over an empire comprising countless millions of people very diverse in race, in degrees of civilization, and in creed. The motherly care of the Queen appears in a memorandum written by her in November, 1844, wherein she laments that her pressing avocations prevented her from being with the little Princess Royal when she said her prayers; and she proceeds to state her desire that the child should be taught to have a loving fear of God, and not to have death and the future life represented in an alarming view. In hours of leisure, as on board the royal yacht, the Queen often heard the children's lessons, and both she and her husband sought to give a pleasant domestic character to their studies by turning them to a practical and natural use during the pleasures of a holiday excursion. The children were instructed by competent teachers, not only that they might obtain the knowledge and accomplishments befitting their high station, and the future relations which they would have to sustain, but that they might have a real recognition of the claims of their moral and spiritual nature as of the highest importance to their personal happiness, their social usefulness, and their right to public respect and esteem. By precept and example all were taught not only to profess religion, but to show a hearty and practical application of the highest morality in being helpful,

courteous, sympathetic, kindly, and single-minded in all dealings with their fellow creatures, In other memoranda the Queen dwells on the necessity of education being associated with the delights and duties of that family life which is the basis of all true national greatness; on the need of a simple and domestic training for her children, and of their being as much as possible with their parents, and learning to place their greatest confidence in them in all matters. We confidently aver that the history of the royal family in the latter half of the nineteenth, and in the current century, has given ample proof of a rich harvest of good springing from seed so excellent, so carefully sown, and so tenderly and wisely nurtured in its earlier growth. When we turn to the special case of King Edward the Seventh, we may express the assurance that he could not and would not, in his exalted position as heir apparent and as sovereign, have rendered to the Empire his eminent services, first, during a very lengthy career in which he had no political status whatsoever, and then as a King and Emperor invested with the limited power, but vast influence, of a constitutional ruler, unless he had received such a training as has been here indicated. Above all, he had always before him the best of good examples. As regards political duty, from the Queen he learned, when he attained manhood, the exact limits within which regal power can be exercised in this country and this age. In the Prince Consort he saw a man devoted to a life of hard work in the social sphere, employing eminent abilities and high culture in the service of the nation, sometimes by initiating, always by eagerly and wisely promoting, schemes in furtherance of the highest civilization. In both parents the King that was to be saw truth and honour incarnate. His father, with his wide knowledge and varied accomplishments, had higher views of education than bare scholastic routine, and as Chancellor of Cambridge University he used a great and beneficial influence in enlarging the sphere of academic training and extending the number of subjects for the competitive examination of students for honours. In the training of the Prince of Wales he used

the right means for his obtaining knowledge and acquiring tastes which were, in that age, by no means common among young Englishmen. He took his eldest son with him on visits to all places where a love of arts and sciences might be encouraged, and he imbued him with the taste for music which has since been turned to national benefit. Better still, the father often had the son as his companion and hearer on public occasions of meetings and festivals held in connection with charitable institutions; and thus he trained him to the public service in which the younger Prince was to become so nobly conspicuous.

The year 1858 brought events of much and varied interest to the royal family and the nation. On January 25 came the wedding day of the Princess Royal, when she was united in marriage with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterwards to be the Crown Prince, and, for a brief period, the good Emperor Frederick of Germany. The wedding guests at Windsor included the King of the Belgians, with his sons, and the Prince and Princess of Prussia, parents of the bridegroom, and afterwards the Emperor William and Empress Augusta of Germany. There were great festivities in London and at Windsor—theatrical and operatic performances, dinners, and balls. The grand ceremony was performed in the chapel of St. James's Palace, the Duchess of Kent and the old Duchess of Cambridge being there as the only surviving representatives of what the Queen calls, in her journal, "the old royal family". The Princess Sophia, one of the youngest daughters of George the Third, had died in 1848, the Duke of Cambridge in 1850, and the Duchess of Gloucester in 1857. In the procession that marched up the chapel, to the sound of the organ, trumpets, and drums, Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister, carried the sword of state, and after him came the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, and next the Queen and her two younger sons. We need not describe the proceedings in detail, and note only that the Queen wore the Koh-i-noor as a brooch; that the Princess Royal was very calm, and made her responses very plainly; and that, as the Queen testifies in her journal, "the music was very fine, and

the Archbishop (*i.e.* of Canterbury, Dr. Sumner) very nervous". It was a bright winter's day, and the young couple were greeted with loud cheers by the crowd, when the Queen and Prince Consort escorted them to the window over the central archway at Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales, of course, signed the marriage register, and, with his father, his brother Alfred, and the Duke of Cambridge, he attended the happy pair to their embarkation on the *Victoria and Albert* at Gravesend.

On the first of April the heir apparent was confirmed in the private chapel at Windsor. His father, in writing to Baron Stockmar, refers to this rite, at which the Prince of Wales took upon himself the solemn vows made for him by his sponsors at baptism: "The Confirmation went off with great solemnity, and I hope with an abiding impression on his mind. The previous day his examination took place before the Archbishop and ourselves. Wellesley (Dean of Windsor) prolonged it a full hour, and Bertie acquitted himself *extremely well*." Queen Victoria, writing on the same subject to King Leopold, said: "The examination before the Archbishop and ourselves by the Dean on Wednesday was long and difficult, but Bertie answered extremely well, and his whole manner and *Gemüthsstimmung* yesterday, and again to-day, at the Sacrament to which we took him, was gentle, good, and proper". The confirmation was followed, on the next day, as the Queen's letter notes, by the eldest son's "first communion", made along with his parents. We note that Lord Derby, who had recently become Premier, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell, were present at the Prince's confirmation, with the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce) as Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Graham), Clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Windsor, and the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell, Chaplain to the Prince Consort. This event was quickly followed by a fortnight's tour for recreation in the south of Ireland, in company with his tutor, Mr. Gibbs, Captain de Ros, and Dr. Minter. On returning to London, the Prince took up his residence for a time at the White Lodge, in Richmond Park, formerly the abode of the "Ranger"

of the park. The house has some interesting historical and literary associations. It was a favourite residence of Queen Caroline, wife of George the Second, and is situated near the middle of the park, at the end of a fine avenue of oak trees, nearly a mile in length, called the Queen's Walk, because it was her usual promenade, on the way to the entrance from Richmond Hill. There the Queen performed very many munificent acts. It was thither that, as the great northern master of historical romance relates in *The Heart of Midlothian*, the kindly Duke of Argyll conveyed Jeanie Deans in his carriage after her walk from Edinburgh to London to plead the cause of her sister, Effie Deans, and to save her from the gallows. They found themselves, on entering the park by a "postern door" in the brick wall, in a "deep and narrow alley carpeted with the most verdant and close-shaven turf", and "screened from the sun by the branches of lofty elms", which caused the path to resemble "one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic cathedral". There, by the good offices of the Duke, the heroine was brought to the presence of Queen Caroline, who was attended by "her good Howard", Lady Suffolk. Jeanie Deans then stated her case with a native eloquence that ultimately attained her end. In 1761 the rangership of the park was bestowed on the Chief Minister, the Earl of Bute, who retained the office, and often resided in the Lodge, until his death over thirty years later. There, also, William Pitt had his last interview with Lord Sidmouth, formerly Mr. Addington, who, on becoming Premier in 1801, was given the White Lodge as a residence by the King. The improvement in the condition of Richmond Park was due to Lord Sidmouth, who occupied the Lodge till his death in 1844. The house was then given as a residence to the Duchess of Gloucester, who succeeded as Ranger; and, at a subsequent time, it was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary of Cambridge), who died there, respectively, in 1900 and 1897. There, too, in 1894, their daughter, the Duchess of York, afterwards Queen, gave birth to her first-born, Prince Edward.

The White Lodge contains some fine pictures, including portraits of George the Third and of Queen Charlotte, presented by the King to Lord Sidmouth. There also is carefully preserved a small table, upon which, in a conversation after dinner, Lord Nelson, a short time before leaving Portsmouth for his crowning victory at Trafalgar, traced with his finger his plan of attack, and explained to Lord Sidmouth the method in which he proposed to break the enemy's line.

To this historical mansion the Prince of Wales retired for a short period, in order, as his father wrote to Baron Stockmar, "to be away from the world, and devote himself exclusively to study, and prepare for a military examination". There were appointed for him, as companions, three persons, described by the Prince Consort as "very distinguished young men from twenty-three to twenty-six years of age, who are to occupy in monthly rotation a kind of equerry's place about him, and from whose more intimate intercourse I anticipate no small benefit to Bertie. The first of these gentlemen was Major Loyd-Lindsay, V.C. (afterwards Lord Wantage), of the Scots Fusilier Guards, a man distinguished for valour in the Crimea at Alma and Inkermann, where he carried the colours of the famous regiment. He is described as "studious in his habits, living little with the other young officers, familiar with French, and specially so with Italian, having spent a portion of his youth in Italy"; as having "won the first prize last week under the regimental adjutant for the new rifle drill"; and as having, before Sebastopol, "resigned an excellent post as aide-de-camp to Sir James Simpson, Commander-in-chief, that he might be able to work as lieutenant in the trenches". Another distinguished officer was Major Teesdale, of the Royal Artillery, who had won great fame, and the Victoria Cross, at the Siege of Kars, where he was aide-de-camp and factotum of Sir Fenwick Williams. The third was Lord Valletort, eldest son of Lord Mount Edgcumbe. He had travelled much on the Continent, and is described by the Prince Consort as "a thoroughly good, moral, and accomplished man; draws well and

plays; never was at a public school; but passed his youth in attendance on his invalid father". Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Tarver also went to Richmond with the young Prince.

After many weeks of study and quiet life in Richmond Park, the Prince, in the later summer, accompanied his parents on a visit to Cherbourg. The Emperor of the French had invited the Queen and the Prince Consort to come and view the inauguration of the great works of defence against the sea, and of fortification, there recently completed. These works, begun in the age of Louis the Fourteenth and greatly extended by the first Napoleon, had been originally devised as a menace to Britain. Louis Napoleon, however, had distinctly declared to our ambassador in Paris that his invitation had been given in no ostentatious spirit, but as a friendly assurance that the alliance with Britain was such as to leave no thought of placing her on her defence, and that the works were solely intended to strengthen the position of France in Europe. The Emperor's recent appointment of Marshal Pélissier, Duc de Malakoff, as French Ambassador in London, was regarded by our Government as an evidence of his goodwill; for Pélissier was an honest, outspoken man, and a firm advocate of the alliance between France and this country. Lord Cowley in a dispatch from Paris to the Earl of Malmesbury, Foreign Secretary, expressed his belief that the visit would be beneficial to relations between the two countries, and the Queen decided on accepting the invitation in the sense of a private, or, at most, a semi-state visit which would terminate before the chief festivities. The position of this great naval station, fortified town, and seaport, is well known as being on the northern shore of the Cotentin peninsula, about 75 miles from the Isle of Wight. The works are on a colossal scale. The great *digue*, or breakwater, is $2\frac{1}{3}$ miles long, with a base breadth of 262 ft., and 101 ft. of width at the summit. The naval harbour, cut out of the solid rock, can accommodate fifty great men-of-war, with a depth of 25 ft. at low water, doubled at high tide. Connected with this harbour are the dry docks,

navy-building yard, and all appointments of a first-class naval arsenal. The forts protecting the harbour on all sides render this naval fortress one of the strongest in the world.

On the afternoon of August 4 the *Victoria and Albert*, after a rapid run from Osborne, escorted by the *Royal Albert*, 131 guns, with Admiral Lord Lyons and the Duc de Malakoff on board, and five other men-of-war, arrived off Cherbourg, bearing the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales. The Trinity House yacht *Irene*, and four other vessels, were in immediate attendance on the royal yacht. As the squadron steamed into the harbour under the grey light of a dull evening, the visitors beheld nine French line-of-battle ships anchored along the breakwater, and on every side were countless small vessels brilliantly adorned with flags and bunting. The British sovereign was received with such a salute as had never before been heard in the world. At the signal of one gun fired from the *Bretagne*, the French fleet and sea batteries, and the forts and batteries on shore, opened fire. From the sea batteries came a continuous discharge, gun by gun, while the land forts gave volleys of eight guns as fast as they could be fired and reloaded. The din came not only from forts and visible batteries, but from secluded nooks, quiet copses, sequestered dells, where all looked peace, issued jets of smoke and flame followed by tremendous reports. Three thousand guns were at work in unceasing roar till the earth trembled, the sky was darkened, and the frames of the hearers seemed shattered by the noise. The effect to the eye was overpowering also, as the *Victoria and Albert* was anchored in the midst of the French flotilla of smaller vessels, surrounded close at hand by her own attendant ships. A train of fire seemed to run along each line of the decks of the men-of-war, and the fort seemed to carry on the line of fire from point to point until it shone far away on shore. As soon as the royal yacht had anchored, Admiral Hamelin, French Minister of Marine, went on board with greetings from the Emperor. At dinner on the *Victoria and Albert* a sound of cheering was heard; the illuminations on the breakwater showed movement and bustle there; bands were playing, the yards

were manned, and soon the white imperial barge, with green velvet canopy and golden eagle, was at hand. The Prince Consort, at the foot of the ladder, and the Queen at the top, warmly received their imperial hosts and suite. After a brief stay, the Emperor and Empress went ashore. In the morning the Admiralty flag on the royal yacht was hauled down, and the French flag hoisted at the fore. In reply, the French ships were at once "dressed", and the yards manned, and the guns fired another salute. As the Queen sat sketching on deck, a whole fleet of vessels were bringing people from England. A hundred members of the House of Commons came over on a vessel chartered by themselves, and squadrons of yachts, including 150 vessels of the yacht clubs, hovered like sea birds outside the breakwater, or fluttered under canvas into the harbour, heeling over in the breeze. At noon the royal party went aboard the *Fairy* and landed at the port. More salutes came as the Emperor received the Queen, with the Prince Consort and the Duke of Cambridge in undress uniform, and the Prince of Wales in Highland dress. The Queen then drove through the streets, gaily decorated and lined with troops, in the Emperor's carriage, and the drive was extended to Fort La Roule, commanding the whole of Cherbourg, and standing on an eminence from which the hills and valleys of the distant country, the villages dotted here and there with ancient churches and their ivy-grown towers, and the woods and glades, could be seen lying like a map of grand construction. On the other side, like a vast plain of geometrical design, were the harbours, basins, and docks, the noble roadstead with the combined fleets, gay with many-hued flags; the white-sailed yachts flitting to and fro; the huge grim tiers of fortifications, with forts, batteries, and cannon muzzles at every point of vantage. The royal and imperial guests and hosts met in the evening at a grand dinner on board the *Bretagne*, at which the beautiful Empress sat between the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales, opposite the Queen, who was between the Emperor and the Duke of Cambridge. Friendly speeches were delivered by the Emperor and the Prince Consort, and the evening closed with a superb show of fireworks, the music of the fine

Guides' band, and singing close by from a choral company of Cherbourg working-people. The farewells were uttered next morning on the *Victoria and Albert*, and she steamed out to sea as the Emperor waved his hand from the poop of the *Bretagne* amid the roar of salutes and the cheers of thousands of people.

In October the Prince of Wales accompanied his father on board the *Euryalus* frigate at Spithead, the vessel being about to sail for the Mediterranean, carrying Prince Alfred as a midshipman. In the same autumn-time he was at Shorncliffe Camp, near Folkestone, and performed a public duty in presenting colours to the 100th Regiment of Foot (the Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment). He had recently, on his supposed coming of age, a matter to which we shall soon advert, been appointed a colonel in the army, in which he afterwards held a large number of honorary posts in connection with various regiments, his favourite regiment being the 10th Hussars, into which he sent his eldest son. In his first public speech the young Colonel referred to the fact that the regiment which he was addressing was the "spontaneous offer of the loyal and spirited people of Canada, with which, at their desire, my name has been specially associated". He declared that the enrolment of this body of men into the national force proclaimed and strengthened the unity of the various parts of the vast Empire. The occasion was one of deep interest, pointing forward to the time when thousands of Canadians would fight along with troops from the British Isles and from other colonies in maintaining the imperial cause in South Africa. It was during the governorship of Sir Edmund Head in Canada that, in 1856 and the following year, the martial spirit of the country was shown by the raising of the "Royal Canadians".

On November 9, 1858, the Prince completed seventeen years of life, and entered his eighteenth year. By a mistake of inadvertence, or by a deliberate decision of his parents for which there is no apparent reason, he was now treated as out of his minority, free from direct parental control, and, for a royal personage who was heir apparent, of full legal age. It is quite certain that he was not yet of that age. A prince or princess in this country can

assume sovereign power only when eighteen years of life have been completed. This was shown in the case of Queen Victoria herself. Born on May 24, 1819, she became of full age for accession on the same date in 1837, and it was, at the time, a matter of satisfaction to the nation that her predecessor and uncle, William the Fourth, remained alive until June 20th, so as to preclude any need for a Regency. The Queen, however, treating her eldest son as of full age, wrote to him a remarkable letter, described by Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council, in his well-known Memoirs, as "one of the most admirable that ever was penned". The letter announced his legal freedom from parental control, and said that he might, perhaps, have thought the rule which his parents had adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare had been their only object. They had wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against the seductions of flattery to which he might be exposed. He was now to consider himself as his own master, and, though they would always be ready to give him advice in the future, if he should think fit to seek it, they would never intrude it upon him. The long, wise, tender epistle made a strong impression upon the mind of the son. The Prince was, at the same time, created a Knight of the Garter. It must be noted that it was not until a year later, when he had completed his eighteenth year, that application was made to Parliament for a vote of money towards his establishment. It was at this time that the Rev. Mr. Tarver was appointed the young Prince's "Chaplain and Director of Studies", and Colonel Bruce became his "Governor". This gentleman, brother of Lord Elgin, and his military secretary in Canada when he was Governor-General, was commanding one of the battalions of Grenadier Guards. He was also brother of Lady Augusta Bruce, who married Dean Stanley, and he is described by the Prince Consort as possessing all her amiability of character, "with great mildness of expression", and as "full of ability".

At the end of the year 1858, or very early in 1859 (the dates in the records differ), the Prince started, travelling *incognito* as "Baron Renfrew", on a Continental tour, attended by Mr. Tarver

and Colonel Bruce. On his way southwards he paid a brief visit to Berlin to see his sister the Princess of Prussia. A long and extensive journey had been planned, but the execution was marred to some extent by the outbreak of war, in 1859, between France, in alliance with Sardinia, and the Austrian Empire. The party had reached Rome, and made a brief sojourn there, and the Prince of Wales had an interview with Pope Pius the Ninth. He was the first British Prince who had visited the Vatican since Stewart days. The Pope was specially friendly, and setting aside the etiquette which permits him to be seated while his visitor, of what rank soever, remains standing, he met his distinguished visitor and Colonel Bruce at the door, asked the Prince to be seated, and carried on an easy conversation in French. The party then left Rome by instructions received from home, and arrived, on May 7, at Gibraltar. The tour was then extended to various places in the South of Spain, and to Lisbon, and by the middle of June the Prince had returned to Britain to make a beginning in his academic studies as a University man.

The first scene of this part of the Prince's career was the Scottish capital. He had been well prepared for his work there by acquiring a good knowledge, such as is gained by a diligent pupil at a great public school, of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. He spoke perfect German, good French, and fair Italian, and we may note that on public occasions he always, in after life, in speaking on educational topics, insisted on the benefit of a proper study of foreign tongues. He had seen something of the world outside the British Isles in Continental travel, and had made some study of political conditions, and inspected treasures of art, in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Of science the Prince had some knowledge from attending, in London, lectures of the great Faraday, a master of lucid exposition. At Edinburgh he had his abode at Holyrood Palace, where Mr. H. W. Fisher, of Christ Church, Oxford, the gentleman chosen to be his "tutor" at that University, gave him instruction in law and history. Prof. Lyon Playfair, afterwards Lord Playfair, gave him lectures on chemistry in relation to manufactures, and visited manufactories with him. A scholar



AT THE AGE OF 11 YEARS
From a painting by Winterhalter



AT THE AGE OF 15 YEARS
From an original drawing by E. M. Ward, R.A.



AT THE AGE OF 17 YEARS
After a drawing by George Richmond



AT THE AGE OF 18 YEARS
From a painting by Winterhalter

KING EDWARD VII IN BOYHOOD

of some distinction, Dr. Schmitz, Rector of the High School, gave lectures to the distinguished undergraduate in Roman history. His studies also included French, German, and Italian, and, by way of contrast and relaxation, he exercised thrice a week with the 16th Hussars. The Prince Consort paid a visit to Edinburgh during his son's sojourn there, and received a good report from all his instructors. He seems to have shown zeal and goodwill in pursuing his studies. We may here quote some verses from *Punch*, which at a somewhat later period, when the heir apparent had been to Oxford and was proceeding to Cambridge as his last scene of academical study, expressed with kindly humour the apprehensions of some of the British public lest the Prince's brain might be overwhelmed.

"To the south from the north, from the shores of the Forth,
Where at hands Presbyterian pure science is quaffed,
The Prince, in a trice, is whipped off to the Isis,
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæval on draught.
Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (lest that prove a fixture),
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam,
Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of cram."

There needed no fear of any bad result from excess of study. The vigorous mental and corporal constitution of King Edward the Seventh included a healthy capacity for many various kinds of enjoyment and relaxation, and, in his earliest manhood, he emerged from the ordeal of his studies without any detriment to the prospects of his career.

The later summer and early autumn were spent in the Deeside Highlands. The Court left Osborne for the north on August 29, and reached Balmoral two days later, after spending a day and a night in Edinburgh. The Prince Consort, in a letter to Baron Stockmar a few days afterwards, remarks that the party had "travelled for the first time by night, straight through from London to Edinburgh, in order to gain a day for that place. The experiment proved a complete success, and the Queen was not at all tired." The Prince of Wales, on September 11, joined his parents at Balmoral. We read that he shot a stag at Dubh Loch,

south of Lochnagar mountain. There had been a meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, where the Prince Consort had delivered a presidential address, and the two hundred or more natural philosophers were invited to Balmoral to a Highland gathering. There were mingled sunshine and storm during the visit, but not much diminution of the pleasure afforded by the fête and the sports. The Queen writes in her journal: "We watched from the window the Highlanders marching away, the different people walking off, and four weighty omnibuses filling with scientific men". The pleasures and toils of the Highland sojourn included an ascent of Ben Muich Dhui, on October 7, by the Queen, Prince Consort, Princess Alice, and the Prince of Wales. This fine mountain, second in height in the British Isles, being 4296 ft., lies, as we have seen, in a cluster of great hills to the west of Balmoral. The chief route to the summit goes by the Linn of Dee, striking up Glen Lui and Glen Derry. At first the tourist sees a broad stretch of green turf, and then, in the latter glen, comes on a desolation of barkless and blighted trees, with the branches strangely twisted by the winds. Then comes a long and tedious ascent, with some striking scenery of columned cliffs, to the flat summit of red granite, affording a grand view. The feat was accomplished in safety by the royal party, the Prince walking the whole distance with his father, while Princess Alice walked or rode beside her mother.

On October 14 the young Prince was present with the Queen and Prince Consort at the opening of the Glasgow waterworks at the outflow of Loch Katrine. The royal party had journeyed first to Edinburgh. The works, which had been executed to furnish the great town of Glasgow—a combined Manchester and Liverpool—with its unsurpassed supply of the purest water, were of vast extent and importance. The beautiful loch that lies between the Trossachs and Loch Lomond is 35 miles distant from Glasgow, and the difficulties of engineering in making an adequate connection were very great. In order to draw the water from the lake, a tunnel 2325 yd. long and 6 ft. in diameter was driven at 600 ft. below the summit of

a mountain; and this was the first of a series of seventy tunnels, measuring altogether 13 miles. Three and a half miles of boggy ground was crossed by iron pipes, and nearly 10 miles of aqueduct was carried over rivers, valleys, and ravines, with pipes of wrought iron 8 ft. wide and $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high. The cost of these works, supplying daily about 50,000,000 gal., reached £1,500,000 sterling. The Queen performed, amidst a tempest of rain, the ceremonies of receiving an address, making her reply, and putting in motion the machinery by which the water was admitted to the tunnels, in presence of a large assemblage of people. The Prince of Wales, on the return to Edinburgh, started for London direct, in order to prepare for his residence at the University of Oxford.

At the opening of Michaelmas term, 1859, the Prince drove into the large quadrangle of Christ Church College, known as "Tom Quad", because the famous bell, "Old Tom", is hung in the tower surmounting the chief entrance, called "Tom Gateway". The quadrangle is very plain, enclosed by flat-faced buildings without cloisters to relieve the monotony of the architectural plans. The only ornament is the "Mercury" basin and fountain in the centre. Christ Church or *Aedes Christi*, known as "the House", and not as a "college", to all devoted Christ Churchmen, was finally established in 1546 by Henry the Eighth on a smaller scale than that projected as "Cardinal College" by its first founder, Wolsey. The institution has a peculiar character, unlike that of any other college at either of the two chief Universities. It is dual, as having Oxford Cathedral wholly within its precincts, the edifice being partly used as the college chapel. The cathedral chapter has a share in the government of the whole society, and the Dean of Christ Church is not only master of the college, but head of the chapter. The chief quadrangle is nearly 90 yd. square; that called Peckwater, of classical design, dates only from the earlier years of the eighteenth century. The hall, built in 1529, is very fine from its size (115 ft. by 40 ft.), the carving of the oak roof, the beauty of the entrance staircase, and the long lines of portraits

of eminent statesmen and divines, from the brush of Holbein to that of Millais. It is a notable fact that leaders in three great religious movements were connected with Christ Church. Wycliffe was once Warden of Canterbury Hall, now part of "the House"; John Wesley was a member of the College; and Dr. Pusey was a canon. We return to the Prince, whom we have kept waiting in his carriage and pair. Attended by Colonel Bruce as "Governor", Major Teesdale, V.C., as equerry, and Mr. Fisher, whom we have seen at Edinburgh, he was received on his arrival by the Dean, Dr. Liddell, and Archdeacon Clerke, the Sub-dean. After entry of his name on the college books at the Deanery, the Prince was escorted by Dr. Liddell and a party of Christ Church "Dons" to the residence of Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke College and Vice-Chancellor, where he was examined for matriculation, and received his certificate in the Latin tongue. Dr. Jeune, we may observe, became afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and was father of Sir Francis Jeune, sometime President of the Divorce Court. The Prince and his suite took up their residence at Frewin Hall, a charming house with two sides, at right angles, overgrown with creepers, looking on to a fair interior garden and lawn.

It may be well to cast a glance at the University of Oxford at the close of the "fifties" of the nineteenth century, when the Prince of Wales was for a few months an "undergrad". Dr. Pusey lived his life of study in the corner at the right hand on entering "Tom Quad". The Prince attended English History lectures, delivered by Professor Goldwin Smith, historian, educational reformer, and publicist, who afterwards settled in the United States and Canada. In chemistry, continuing some of his Edinburgh studies, he heard lectures from Sir Benjamin Brodie, and at the end of the term he was examined in history by the Dean. Among his associates was a gentleman who became well known in after-life; Mr. Henry Chaplin, born in the same year as the Prince, was to acquire celebrity on the turf, and take a **not** unimportant political position in Parliament. It is pleasant to learn that the heir apparent set a good example to those

who, at a distant day, were to become his subjects, by being regular in "keeping his chapels", the "college prayers", in Latin, being read at 8 a.m. in the winter, and 7 a.m. in the summer term. Greatly to his benefit, King Edward has always been an early riser. For the rest, the Prince shared, as became a young and healthy Englishman, in the current sports of the place and time. He was fond of sculling, shooting, and hunting. With the first he sometimes amused himself on the Isis and the Cherwell. During the time of the "bumping races", he watched with interest, from the barge of his college, the exertions of competing crews. In the season he was out frequently with neighbouring packs of hounds—the Pytchley, the Vale of Aylesbury, and the South Oxfordshire. He was resident during very sharp winter weather, in February, 1860, and then enjoyed some safe skating in the afternoons, and in the evenings by torchlight, on the ice of the flooded Christ Church meadow. Mixing freely in the social life of the University, the Prince was seen now and then at the "Union" debates of undergraduates. He became a member of the Bullingdon Club, an association of wealthy, leisurely young men who hunted much, and had a cricket ground where the sport was indulged in without any very strenuous exertion. The Prince never cared much for cricket, an amusement in which, from the private character of his training, he had no opportunity of becoming proficient. Football, as a University sport, belongs to a period subsequent to that now under review. Among his fellow members of the Bullingdon Club were Sir Frederick Johnstone, of Christ Church, who became noted on the turf; Sir William Hart Dyke, afterwards well known in the House of Commons; and Mr. Thomas (afterwards Lord) Brassey, famous as owner of the *Sunbeam* and in connection with naval affairs.

The Prince spent his birthday, in 1859, at Windsor with the family, meeting there his sister, the Princess Royal, who had come specially from Berlin with her husband. At Oxford the occasion was celebrated by a distribution of blankets to 300 poor women, a feast in the Town Hall to 3000 children, fireworks and

a bonfire in Merton Fields, and one of the greatest "Town and Gown" rows, or fights between the more "rowdy" and athletic undergrads, and the bargees and lower class of citizens, that ever was known in Oxford. The writer has a clear recollection of hearing at the time when he was a Cambridge undergraduate that the Mayor of Oxford, when he was duly seeking to enforce order on the scene of the bonfire, was knocked down by one of the gownsmen, whereupon a severe conflict between his policemen and the undergraduates ensued, the matter ending in arrests, fines inflicted at the Town Hall, and the "rustication" of some ringleaders among the 'Varsity men. Before he quitted his Oxford course, the Prince, in the early summer of 1860, attended "Commemoration" in the Sheldonian Theatre, and probably enjoyed the wit and humour of his fellow undergraduates in their shouts for and against divers politicians, local celebrities among the "Dons", and their cheers for ladies in various colours. It is pleasant to know that if the name of John Bright, then an ardent advocate of Parliamentary reform, was vigorously hooted, that of Garibaldi, who, with his famous "Thousand", had just conquered Sicily in the interests of freedom, was hailed with the most enthusiastic cheers. Among the visitors present on this occasion were the veteran Lord Brougham, past his eightieth year; John Lothrop Motley, author of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, a brilliant graduate of Harvard University, in the United States; and Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock, R.N., already seen in these pages, fresh from his fourth Arctic expedition. The two latter were there to receive from the University the honorary D.C.L. degree. The Prince was destined soon to embark for a wider sphere of adventure and observation than the British Isles could afford.



KING EDWARD VII IN ACADEMICAL ROBES, 1859

From the painting by Sir John Watson-Gordon, R.A., in the Bodleian Library, Oxford

CHAPTER V

A TOUR IN CANADA

1860

The importance of the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada consisted in the royal recognition thereby accorded to the dignity and value of the British Colonial dominions beyond the Atlantic. We may see in his tour the appearance of growth in the first germ of the Imperialism afterwards to be so splendidly developed. We shall fail to understand the real significance of this memorable event unless we first take a brief review of what was then recent Canadian history. Prior to the accession of Queen Victoria, the British colonies in North America, or at any rate the main body of the British inhabitants, had been, as it were, groping after full and real constitutional freedom and self-government. British officials in Downing Street had not conceived the idea of complete civic and political rights for British colonies. A representative system in Canada and the other colonies in North America gave to the people, the electoral body, opportunity to air their grievances and to discuss them, but it did not afford the power of prompt and effectual remedy. The Governor and his Executive Council had the control, to a large extent, of the fiscal policy. In both Upper and Lower Canada the executive was mainly in the hands of a comparatively small governing clique, an oligarchy composed of members of a few families connected by social intimacy. These men not only filled the Legislative and Executive Councils, but in Upper Canada (Ontario province) they formed a majority, for many years, of the Legislative Assembly, maintaining there a monopoly of power by the votes of "placemen". Hostile criticism of the Government, or agitation against grievances, either in the public press or on the platform, was visited by prosecutions for libel, social ostracism, imprisonment, and exclusion from the public service. Prior to the opening of the Victorian age some advance had been made, through concessions of the Colonial Office

in London, and by local influence of the Legislative Assemblies. The Legislative Council in Lower Canada had, by admission of a number of French-Canadians, obtained a large majority of non-official persons. In 1831 an Act of the Imperial Parliament gave to the Assembly the control of the customs duties.

A crisis came in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession. The French-Canadians complained of arbitrary conduct on the part of the Governors, of the non-elective character of the Legislative Council, of the illegal use of public money, and undue prorogation of the provincial Parliament. The British colonists bitterly resented subjection to French law and procedure in the tenure of land and in other affairs. In March, 1837, the Home Government took part against the grievance-mongers, and the immediate result was a rebellion in Lower Canada, suppressed, after some severe fighting, by the close of 1838. In Upper Canada there was a smaller revolt, subdued after some loss of life. The Home Government then sent out a very energetic, able, outspoken reformer, the Earl of Durham, as Governor-General and High Commissioner. His famous "Durham Report", made after due enquiry, caused British statesmen to abandon the old Colonial policy. In October, 1839, Lord John Russell sent out to a new Governor-General, Mr. C. E. P. Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham), a document enunciating sound principles, and announcing "Her Majesty's gracious intention to look to the affectionate attachment of her people in North America as the best security for permanent dominions". Finally the Act of July, 1840—the Canadian Union Act—put matters on a right basis. The two provinces were united, with a Legislative Council of at least twenty life members appointed by the Crown, a Legislative Assembly of eighty-four members elected by the people, in equal numbers from each province; and an Executive Council of eight members, to hold office, like a ministry at home, only so long as its measures were supported by a majority of the Legislative Assembly. The people now controlled all the public revenues, and the Judges became independent of the annual votes of the Assembly. The new

Canadian constitution came into effect, by proclamation, on February 20, 1841, the first anniversary of the young Queen's marriage. A new era had come for Canada; progress and prosperity were assured; and loyalty had a rapid growth. In 1861, the year after the visit of the Prince, the population exceeded $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Railway communication was being well developed; the Allan Company had for some years established its regular service of steamships; Ottawa had been chosen by the Queen as the seat of government; the revival of loyalty to the home country had been displayed in the spontaneous levying, as already described, of the "Royal Canadians", in Canadian contributions to the "Patriotic Fund" during the Crimean War, and in expressions of devotion to the Crown. All was ripe for the royal visit now to be described.

The Queen had been requested by the Canadians herself to visit her American possessions. This was deemed inexpedient, and then the Canadians asked that one of the Queen's sons might be Governor-General. This was really impossible from their youth, but the Queen, always more enlightened than most of her political servants concerning the real importance of the Colonial possessions of the Crown, and the best methods of governing them, and of strengthening their allegiance to the mother-country, promised that her eldest son, as soon as his age permitted, should represent her beyond the Atlantic. In due time it was announced that his visit would take place in the early autumn of 1860, and it was to be signalized by his laying the foundation stone of the new Canadian Parliament House at Ottawa. The tour, as we shall see, was extended to the United States, on the invitation of the President, Mr. James Buchanan. On June 4, 1860 (Independence Day), he addressed a letter to the Queen, offering a cordial welcome to the States, and assuring her that the Prince would be everywhere well received. A friendly reply was of course dispatched, intimating that the heir apparent would return from Canada through the States, and that he would have pleasure in personally assuring the President that the feelings which prompted the invitation

were fully reciprocated in the British Isles. It was also announced that in the United States he would lay aside his royal rank and titles, and travel only as "Baron Renfrew". *Punch* thereupon suggested, as alternatives, that he should appear as "Sir Edward Chester" (for Earl of Chester), or as "Mr. Guelph".

In reference to the North American tour, the Prince Consort wrote in a letter, dated April 27, 1860, to Baron Stockmar: "Alfred leaves us on Tuesday next to make his long voyage to the Cape of Good Hope by way of Rio Janeiro. It will be a strange and noteworthy circumstance that almost in the same week in which the elder brother is to open the great bridge across the St. Lawrence in Canada, the younger will lay the foundation stone for the breakwater of the harbour at Cape Town. What a cheering picture is here of the progress and expansion of the British race, and of the useful co-operation of the royal family in the civilization which England has developed and advanced!" The wisdom and forethought of the father, in behalf both of the son and of those whom he was to visit, was displayed in the careful preparation and arrangement of details for the tour. The peculiar differences of each territory in the North American dominions of the Crown where the young Prince would make any sojourn were noted with due regard to the history, customs, and prejudices of the colonists, and the heir apparent's guide and mentor was supplied with matter which would be useful in framing replies to all addresses which might be presented. These memoranda proved to be invaluable in their adaptation to the circumstances of every locality. The person chosen as adviser and guardian of the Prince was a statesman of good ability and experience—the Duke of Newcastle, an eminent follower of Sir Robert Peel, under whom he had served in various offices of the ministry. He had been Secretary of State, first for the Colonies and then for War, in the Earl of Aberdeen's administration, from 1852 to 1854, and at the time of the tour he was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Palmerston's second ministry. The wisdom of such a choice, both as regards fitness to act for and with the

Prince, and in reference to the honour thereby paid to the Colonies, is obvious. Other members of the suite were the Earl of St. Germans, Lord Steward of the Household, a man of political experience as Chief Secretary for Ireland, Postmaster-General, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Major-General Bruce; Colonel Teesdale, V.C.; Mr. Englehart (afterwards Sir John Gardner D. Englehart, K.C.B.), private secretary to the Duke of Newcastle; and Dr. Acland. It was arranged that the squadron for the conveyance and escort of the party of tourists should consist of the screw line-of-battle-ship *Hero*, 91 guns, the *Ariadne* and another screw man-of-war, and the paddle-yacht *Osborne*, for service on the Canadian coasts and rivers. Captain George H. Seymour, commanding the *Hero*, acted as Commodore of the whole flotilla. As regards the accommodation for the Prince on board the *Hero*, we observe that when that vessel was selected for the voyage, the Admiralty prepared to take the guns out of the chief cabin, and decorate it in splendid style. The Queen, however, forbade this, and directed that none but the plainest additions for her son's comfort should be made. The Prince had sole use of the upper quarterdeck cabin, usually the captain's quarters. The dining-cabin contained a large table in the centre, with twenty-two leather-seated mahogany chairs; two small card tables; and a mahogany side-board, having over it four long silver lantern-like candle-holders, formerly used by Lord Nelson in the *Victory*, from which vessel they were removed after the battle of Trafalgar. On the opposite wall, in a plain narrow frame, was an engraved portrait of Nelson, in uniform, surrounded by charts, with one arm leaning on a table; beneath the portrait was a cabinet made out of old timbers of the *Victory*. The Prince's sitting-room, like the dining-room, was plainly and comfortably furnished. His sleeping-cabin had a cot, lined with a hair mattress, and there was a speaking-tube to summon his servant. He had with him, as needful for his many changes of costume, ten new solid leather trunks. His habit on the voyage was to rise at 8.30, have breakfast at 9, luncheon at 1, and dinner at 5 p.m.

at which last meal he always had at table one or more of the officers, including midshipmen. Directly under the Prince's cabins, on the deck below, were the separate sleeping-cabins of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord St. Germans, with a sitting-room in common. Their sitting-room, like that of the Prince, had a bookcase, filled, according to the Prince Consort's plan, with volumes concerning the British colonies in North America and the United States, which were carefully read, to the effect that the chief tourists showed themselves well supplied with information on the places visited.

The little expedition steamed away from Plymouth on July 10. For the first two or three days the Prince suffered slightly in rough weather; thereafter the voyage was very pleasant. He was the most lively and sociable person on board, often sitting cross-legged on the deck, telescope in hand, and causing signals to be made now and then to other vessels of the squadron, asking and returning jocose questions and replies. We may here note the remarks of a close observer, the reporter of the *New York Herald*, in reference to the Prince's demeanour throughout the tour. He describes the illustrious visitor as full of genuine good humour, often rising into demonstrative gaiety and strong relish for fun, with a quick eye for the ludicrous, and delighting to throw off state and ceremony, and be an ordinary mortal.

On July 18, the *Flying Fish*, one of the war steamers of the squadron, arrived in advance at St. John's, Newfoundland, and announced the progress of the Prince towards the oldest of the British colonies, the great island discovered in 1497 by one of the Cabots, visited four years later by the Portuguese navigator Gaspar de Corteréal, claimed for England, in 1583, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and first colonized, in 1621, by Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore. Of all parts of America, Newfoundland is nearest to the British Isles, being distant only 1640 miles from the south-west coast of Ireland. The capital, St. John's, lies on the south-east coast, near the head of the peninsula called Avalon, and possesses an excellent

land-locked harbour. The trade of the place, as may be supposed, is mainly in fish and fish products. On July 23 the royal vessel, with the escorting ships, emerged from the fog bank visible 3 miles away, and at evening was signalled from the lookout at Signal Hill, near the entrance of the harbour. The evening was clear and pleasant, with a cool delicious half-light as the sunshine died away. At half-past five the *Hero*, closely followed by the *Ariadne*, came into the Narrows, the entrance to the harbour, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, and from 1400 ft. at the entrance to 600 ft. in width, cleft in the natural sea wall of the island between grand rugged hills from 600 to 700 ft. in height. The news that the royal squadron was in the offing was quickly spread, and the little city was full of excitement, with thousands of banners, flags, and other decorations displayed from offices, warehouses, shipping in the port, public buildings, churches, and private residences. The fort gave salute, along with the guns of the French frigate *Sesostris*, and those of the *Flying Fish*, the reports re-echoing from the hills. The silvery chiming of church bells, and steady, hearty British cheers from the crowds ashore, filled up pauses of the cannonade. The harbour at this moment presented a weird spectacle, the many vessels lying under a shroud of dense smoke above, with the guns of the fort and men-of-war darting out bright flashes. As the smoke lifted and drifted away, the city with its gay drapery was unveiled, and the last golden beams of the sun touched with magical hue the spires, the hilltops, and the rest of the scene. When the *Hero* had cast anchor, Major Grant, the commandant, with the Governor's aide-de-camp, went aboard, and submitted to the Prince the programme for his reception. He stated his intention of landing at 10 o'clock the next morning, and the crowds then dispersed into the city, where the chief streets were crossed by arches of evergreens, decked with loyal devices and mottoes.

On July 24 the scene was at first made gloomy by rain, and the landing was postponed till noon. The rain continued, and the people were almost in despair, when at 11.45 a gleam

of sunshine came, the clouds parted, and soon all was bright and fair, and every visible spot was crowded with eager spectators. When the Prince stepped ashore at noon, he had a grand reception. A guard of honour of the Newfoundland companies of troops was arranged on the wharf, and the reception ground was guarded by volunteer riflemen and police. Outside the gate were the various societies with their banners, and the children of the public schools. Governor Sir Alexander Bannerman, the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, members of the Assembly, and French officers of the *Sesostris* were ranged in due order. Along hawsers stretching from the semi-elliptical wharf for 100 fathoms into the harbour were moored small boats loaded with spectators. The wharf was gay with bannerets, the Prince's pathway was laid with crimson cloth, and over the gateway was a grand arch of evergreens with "Welcome", "God Save the Queen", "A. E.", and "Ich Dien". The Prince stepped ashore from his barge amidst tremendous cheers, being dressed as a colonel of the 10th Hussars, and was received by the Governor, with the National Anthem sounding as he walked to his carriage, bowing right and left amid waving handkerchiefs and hats and frantic huzzas. The suite above mentioned also included Captain Grey, who, with Colonel Teesdale, was an equerry-in-waiting. Then came the procession to Government House, a great stone building, a reception by the Prince, addresses from many bodies, a levee with 200 presentations, and a review of the military corps. The day concluded with a state banquet, a general illumination, and a grand public ball held in a gorgeous pavilion. The Prince quickly won all hearts by his free and pleasant demeanour, dancing with a fresh partner every time, good-naturedly correcting mistakes made by the less proficient, and calling out sometimes the different figures of the dance. On the next day, July 25, the royal visitor was presented, by the "Committee of Arrangement" on behalf of the colony, with a splendid Newfoundland of the rarest breed, wearing a massive silver collar. He expressed his pleasure in a gift for which he had longed,

and said that he should like to give the dog a name which would please the colonists. Chief-Justice Brady suggested "Avalon", the name of the south-eastern peninsula, taken from the earthly paradise of Celtic mythology, a mysterious green islet in the western sea, where the magical apples grew, and Arthur and other heroes rested happy after death. The Prince, however, said that this was the name of only part of the colony, and he would call the dog "Cabot", after the discoverer, a statement which pleased the hearers from its display of knowledge concerning the colony. The animal was sent on board the *Hero* for safe custody, as he seemed inclined to rejoin the friends of his youth on the south side of the harbour. The Prince and his suite, during the brief stay, rode out to Portugal Cove, a fishing station with a beautiful view of Conception Bay and its islands; saw a regatta at the pretty Lake Quidi Vide, and visited the two Cathedrals. He left behind him at Newfoundland a most favourable impression. The rough fisher-folk were delighted, and often cried: "God bless his pretty face, and send him a good wife!" an aspiration destined to be amply fulfilled. The wife of the Archdeacon of St. John's, in a letter to a friend in England, wrote of his "royal dignified manners and bearing", and specially noticed his "beautiful, gentle, and reverential manner to the old Bishop", on the visit to the Anglican cathedral.

The presence of the Prince on American soil was already exciting such interest in the States that reporters from the great Republic were all round him in Canada, sending in long accounts to their journals, and one journalist was so determined as to monopolize the wires by sending long extracts from *St. Matthew* and *Revelation* while he prepared his report.

On July 26, at 10 a.m., the Prince's carriage was drawn to the wharf by a number of loyal citizens, and he embarked on the *Hero*, amid a great demonstration, for Halifax, which place was reached four days later. The capital of Nova Scotia presents a superb appearance, with its climbing streets, soaring spires, and crown of fortifications, to the voyager who ap-

proaches it over the waters of the magnificent harbour, lying, 6 miles long, nearly north and south, with room for the world's navies to repose in safety. The Duke of Newcastle bears witness to the demonstration at Halifax when he writes to the Queen: "The numbers of people were so great, that it is difficult to conceive whence they had come. Every window, every housetop, every suitable place was filled. Hundreds of well-dressed women, not satisfied with safer points of view, lined the streets, and braved the clouds of dust and the pressure of the multitude. Enthusiasm rose to such a height as to make the expression by voice and gesture insufficient for the wishes and feelings of the crowd. Many hundreds of bouquets were thrown at the carriage, which was half-filled, though not one in fifty reached its aim. The cheers for the Queen and Prince were absolutely deafening, and when at last the Prince stepped into the boat to re-embark into the *Styx*, the excitement of the many thousands rose to a fever height which seemed as if it could not be calmed. Numbers of steamers crowded with tiers of people looked as if they must sink with their cargo, whilst innumerable boats dotted the whole surface of the sea. At length the Prince was on board, and the *Styx* got under way, whilst the still ringing cheers from the shores could be heard in the intervals of salutes from all points, first by the volunteer artillerymen; and thus ended the first part of this most remarkable, and, as it will assuredly prove, ever memorable visit." We have, however, somewhat anticipated matters by describing the scene when the royal visitor left Nova Scotia. At Halifax he was received by the Governor, Lord Mulgrave, and the festivities included a review of regulars and volunteers, of which we read that "The Prince rode between the lines, appearing to enjoy the whole amazingly. He was continually smiling and chatting with the officers near him, and he evidently likes being lionized." At the ball in the Parliament House he figured in eighteen out of the score of dances on the programme, performing in all with different ladies, and kept it up until 2 a.m. An American reporter

describes him on this occasion as "a capital waltzer, and a very entertaining partner. He rests his partner frequently, and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company." Next came a levee, a visit to the dockyard, a regatta, and a steam excursion to the basin at the head of the bay, where his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, once had a farm.

A charming incident occurred during the procession of the morning as it turned out of the street leading to the dockyard, and wound up the hill to the parade. Over the whole parade ground was erected an immense array of seats, rising up like the vast orchestra in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. In these seats were gathered nearly 3000 youthful sons and daughters of the citizens, looking from the distance, in the varied hues of their gay dresses, like a huge flower bed framed in by the arches, flags, and evergreens in the background so as to form a bright, striking picture. At the foot of the tiers of seats the Prince reined in his horse while the children sang "God save the Queen" with the utmost power of their fresh little voices. The first verse was given with due harmony and rhythm, and the Prince made them a low bow as the second verse was beginning. This, in the musical sense, spoilt all, but gave rise to an unrehearsed and even more pleasing vocal demonstration. The graceful compliment from their royal auditor caused two or three little girls and boys to cheer, and in a moment all sprang to their feet and shouted, clapped their hands, and waved bonnets, caps, and handkerchiefs in a vivid, spontaneous, and moving burst of juvenile enthusiasm.

On August 2 the Prince and his party went by special train to Windsor, in the centre of Nova Scotia, midway between Halifax and the Bay of Fundy. It lies on the River Avon, which is filled to its brim twice daily by the enormous tide of the Bay, pouring in by way of Minas Basin. Thence they proceeded to Hantsport, lower down the estuary, and embarked for St. John, New Brunswick. The Hon. Manners Sutton, Lieutenant-Governor, received the Prince when he landed on

the following morning, and escorted him to the house prepared for his stay, through streets lined with the fine corps of "fire-companies" with their decorated engines. The multitude were so eager to gaze that they forgot to cheer, and the same absorbing curiosity was shown by a group of pretty little children, in white dress with blue sashes, whose duty it was, as they stood on the lawn in front of the house, to strew flowers for his path and sing the national anthem. They could do nothing, however, but stare eagerly and clap their hands, until, reminded of their task, they started singing out of all time, and, in their loyal joy, flung their bouquets at the smiling Prince. It was a fact not without interest that a table, easy chair, and some other articles in the Prince's sitting-room were those used by the Duke of Kent during his residence at St. John.

The town of St. John is built on a rocky peninsula of very uneven ground, sloping in opposite directions from a central ridge. The whole shore was, at this time, lined with timber ponds, booms, and shipyards, receiving the numerous rafts floated down the river. Sixty years before, the site had been a rocky headland covered with cedar thickets. On the next day the party went to Fredericton, the capital of the province, by steamer on the River St. John, passing through beautiful scenery. On Sunday, August 5, the Prince attended service at the Cathedral. On the next day there was the usual ball, with a fresh display of princely activity in dancing.

The next move was, on August 7, to Prince Edward Island, named after the Royal tourist's grandfather. The route taken was by way of Hantsport, Windsor, Truro, and Picton (all in Nova Scotia) and on the *Hero*, escorted by the *Nile*, the flagship on the North American station, the *Flying Fish*, and other British vessels, and by the French Commodore's ship *Pomona*, to Charlottetown, on a good harbour. After the inevitable ball, and an address on August 11 from the local legislature, the Prince left on the following day by the *Hero* for Gaspé Bay, in Quebec Province, on the southern side of the St. Lawrence estuary. The Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, amid an

exciting display of loyalty, went aboard the *Hero*, and the vessel steamed for Tadousac, on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. The vessel grounded on a reef at the mouth of the Saguenay, and the Prince ascended that famous river, one of the greatest natural wonders of Canada, in the Governor-General's steamer, *Queen Victoria*. The word "river" seems strange to the tourist as he passes through a monstrous chasm, from 1 to over 2 milès in width, cleft for many miles through a lofty plateau of the Laurentian system of hills, with walls in an almost unbroken line of naked cliffs. The waters of this grand gloomy region are pitchlike in hue, from their vast depth, and the scenery is beyond description in its sublimity and desolation. At one point the twin Capes Trinity and Eternity, 1800 and 1600 ft. in height, face each other across a black gulf 1000 ft. deep. The Prince had now a novel sensation near Cape Trinity, so called from being formed of three great precipices, each about 600 ft. in height, piled on each other and fringed at the top with gust-blown pines. A 68-pounder gun was fired from one of the men-of-war, and produced a marvellous effect in the crash upon crash of sound that came storming down upon the deck of the vessel where he stood, as if every crag were firing a cannon of its own, till at last the sharp volleys grew hoarser in tone, and the sound retreated slowly, bellowing from hill to hill until the distant mountains seemed to groan. At this point of the tour the British Ambassador to the United States, Lord Lyons, arrived from Washington, and the squadron started for Quebec.

The passage up the noble River St. Lawrence must have greatly interested the Prince. His view would include the sweep of bays with rocks in seaweed dress; broad flats and white sandy beaches; lighthouses on capes and shoals; buoys marking the channel in their bright red hue or warning mariners from danger with clanging bells, and semaphores signalling the passage of ships with swelling sails or trailing smoke. On both banks the great waterway receives hundreds of streams, those on the south sending in turbid floods that have wound their course through rich loamy soil, while the northern tributaries, coming some

from districts far away, where animals, wildfowl, and Indians alone dwell, dash with clear waters down rapids and cascades, or rush along over gravelly beds, loitering at times in deep, rock-edged pools rich in salmon and sea trout. Islands he would descry of all shapes and sizes dotting the surface of the estuary, some as rugged reefs or rocky pillars, others green and fertile like the Île Verte and the Île aux Coudres. As he neared his destination he would note, on the northern shore, the rocky rampart of the Laurentian Mountains, here naked, there forest-clad, and broken from time to time by huge chasms, and, on the southern side, scenes of a milder type, pastoral landscape of house and farm, village and spire, bridge and stream, trees and meadows, windmills and convents, a region where French-speaking *habitans* dwell, all backed by woods and hills. Then he would pass to the south of the great green Île d'Orléans, and, after gazing at the grand Falls of Montmorency on his right, a few miles below Quebec, he would have burst on his view the picturesque capital of Lower Canada, constantly and fondly called among its people by the ancient Indian name "Stadacona", a city as grandly placed, as romantic in associations, and as quaint and distinctive in details as any in the New World. On the mile-wide river the approaching voyager sees, to his left, the green heights of Levis, fronting the bold, abrupt outlines of Cape Diamond, crowned by its fortress. From the blue-green flood, above the shipping in mid-channel, and on the water front, the eye directs its glance over tier upon tier of steep-roofed houses and precipitous streets; up a grey cliff face decked here and there with masses of foliage; across roofs of shining tin and gilded steeples; along the massive lines of the city walls; beyond the guns of the Grand Battery frowning from a natural terrace midway up the steep, until it rests at last on the ancient citadel, 333 ft. above the water, dominating all the grandeur and beauty of the scene.

Such was the view that greeted the royal tourist when, on August 18, he reached Quebec. Received to the sound of the inevitable cannon by the Governor-General and the Ministry in

their civic uniforms of blue and gold, with the Commander of the Forces, Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, and many other high officials, the Prince uttered some notable words in replying to the municipal address. "Be assured", he said, "that Her Majesty will receive with no little satisfaction the account of my reception among you, proving, as it does, that her feelings towards the people are met on their part by the most loyal and devoted attachment to herself, her throne, and her family. Still more will she rejoice to hear from your own lips that all differences of origin, language, and religion are lost in one universal spirit of patriotism, and that all classes are knit to each other, and to the mother country, by the common ties of equal liberty and free institutions." This utterance was delivered with an emphasis of tone and a clear voice that enabled all present to hear and understand. Then came a grand procession, with all the usual displays of decoration and joy, through most of the city's length and on to Cataraqui, 5 miles away, the country residence of the Governor-General. On the next day the Prince attended service at the Anglican Cathedral. He afterwards sent to the Bishop a Bible richly bound, with his own arms and crest on the cover, and bearing in autograph on the flyleaf "To the Cathedral of Quebec, in memory of Sunday, August 19, 1860". The good prelate, at the close of his sermon, had made a brief allusion to the Prince's presence on Canadian soil.

On Monday, August 20, the weather was bad, but the royal party visited the Chaudière Falls, on the river of the same name, on the southern shore. The river, after a wild course of 100 miles, plunges down, in three currents divided by rocks, for well over 100 ft., and the cataract is famous for its picturesque grandeur of effect. On the following day, at a great levee held in the Council Chamber, the Prince made fluent and fitting replies, in French and English, to various addresses, and conferred knighthood on the Speaker of the Upper House, making him Sir Narcisse Belleau, and on the Hon. Henry Smith, Speaker of the House of Assembly. It is needless to state that the historical

scene of Wolfe's victory, the Heights of Abraham, was inspected, and, with due regard to the memory of the British hero's gallant foe, who fell in the same action by a coincidence of rare occurrence in military annals, the heir apparent to the British throne visited the Ursuline convent. In the garden there the body of the Marquis de Montcalm was laid, in a grave already made by the bursting of a shell from one of the British batteries at Point Levis, on the opposite shore. He also went out to the Montmorency Falls, at the mouth of the river so called, and beheld one of the most renowned and finest cataracts of the world. Flanked by slender, snowy streams of foam, as beautiful as many boasted Swiss cascades, descending the face of a dark, rocky precipice whose top is fringed with trees and shrubs, the main Montmorency Fall, about 50 ft. in width, consists of the stream plunging sheer down for 250 ft., always a fine sight, but most imposing when spring floods or autumnal rains have swollen the river. The spectacle can be approached with safety from below, along the river bank, until the visitor finds himself in the midst of tumult and spray, with a gorgeous rainbow so close that he can almost touch its beams with outstretched hand, as they flash its glories into his enraptured eyes.

On August 23 the Prince and his party started, on the *Kingston* steamer, up river for Montreal, where one of the chief purposes of his visit to Canada was to be fulfilled. The weather had taken a bad turn, and it was in heavy rain that he landed to receive an address at Three Rivers on the northern shore, where the River St. Maurice joins the St. Lawrence, just before the great stream widens out into Lake St. Peter. As he passed on, crowded steamers from Montreal kept meeting him. The landing there was postponed until August 25, when, after his reception, he opened an exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and, in the afternoon, proceeded to the scene of his great function at the famous railway bridge. The Victoria Bridge, on the Grand Trunk Railway, crossing the St. Lawrence at Montreal at a point where the river is about $1\frac{2}{3}$ mile wide, had occupied five years (1854-9) in construction. The designs were those of Robert

Stephenson and Alexander Ross, the engineers of the Britannia tubular bridge across the Menai Strait in North Wales, and this new work was one of the same class on a far larger scale. The bridge with its approaches is nearly $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile in length, crossing the river in twenty-four spans of 242 ft. each, with a central span of 330 ft. The total length of each of the tubes was 6592 ft., and they contained over 9000 tons of iron, presenting a total painted surface equal to 32 acres. The rails ran at 60 ft. above the river level, and the whole cost reached $1\frac{1}{4}$ million sterling. This was the magnificent work of engineering, then and for many years, as a railway bridge, unrivalled in the world, that the Prince of Wales was to inaugurate. We may mention as a peculiar feature the great ice-breaking piers, made with large bows at the up-river ends to resist the enormous pressure of the ice on its break-up in spring, when it flows downwards on a current of 7 miles an hour. In 1898 the bridge was remodelled, so that it is no longer a tubular but an open lattice-work structure.

In the early afternoon of August 25 the Prince and his suite, attended by the chief members of the Government, reached the railway station, which was surrounded by loyal crowds, through which a passage-way was not easily made for the Boston Fusiliers, who came from the States to do homage to the royal visitor. The special car, drawn by a flag-decked locomotive, started amid loud cheers, and seemed about to dash into the great tube. At the very entrance its progress was stayed, and the party alighted in order that the Prince might lay the last stone of the structure. One block of limestone remained to be lowered into its place, and this block hung by a chain in readiness. The Prince jumped out from the car to the platform, and, with the whole party, ascended stairs to another platform erected a little below the level of the base which the stone was to occupy. A silver trowel, duly adorned and inscribed, was presented by the contractor, and the hero of the occasion did the usual duties with the mortar and taps of mallet on the lowered stone. The car was then remounted, and the train went on to the central span, where a silver-headed rivet was in place on the

inside of the tube, waiting to be driven home. This was duly done, and the bridge, named after the British sovereign, and now described by her son and heir as "that stupendous monument of engineering skill", was completed. A commemorative medal in gold, exquisitely designed by Wyon, was presented to the Prince by Mr. Blackwell, the Chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway. The party then proceeded to Point St. Charles, and took luncheon in one of the "car shops" of the railway company. There the Prince and his suite, with the chief guests, were seated on a raised circular platform, looking down on the body of the hall with 800 people at the tables. After the usual loyal toasts the Prince gave "The health of the Governor-General, success to Canada, and prosperity to the Grand Trunk Railway". A pleasing feature on this occasion was a simple, hearty address of the workmen employed on the construction of the bridge. In a few earnest words they expressed their satisfaction in having taken part therein, and pointed with a just pride to the fact of its designer—son, we may note, of the great George Stephenson—having sprung from their own class. They also mentioned the staff of engineers, the chief of whom, Mr. Ross, lay at that moment on a sickbed in England. The day ended with the illumination of the city, and a grand display of fireworks on the Victoria Bridge.

Before he left Montreal the royal visitor attended some matches at lacrosse, a game then little known in Britain, in one of which sixty Algonquin Indians played against an equal number of Iroquois. He also saw a war dance performed by a score or so of Indians in full war paint, armed with tomahawks and scalping knives, while another squatted in the centre of the ring, beating a drum and uttering a monotonous song, and the squaws sat wrapped in their blankets before their bark wigwams, and cast stealthy glances at the "pale-face" Prince. A levee, a dinner, a great ball with a fine display of Montreal wealth, beauty, and fashion, and a review of volunteers were followed, on August 29, by a visit to the pretty old town of Lachine, with houses of steep gables and dormer windows,

nestling amid the green of ancient trees. The running of the famous "Rapids" in the steamer, on the return from this place of summer residence for the citizens of Montreal, was an exciting experience for a European.

On September 1, the Prince, by rail and steamer, reached Ottawa, having been met on the way by 1200 lumbermen in gaily painted birchbark canoes, each carrying from six to fifteen men in scarlet tunics. The sight and sound pleased the visitors, as the men in the canoe bows maintained a strange rhythmical chant, and the rough, quick chorus of the rowers kept time to the beat of the paddles, as the gay flotilla flashed and flitted lightly along the river, easily keeping pace with the steamer. The weather was again bad, with torrents of rain, so that there was no procession when the party landed just before dark. The next day was bright and sunny for the important ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new Parliament buildings. In the enclosed grounds were thousands of spectators on tiers of seats, while the roads leading to the spot were lined with volunteers, bands of music, the lumbermen again in scarlet, and members of Orange societies who had ridden in from the surrounding country and wore orange tunics. The Prince's experiences at Ottawa included a visit to the river falls and a passage under the lumber arch, a structure resembling in form the Marble Arch of Hyde Park, London, but built entirely of planks of raw deal laid one over the other without nail or fastening of any kind, and containing 200,000 lin. ft. of timber. Then he went down the banks of the river to one of the largest "timber shoots", where a raft had been prepared for him and his suite to make the descent. These timber shoots are constructed to carry to the main stream the great masses of "lumber" brought from the woods of the interior. The logs would be smashed to chips if they were allowed to go over the Ottawa falls, and therefore a portion of the river is dammed off above the falls and turned into a broad channel made of timber, and taken along the river banks at a sharp incline. Down this the water rushes at a terrific speed. The head of the "shoot" is about

300 yd. above the falls, and it ends in the still water of the river about three-quarters of a mile below them. The shoot, for safety both to men and timber, is broken at intervals by straight runs, along which the raft glides till it reaches another descent, down which it goes with a headlong rush. Where only a fall of 3 or 4 ft. is reached, the raft drops perpendicularly over it with a tremendous "flop", and wallows a foot or so under the water till it rights itself and is borne again onward by the current. A raised bridge or platform is made for the lumberers to stand on, or they would be washed off by the boiling torrent when the raft is submerged after each plunge from shoot to shoot. The raft consists of about a score of trees, with two transverse ones to secure them at each end. Due care was taken to ensure strength in the structure, and careful guides, for the raft on which the Prince was to rush down, seated on a raised plank between the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor-General. When the rope that held the mass of timber against the current was cut, the raft swam with a slow, stately motion towards the narrowing shoot where the incline began. Then the speed quickened, the first leap was coming. Everyone held tight on, and with a quivering bound the mass slid over the edge and went rushing on. The sensation, to the inexperienced, is one of mingled joy and fear. It is a motion between swimming and flying, and even those of the suite who were wetted to the knees thought the thing delightful. In a wonderfully short time the big raft swam calmly into the centre of the river below the falls, and the Prince expressed his regret that the journey had not been twice as long.

At this point we may interpolate some remarks made by the reporter of the *New York Herald*, who followed the Prince throughout his tour both in Canada and the United States. "Everywhere he showed the best of spirits, and a thorough enjoyment of the trip. . . . He has rather a short, slim figure, which is always displayed to the best advantage in trim-fitting garments of the latest style. He has his mother's profile, and in order to see the contour of his face it is only necessary

to look at the effigy of the Queen on an English coin. . . . The manners of the Prince would form a good model for any youth to follow. Modest, unassuming, courteous, and agreeable to all, he makes hosts of friends wherever he goes." On this friendly criticism from a perfectly unbiased and independent, as well as competent, observer, concerning King Edward the Seventh in his younger days, we may observe that never was the promise of youth more amply fulfilled in mature life.

Thus winning golden opinions as he proceeded, the Prince, on September 3, went by train from Ottawa due south to Brockville, on the St. Lawrence, where, arriving at 8 p.m., he was escorted through the town by firemen in a torchlight procession, the first display of the kind which he had seen, and which caused him surprise and pleasure. Thence his progress was made by steamer up the river to Kingston, on the north-eastern shore of Lake Ontario. On this part of his tour he passed through the watery region known as the "Thousand Islands". This remarkable succession of groups of islands, large and small, extends for about 40 miles downstream, beginning at the point where the St. Lawrence issues from Lake Ontario. The islands in reality number about eighteen hundred, and afford a succession of exquisite little views in their rockwork of grey gneiss, their variety of size and foliage and height and form, some low-lying amidst a fringe of water lilies, others rising high and steep, topped with pine and fir; some bare of vegetation, others clad in shrubbery and vines. The water displays diverse charms in foaming torrents and in glassy pools. Some of the islands have cottages thereon; others, in the summer season, show the tents of parties camping out; some are built over with fanciful structures in pagoda style, and connected with adjacent islands by tiny bridges. At Kingston, the Prince, acting on the advice of the Duke of Newcastle, declined to land, as the Orangemen of the district, in their "Protestant" bigotry, persisted in a plan of making a party demonstration against the Catholics. Their behaviour was really offensive. They had a band which played the "Marseillaise" on the

shore opposite the Prince's steamer. He received an address, as he remained on board, from the magistrates, but the municipality declined to present one unless he went ashore. The Orangemen then uttered threats of following him to Toronto and other places in order to annoy him. At Belleville, again, on September 6, the royal tourists could not land owing to "Orange" demonstrations, but at Coburg, on the mid-northern shore of Lake Ontario, he was freed from the nuisance, and went ashore to meet a loyal reception. The carriage containing the Prince, the Duke, and the Governor-General was drawn to the Town Hall by gentlemen in full evening dress, amidst loud cheers from the crowds in the gaslit streets. A ball followed an address from the municipal authorities, and now, for the first time, the Prince danced in plain evening dress, and walked about the room with his partner on his arm. He figured in every dance on the card, and retired only at 3.45 a.m. On the next day he went by train inland to Peterborough, crossing Rice Lake by a bridge 3 miles in length. Then the party embarked on a little steamer and cruised among fir-clad islets. On the north side of the lake some Indians had erected an arch, and gathered in their canoes. A written address was presented by a chief, after which the Prince accepted a present of birch baskets containing Indian work. Thence he went by train to Port Hope, and took steamer westwards for Toronto, escorted by over a dozen steamers filled with excursionists.

The town of Toronto has its name from an Indian word signifying "place of meeting", and was founded in 1793 with the name of York, which it retained until, in 1834, it became a "city". In 1850, and again in 1856, it was made the seat of government until the Queen's choice of Ottawa. At the time of the Prince's visit the population was about 45,000, and Toronto had entered on the prosperous and progressive career which have now made it the second city of the Dominion in size and wealth. The Orangemen had now submitted almost wholly to the Duke of Newcastle's request that no arches should bear party emblems or mottoes. Only one such arch was left, and this

was carefully avoided by the Prince and his suite during their sojourn. A grand reception was accorded by about 50,000 people, and there was a levee at Osgoode Hall, the seat of the chief law courts, and a ball given by the members of the bar, at which the room was beautifully lighted by gas jets behind an inner roofing of stained glass. On September 10 a visit was made north-westwards to Collingwood, the Prince and his party travelling in an open railway car adorned with flags, embossed crowns, Prince's plumes, and mimic maple-leaves—the Canadian emblem. A trip was made by steamer in the great Georgian Bay, an eastern arm of Lake Huron. On the following day, September 11, the royal visitor planted a maple tree in the Botanical Gardens at Toronto, and said, in reply to an address: "I shall be content if the tree which I am about to plant flourish as your youthful city has already done." It is observed by the American reporter that, on his return from this visit, his face was reddened by the exertion of forcing his way to his carriage through a too demonstrative crowd, but, with the good nature belonging to himself and appropriate to his age and his position, he laughed heartily at the "mobbing".

On September 13 the tour was extended to a little Canadian "London" (one of many towns so named in the colony), the centre of a large agricultural district in the peninsula between Lakes Erie and Huron. The place lies on a Thames not 200 ft. wide, and in a county of Middlesex. Thence the train took the party to Sarnia, on the St. Clair River, at the southern extremity of Lake Huron. On the way the party had a view of the matchless autumnal tints of foliage in the primeval forest. At Sarnia the Prince was met by a party of about 200 Chippewa Indians from the great Manitoulin Island, in the northern waters of Lake Huron. They were in full native array, their faces painted red and black, their heads adorned with hawks' feathers and squirrels' tails, rings in noses, moccasins on feet. Their chief, Kanwagashi ("Great Bear"), made an oration in the Indian tongue. At the end of each sentence the speaker folded his arms and paused while the interpreter did his duty. He reminded his distin-

gushed auditor that the sky was beautiful, that it was pre-ordained that Albert Edward and himself should meet, and that his heart was glad of the event. He hoped the sky would continue fine for both those of the white and those of the red skin, and that his Royal Highness would remember the red men when he came to the throne. The Prince smiled, and said "that he was grateful for the address, and hoped the sky would continue beautiful. He would never forget his red brethren." The white people smiled at the yells of delight from the aborigines when this was translated. The chiefs of this interesting party of a decayed race wore buffalo horns on their heads, and had snake skins round their waists, thickly set with porcupine quills and coloured grass. To each of them the Prince presented a silver medal like the mouth of a tumbler in size, and smaller ones to the natives of lower ranks. These commemorative tokens had on one side the Queen's effigy, and the royal arms on the reverse. The party seemed greatly pleased, and made the Prince a present of tomahawks, pipes, bows, arrows, and barkwork.

On September 14 a start was made eastwards in a car built for the occasion, and furnished like a drawing-room, with decorations in white and gold. The route took the travellers through Paris and Woodstock to Brantford, a place of some historical interest. Its name is derived from that of a famous Mohawk chief, whose native appellation was changed, on Christian baptism, to Joseph Brant. The man had a fine character, and has been justly described as "a brave warrior and sagacious leader, loyal to his friends, and merciful to his captives". He was an ally of the British in the old Indian and Revolutionary wars. The oldest Episcopal Church in Upper Canada (Ontario) is at the former Mohawk settlement near Brantford. It was erected by means of funds which the chief raised in England, before he translated the Gospel of St. Mark and the English Prayer Book into the language of his people. The quaint little building, which shelters the remains of Brant, who died in 1807, is still used for public worship in the Mohawk dialect, and possesses a fine communion service of beaten silver, presented by Queen Anne.



THE RED MAN'S WELCOME

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA, 1860

From a drawing by Charles M. Sheldon

Many years after the visit of the Prince, a colossal bronze statue was erected to commemorate the public services of the excellent specimen of the race whose modern representatives are settled on two "reservations" to the north of Lakes Erie and Ontario. When the Prince alighted for a time at the little town, a line of young girls strewed flowers on his path, and sang the National Anthem. A somewhat amusing, and, for the royal tour, unique, incident occurred during the stay for a public luncheon at the Kirby House. The Mayor, a rough farmer-like man, who presided, had evidently been taking too many alcoholic "nips", perhaps in order to overcome nervousness. As soon as the royal party were seated, he rose and said: "Now then, you must all keep quiet; I must have it. I can't allow any remarks to be made while we're here." The Prince smiled, the Duke of Newcastle looked puzzled, the Governor-General angry, and all other hearers either amused or annoyed. After a short interval the Mayor was on his feet again, and, in spite of Sir Edmund Head's remonstrances, made other similar remarks, at which all present laughed merrily. The royal tourist was now approaching the scene of some of his most exciting experiences during the whole campaign. The train swept onwards to Fort Erie, on the Niagara River, and carriages conveyed the Prince and his suite to view the ruins of the old fort, a British stronghold in former days of warfare against Frenchmen and their Indian allies. There remain two towers pierced with embrasures and partly overgrown with ivy. Beyond the river, there about 2 miles wide, is the city of Buffalo, in the United States.

The Prince, on his way northwards to Chippewa, received a royal salute from the United States battery on the opposite side of the Niagara River. After much rainfall, the weather was now serene, and the scenery beautiful, and there was a glorious sunset worthy of Turner's brush. At Niagara Falls the royal visitor was able to abandon all appearance of state, and he enjoyed the liberty of riding or walking about to various points of view without the attendance of enthusiastic crowds. On the night of his arrival there was an illumination, due to

about two hundred enormous Bengal lights, on the plan and at the cost of Mr. Blackwell of Montreal, whom we have already seen as the Chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway. Twenty of the lights were placed behind the falling sheets of water, and one under Table Rock, where it burned for nearly half an hour, showing the foaming waters of the Horseshoe Cataract hurrying along to the gulf. The American fall had the lustre of snow in the first rays of an Arctic sun, and the general effect, under the brilliant white light on a night of natural darkness, is feebly described in such phrases as "a sea of crystal", a "river of silver", "a cascade of diamonds", with all the rugged rocks and surrounding trees thrown into the strongest relief, and a luminous cloud of spray overhanging all. When the lights were changed to red, the scene was one of the utmost terrific grandeur. A display of rockets and illuminations ashore closed this remarkable performance. The Prince, on the following morning, September 15, took his stand, in the warm sunlight, on Table Rock, and looked with evident admiration on the countless hues. In the afternoon, as he rode on horseback past the Falls, he uttered an exclamation of wonder as he saw a performer named Farini crossing the Niagara River, about halfway between the great cataract and the Suspension Bridge, on a tightrope. The man had started from the American side, clad in a red jacket, and advanced quickly, balance pole in hand. The river there is much wider, and the cliffs are higher, than below the Bridge. The Prince and his party then arrived at Blondin's enclosure on the Canadian side, to witness the matchless performance of the daring Frenchman. He set out from the American side and came slowly onwards over the rope at a height of 300 ft. above the surface of the water below the Falls. During his passage he rested two or three times, turned several somersaults, and, with his hands grasping the rope, hung down at length, and then, gathering himself up, turned round and round like a squirrel's cage. He completed his journey over 1200 ft. of rope in less than half an hour, and the Prince and others shook hands in congratulation, amid the cheers of about two thousand

spectators on both sides of the Falls. This wonderful performer, "Charles Blondin" in his public capacity, who had not then appeared in Europe in his most daring acts of rope walking, was a native of St. Omer, in the Pas-de-Calais, named Jean François Gravelet, and was thirty-six years old at the time with which we are dealing. He had practised tightrope walking since the age of four, and was now a man of slight wiry frame, about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with sandy hair, small grey eyes, sunken cheeks, and dried-up sallow features, wearing moustache and imperial. The muscle of his arms was well developed, and his chest was large for his size. He was quiet in manner, but very cordial in the French style, when he was addressed, and, speaking very good English, he stated his intention of visiting England shortly. We may just note that he appeared, in 1862, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and that, without ever having any serious accident, he died in his bed in February, 1897. Stimulated, we may suppose, by the presence of a spectator so distinguished, Blondin proceeded to still more thrilling demonstrations of strength and nerve. For the third time during his Niagara performances he carried his agent, a man named Harry Colcord, across on his back. There were stirrups descending from Blondin's shoulders, into which the rider placed his feet. On the way he rested twice, and Colcord stood upon the rope until the Frenchman gave him the word to mount again. On one occasion (we quote from an eyewitness, the *New York Herald* reporter) the spectators saw "the balance pole swaying violently up and down, and Colcord striving, without success, to get his right foot into the stirrup. People could look at the spectacle no longer, and sought relief in turning away their eyes." In the evening Colcord told the reporter that he had been seized with cramp in the thigh, and said: "Yes, we were nearly getting into a scrape to-day. I thought I couldn't go any farther. But it would never do to get frightened, because it would throw him over in a moment." The passage occupied twenty minutes. The performances concluded with Blondin's walk over the rope on short stilts fastened to his legs, the stilts being

hooked at the end like a bird's feet. Once he dropped rather suddenly on to the rope, and the women screamed, but he was really, as he afterwards explained, sitting down to rest. When he came in, and reached the enclosure where the Prince waited, the latter exclaimed: "Thank God, it is all over!" and earnestly begged him not to attempt the feat again. The marvellous man, whose hand was warm, and whose features showed no trace of excitement or exhaustion, assured the Prince that there was no danger whatever, and offered to carry him across on his back. The royal party then withdrew, and Blondin, with his balance pole and stilts across his shoulders, and still wearing his skin-fitting merino undervest and drawers, with a wreath of feathers on his head, walked home to his wife and children in the neighbouring town of Clifton.

The Prince then rode down to the ferry with his party, and embarked on the little *Maid of the Mist*, which steamed out towards the Falls. He laughed heartily at the figure which he, like his companions, cut in his hooded oilskin coat, on which the spray fell with a musical sound, drenching the deck like heavy rain. After the fine view of the Falls thus afforded at the very foot, the little vessel suddenly swept round at the Horse-shoe curve, heaving as she went on the verge of the descending waters, and steamed down the still river hemmed in by the steep huge cliffs that gave the Prince a reminder, on a smaller scale, of the scenery on the Saguenay. At 10 p.m. the Falls were again illuminated with Bengal lights.

The following day, Sunday, September 16, was wet and windy throughout, and the Prince, after morning service at the Chippewa church, remained at home all day in his two-story villa, with its parklike grounds, commanding a view of the Falls. On September 17 the weather was clear and dry, and the sun bright, as he was rowed over to the American side, and landed at the foot of the wooden steps leading up for 360 ft. to Prospect Place, in full view of the rainbow and the Falls, which he gazed at from various points. The Prince was now, for the first time, on United States territory. Returning to the

Canadian side, the royal party drove out, 7 miles, to Queenston Heights, the scene of Sir Isaac Brock's victory, on October 13, 1812, over an invading force from the States. Major-General Brock was at that time in charge of the civil government in Upper Canada, and he fell in this engagement. The party of tourists scaled the "Mountain", 346 ft. above sea level, and saw the lofty monument erected to the memory of a brave and able soldier. It consists of a massive pedestal, a fluted column with a Corinthian capital, and a colossal statue of Brock, the whole rising to the height of 185 ft., and standing on one of the finest sites in the world. The pillar covers the remains of the commander and of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Macdonnell, Attorney-General of Upper Canada, who was mortally wounded in the same conflict. An address was presented by 150 Canadian veterans of the contest of 1812, headed by Sir Allan M'Nab and Sir John Robinson, the oldest survivors. The view afforded to the Prince from this lofty vantage ground included the gorge of the Niagara, and, beyond that, forest and field, hills and mountains, backed, as far as the eye could range, by a wide sweep of the blue lake. Beneath him, at the back of the village of Queenston, a solitary, venerable thorn tree marked the spot where Brock fell as he led a gallant charge uphill. Thither the party next proceeded, and found an obelisk near the tree. The topstones, bearing an inscription on Brock's career, alone needed to be placed, and the Prince performed the work in the usual style. Thence he passed down the river by steamer to Niagara village, where his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, had landed in 1792. The next move was into Lake Ontario, to Port Dalhousie, the terminus of the Welland Canal, the waterway which avoids the Niagara Falls and rapids by a cut made from Port Colborne on Lake Erie. The canal is about 27 miles in length, overcoming a difference in level between the two lakes of 328 ft., by means of 25 lift-locks. The masonry is of grand and massive character, composed of a very durable grey limestone. Then came a drive to St. Catharine's, with the usual loyal reception, and a train journey to Hamilton, at the south-western corner of Lake Ontario,

the line passing through lovely parklike scenery like that of an English landscape. Another lively reception was accorded at this town, lying in a splendid amphitheatre with a broad plain at its base sloping to Burlington Bay. The Mayor, as he read his address, stood bareheaded under a hot sun, and the Prince, who kept in the shade, called out: "Come out of the sun". When he made reply to this last address which he was to receive on Canadian soil, the heir apparent expressed his resolve "to report to the Queen the universal loyalty shown; his own grateful remembrance of the kindness displayed towards him; and his determination to show himself not unworthy of the love and confidence of a generous people". He then ascended the hill called the "Mountain" to the residence prepared for him. On the next two days, September 19 and 20, he visited the Central Public Schools, and also a provincial exhibition; and he inaugurated the new Waterworks by starting the engines. Thus ended his Canadian "royal progress".

CHAPTER VI

IN THE UNITED STATES

1860

The arrival of the Prince of Wales on the territory of the United States had been anticipated there with great eagerness, and the warmest welcome assuredly awaited him. Mr. Davis, an American citizen, well known for shrewdness, and the humour of books from his pen published under the name of "Major Downing", wrote as Chairman of one of the working committees for the reception of the Prince, stating the New Yorkists' intention of "doing the thing rightly, and in all respects most agreeably to his Royal Highness, not only because he belongs to a most excellent family, but because he seems to be himself highly meritorious and of right promise. . . . He is decidedly a popular character with us, and may consider himself a lucky

lad if he escapes a nomination as President before he reaches his homeward-bound fleet." In allusion to the fact that the Prince travelled in the States as "Baron Renfrew", Mr. Davis went on: "The funny part of the whole affair is to note the decided unwillingness of our people to be *shabbed* off by another title than 'His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales', a real *up-and-down and out-and-out Prince*, of the right stuff too, coupled with a hope that he will remain so for many, many years; for there is not a living being more sincerely beloved by our people than his Royal Mother". The much-expected guest of the great Republic passed into her territory on the evening of September 20, and arrived at Detroit, chief town of the State of Michigan, lying on the river of its own name between Lakes St. Clair and Erie. The place had at this time a population exceeding 45,000, with great commerce, and industries, and an excellent harbour. Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of his reception. On the river the lines of steamers and other craft were lit up with lamps, the streets were brilliantly illuminated, and the Prince was escorted to his hotel by the civic officials, the militia, and 600 torch-bearing firemen. The dense crowds made it impossible for him to drive through the streets on the next day, and in the afternoon, under a royal salute, the party left for Chicago, along the southern shore of Lake Michigan. The place at which he now arrived had been, in 1836, when it was "incorporated", a little town of about 5000 people; in 1860 it had reached 105,000: its later portentous progress needs no description. Hailed there by vast crowds, the royal tourist, for the first time, showed signs of overfatigue, and the Duke of Newcastle made arrangements for a respite from turmoil and the pressure of crowds. The party went out by train to a place called Dwight's Station, 80 miles away, for three days' shooting on the prairie, taking up their abode at the little village of Dwight. The Prince, on the first morning, was out at 5.30, and had a charming day, with a sky of cloudless blue, and a fresh breeze. The sport was fairly good, the Prince's gun accounting for four rabbits and fourteen brace of quail. On another day he

was at a place called Stuart's Grove, where he greatly enjoyed the quail shooting. He was now in the best health and the highest spirits, living in a shooting cottage called "Prairie Home", lent by its owner. The accommodation was very limited, his two equerries, Major Teesdale and Captain Grey, having one room at a cottage, and Lord Lyons another. Lord Hinchinbrook (afterwards Earl of Sandwich) and the Hon. Mr. Eliot, two private friends of the Prince, slept in a railway car. The party went out shooting, in picnic style, on the "Grand Prairie", a territory 170 miles long and from 25 to 50 miles in breadth, in older days the bed of a lake, of a very fertile dark loam. There was good sport in this region with quail and prairie fowl. We cannot here forbear to give an anecdote which will go straight to the heart of any readers who, like the writer, are devotees of the goddess Nicotine. During the prairie sport the Prince and his companions desired to smoke, but a supply of lights had been forgotten, and, after a search through pockets, only a single match could be found. No one would volunteer for the risk of striking it, and lots were drawn with blades of the prairie grass, the drawer of the shortest blade to take the chance. The duty fell to the Prince, and the party came round him holding hats and coats whilst he struck a light. He once declared that before or since he had never felt so nervous as then. During the stay at Chicago he visited the local objects of interest in the company of Mayor Wentworth, and viewed with surprise the huge "grain elevators", or machinery for transferring corn from one floor to another along vertical or inclined channels or pipes by means of a rotating Archimedean screw, or of a strap continuously travelling upwards through the interior of the channel and carrying fastened to it a series of small buckets, the force used being either steam or hydraulic pressure.

On September 27 the royal party left for St. Louis, the chief city of Missouri State, situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, 20 miles below its confluence with the Missouri. This place, which has since had so vast a development, contained in 1860 a population of 160,700. The last 20 miles of the journey

were traversed by steamer on the Mississippi. The Prince found a strong desire to show him honour, and to study his comfort and pleasure in every way. He so far discarded his "incognito" as to hold a levee. Thence he went on, after visiting the Agricultural Fair, where he received what is called a "great ovation", to Cincinnati, in the south-west of Ohio State, a city of about the same size, in that day, as St. Louis, and even then styled "Porkopolis", from its enormous trade in slaughtered hogs. He attended a grand ball at the Opera House, visited the "piggeries", and, on September 30, heard Bishop M'Ilvaine preach at St. John's Church. Two days later the tourists were at Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, then a place of 50,000 inhabitants, a "Birmingham" of the United States. The city lies at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, there uniting to form the Ohio. The Prince and his party were taken across the illuminated bridge to the hotel called Monongahela House. He was surprised to see the number and size of the factories. In the evening he was honoured with a serenade, and proceeded thence to Harrisburg, 280 miles away, capital of the State of Pennsylvania. On the way the party saw the lovely scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, the railway at one point rising to 2200 ft. above sea level. At a village called Gallitzin, a secluded place in a recess of the hills, the royal tourist left his car, and, with some of his suite, mounted the locomotive, and passed swiftly downwards to the level, with the moonbeams flooding the splendid view of the Juniata River, the trees, and the crags. At Harrisburg, then a place of only 13,000 people, but important from its official position, the Prince received an address from the Governor at the Capitol. Then the route was continued to Baltimore, the great and flourishing city of Maryland. There a grand reception was prepared. The City Council met the party at the station, and escorted them in a procession through streets gay with flags, and resounding to the strains of the British National Anthem, with utter disregard of the "Baron Renfrew" mystification. Thus was the Prince conducted to the other station for his special train to Washington, the capital of the United States.

He arrived there at 4 p.m., amid artillery salutes, and, received by General Cass with a formal welcome to the States, was conducted to the White House, and ushered into the presence of President Buchanan. That gentleman, in the spirit of his letter to Queen Victoria, gave a hearty, fatherly, and evidently sincere hand-grasp to his distinguished visitor. The hostess of the Prince at the official residence of the ruler of the United States was the President's niece, Miss Lane, one of the loveliest young ladies in a country which has since furnished so many charming wives to Britons of high position. There was a great dinner at the White House. On the following morning, October 4, the Prince was taken to the magnificent Capitol, one of the grand buildings of the world, standing upon an eminence in the midst of extensive grounds. The structure consists of a central building of sandstone, surmounted by an iron dome, topped by a colossal statue of Liberty, the height there, to the summit of the statue, being 307 ft. There are two flanking wings of marble, in which are the two chambers of the Houses of Congress. The building, which is 751 ft. in length, with a breadth varying from 121 to 324 ft., the whole covering an area of $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, has a most picturesque outline, and depends for its chief effect on the lavish use of porticoes and colonnades. In the course of the day the young "Britisher" accompanied Miss Lane to an Institute for young ladies, and played a game of "ten pins". At the grand reception held by the President in honour of the nation's guest, the latter was amused by the familiar tone of visitors, when some of the ladies, as they sailed up to the President in their bonnets and the wide-spreading "crinolines" of the period, cried: "How are you, Mr. Buchanan?" and extended their hands for a shake. A dinner to the diplomatic body, and a great display of fireworks, ended the day. In the pyrotechnic show the arms of the two countries were displayed, along with symbols, mottoes, and figures of Britannia and Columbia embracing. On October 5 came the most interesting episode of the whole tour.

At 10 a.m. the Prince and his suite, attended by the President,

Miss Lane, all the heads of departments, and their wives and daughters, started on the *Harriet Lane* steamer on a run of 16 miles down the Potomac. As the party went on board at the Arsenal, one of the officers handed a bouquet to Miss Lane, which she gaily pretended to believe was meant for the Prince, and offered it to him; he, of course, laughingly bade her keep it. The destination was Mount Vernon, formerly the estate of Washington, and now acquired as a national possession. At this hallowed spot the Prince was first conducted to the Tomb, walking to the strains of a band playing the dirge music from Verdi's opera, *Il Trovatore*. There he beheld a deep-wooded dell in which venerable oaks, then clad in foliage of autumnal tints, spread their brawny arms over luxuriant shrubbery extending down to the waterside. The mausoleum is an arched vault, surrounded by a brick wall, with a pointed arch and double iron gates opening into an outer chamber. Therein are two marble sarcophagi, with a slab on each. The one to the right is inscribed "Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington". On the other are cut the words "Martha, wife of Washington". The Prince made some remarks on the great patriot's glorious character, and expressed a wish to plant a tree. His object was effected by placing some horse-chestnuts in the earth. He pocketed some more of the nuts handed to him, and expressed his intention of planting them in Windsor Park, On this memorable scene the *Times* reporter wrote: "Before this humble tomb the Prince, the President, and all the party stood uncovered. There is something grandly suggestive of historical retribution in the reverential awe of the Prince of Wales, great-grandson of George the Third, standing bareheaded at the foot of the coffin of Washington. For a few moments the party stood mute and motionless, and the Prince then proceeded to plant a chestnut by the side of the tomb. It seemed, when the royal youth closed in the earth around the seed, that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West." The party then proceeded to Washington's house, a long two-storied wooden structure

facing the Potomac, having two wings at right angles, connected with the main part by open corridors, the entrance to the court formed by the wings being flanked by a row of negro huts. The party stayed for over two hours at Mount Vernon, and had a dance on deck during the return. On reaching the Navy Yard at Washington there was a procession by way of Pennsylvania Avenue, and in the evening the Prince attended a great dinner at Lord Lyons' residence. On Saturday, October 6, he took his leave of the President and Miss Lane, with warm expressions of the pleasure afforded by his visit, and of regret for departure.

The *Harriet Lane* conveyed the party down the Potomac to Acquia Creek, in Virginia, where the train was taken for Richmond, the capital of the famous State, situated on the northern shore of the James River, 116 miles south-west of Washington. The usual warm reception was accorded, and the *New York Herald* describes the ladies as "all in love with the Prince". After visiting the State buildings, he departed by train for Petersburg, the birthplace of Washington, and thence, by way of Acquia Creek and Washington, he went to Baltimore again, and so to Philadelphia, on the western bank of the Delaware River. In this great historical city the Prince saw the old State House or Independence Hall, the scene of almost all the great civil events of the Revolutionary War. He also visited the Girard College, founded in 1833 with money bequeathed by Stephen Girard, a mingled miser and philanthropist, who was a banker in the city. The structure, inhabited by male white orphans, is in the form of a magnificent Greek temple in the Corinthian style. There again the Prince left a memento of his visit by planting some horse-chestnuts. He afterwards saw the Penitentiary, a prison which was at that time conducted on the principle of solitary confinement. Each cell had a small garden attached to it, and every prisoner had to work at some special employment. In walking through the corridors, the Prince said some kindly words to one of the inmates, an assistant judge condemned to a long imprisonment for forging state-warrants.

He then asked to see the cell described by Dickens, in his *American Notes*, as having been entirely and beautifully painted by a German prisoner. Then he proceeded to the Park, and had, in the fine weather which attended him, a lovely view of the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers. On October 10 he and his full suite spent a pleasant evening at the Academy of Music. On the stage, in front of a group of theatrical villagers, stood Adelina Patti, then in her youthful days, and in possession of the fullest charm of her marvellous voice, and the grand German basso Formes. These artistes sang some verses in honour of the Prince, and this performance was followed by Flotow's grand opera *Martha*, and by the opening scenes of Verdi's *La Traviata*. The culminating portion of the American tour was at hand.

On October 11 the party started for Perth Amboy, a port in New Jersey State, and there embarked on the U.S. steamer *Harriet Lane*, which, having been placed by the President at the disposal of the Prince, had arrived from New York with the Committee of Reception on board. The Prince started amid the thunder of salutes and the sound of cheers, and arrived at the Battery, in the greatest city and commercial capital of the United States. There his reception was such as has seldom been offered even to any monarch in ancient or modern times. The people of New York would have nothing to do with any incognito. Their greeting to the son and heir of Queen Victoria was no mere reception. It was the grand impressive welcome of a mighty nation. It was such a mingling of fervent, intense enthusiasm, of perfect good order, of warmth and kindly respect, as could hardly be conveyed in words. The Duke of Newcastle described "the display of feeling made by over half a million of people, worked up almost to delirium, and yet self-restrained within the bounds of the most perfect courtesy". Two causes he assigned for this remarkable effusion—one, the really warm affection for Britain growing up in the hearts of the great mass of the natives of the United States, and which only required the genial influence of such a visit to force into vigorous expansion, and the other the very remarkable love

for the Queen personally pervading all classes in the great Republic, and acting like a spell upon them when they found her son actually amongst them. During the stay in New York the Duke wrote to the Queen: "Thousands continue to follow the Prince wherever he goes, and to-day, in returning from church, the Broadway was densely crowded on both sides for more than a mile". Let us now, however, pass from generalities to details.

The illustrious visitor was received at the Battery, amid a salute of cannon and the cheers of people crowding the thoroughfares and filling the windows and housetops, by Mayor Wood and the Common Council. The Prince had assumed his colonel's uniform, and his first act was to review six thousand militia drawn up at Castle Garden, near the place of landing. He then proceeded in an open barouche, drawn by six fine black horses, along Broadway to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The great thoroughfare was lined with dense crowds; flags waved, handkerchiefs fluttered, cheers filled the air. One banner, the keynote of the whole welcome, bore as a motto: "For his Mother's sake". An escort of cavalry rode alongside, and secured the Prince from possible pressure in too close proximity to his entertainers. On the next day, October 12, he visited several public institutions, including the Astor Library—founded by a bequest of the munificent merchant, John Jacob Astor, and opened in 1854—the Cooper Institute, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Central Park, where he planted some saplings of oak and elm. In the evening there was a grand ball, given by New York citizens at the Academy of Music, a pretty building, but too small for the purpose. The place was splendidly decorated with flowers, and New York "society" appeared, so far as ladies were concerned, in such an array of beautiful dress and jewellery as had never yet been seen in the city. The Prince, on his entrance, found the whole of the area densely packed, and the boxes and lower galleries also filled. The platform, reserved for the royal visitor and his party, was surrounded by a dense crowd, and they were conducted to the

dais amidst murmured sounds of approbation and welcome, and the strains of the National Anthem. Then came a sudden crashing sound. A square area of the flooring which covered the whole of the pit gave way, and a portion of the throng sank about 3 ft. below the rest of the company. There were some screams, some damage to dress, but no panic and no personal injury. The harm done was quietly repaired by workmen, and one effect was the clearing of a space which rendered dancing possible. Meanwhile, the chief visitors went to the supper-room, and then the Prince opened the ball with Mrs. Morgan, wife of the Governor of New York State. Most of the company stood to watch the royal performance with many successive different partners, all of whose names were afterwards chronicled in verse by some of the New York papers.

On October 13 the Prince visited the veteran General Winfield Scott, a very interesting personage. He was the grandson of a Scottish refugee from the stricken field of Culloden, and was born in 1786, near Petersburg, Virginia. He rose to distinction in the war against Great Britain of 1812-5, and was the victorious leader, in 1847, against the Mexican forces. The rest of the day was spent in visiting various city sights, and it closed with the most splendid display of its class ever seen. A parade of the brigades of the city Volunteer Fire Department had been arranged as a special honour. Six thousand men, in their full uniform of helmets and red tunics, turned out, with their engines shining like goldsmiths' work, hung with lamps and decked with flags and flowers. The hose was all there, and the ladder wagons, and each brigade was preceded by a band of music. The interest centred around the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the Prince and his party occupied the balcony. The people of New York had turned out in a mass into the streets; every window, every housetop, showed tiers of eager faces. Each fireman in the vast procession bore a torch, and as they came along there was a moving stream of variegated flame lighting up the buildings far and near with its glare, and showing the sea of faces in a dusky red hue which had a won-

derful and indescribable effect. Most of the engines carried lime-lights in front, with powerful reflectors that concentrated the rays into one penetrating long pencil of white fire. As the head of the column approached the balcony a long deafening cheer rent the air, and the companies lit at the same moment the Roman candles which they carried, sending up balls of coloured fire in all directions. The effect was superbly fine, and as each brigade defiled cheering, and was saluted by the Prince, the scene became one of unique grandeur. After all his experiences the royal visitor was fairly carried away now, and he cried out again and again, in a rapture of delight: "This is for me, this is all for me!"

On the next day, October 14, the Prince and his suite attended service at Trinity Church, that of the first Episcopal parish organized in New York, an event which occurred in 1687. The prayers for the Queen, the Prince Consort, and Albert Edward Prince of Wales were offered up, this being the first time that petitions for British royalty had been offered since the expulsion of the rector, Dr. Inglis—after the proclamation of independence in 1776—because he persisted in praying for George the Third. At several churches in the city sermons were preached on the subject of the Prince's presence. On October 15 the party went, in the *Harriet Lane* steamer, up the Hudson River, to West Point. On the way they passed by Tappan Bay, upon which stands Tarrytown, famous from its connection with the charming writer Washington Irving, who built near at hand the delightful retreat which he named "Sunnyside". At the famous military academy of the United States army the visitor had a reception suited to the character of the place, and, after reviewing the cadets, he inspected the institution with great interest, and played a game of ten pins. Then he proceeded up the beautiful river to Albany, passing, in the region called the "Highlands", between a series of hills rising abruptly from the water's edge, and affording scenery of a grandeur rarely equalled. At Albany, the capital of New York State, the Prince had a grand welcome, and thence he crossed the river to take the railway for Boston.

The royal party arrived at the great American centre of

culture on October 17, to find a great display of excitement and interest. The Prince was escorted to his hotel, the Revere House, by a troop of cavalry, through streets gaily beflagged, and crammed with spectators on pavement, in windows, and on the roofs. The Stars and Stripes were amply and happily blended with the Cross of St. George in a city specially dear to Britons in its earlier history and its later development on the social and intellectual sides. The peninsula on which it stands was once called "Trimountaine", from three separate summit peaks then existing, the name being perpetuated in the central Tremont Street. The cheers were incessant, and the ladies, present in great numbers, vigorously waved handkerchiefs to which the natural gallantry of the royal visitor caused him to respond, according to a Boston journalist, "with low and sweeping bows, and other signs of gratitude and appreciation". The next day was devoted to general festivity. The public buildings and hotels, many private houses, and the shipping in the harbour were adorned with flags and streamers. In the afternoon the Prince, in full uniform and wearing the Garter riband and star, reviewed 2500 troops on the Common, and here he was introduced to the State Governor, in the most open way, as "Prince of Wales". A most interesting, and, indeed, a unique, historical interview now took place. The Mayor of Boston introduced to the Prince a veteran soldier named Ralph Farnham. This wonderful relic of past days was 105 years old. He was still vigorous and hearty, and was on a visit to the city when the Prince arrived. The fine old fellow fought against British forces at Bunker Hill, Boston, on June 17, 1775, and was present at Saratoga on October 17, 1777, when General Burgoyne surrendered to an overwhelming force of Colonials under General Gates. The Prince shook hands with Farnham, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him, and the Duke of Newcastle, after a like greeting, elicited by a question the fact concerning his presence at Saratoga. "Yes," said Farnham, "I was there; and a brave officer, too, was General Burgoyne." "But you got the best of him there," said the Duke. Farnham

truly replied that the British leader's supplies were cut off, and his army was in a wretched condition. The veteran then turned to the Prince and said: "I hear so much in praise of your Royal Highness that I fear the people will all turn Royalists!" a sortie of wit that caused hearty laughter. It may be safely affirmed that history can show nothing more remarkable of the kind than this interview between a rebel against George the Third, in a contest ending with the acknowledgment of independence for the revolted colonies, and the great-grandson of that monarch, seventy-seven years later than the close of the revolutionary war.

The day's proceedings included a great festival at the Music Hall. There the performers, 1500 in number, mostly school children, sang a special hymn or ode to the air of the British National Anthem. The three verses were composed by Dr. Wendell Holmes, and they were worthy of his pen. The first two contained affectionate allusions to Great Britain as "our fathers' land", and to the Prince as "the kingdom's heir". The last verse must be quoted:—

"Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings!"

The busy day ended with a grand ball at the Theatre, and its brilliancy far surpassed that at New York, not only in the opinion of the people of Boston. The very flower and choicest personages of New England were assembled in honour of the royal representative of the old country. The stage and body of the opera house, styled the Academy of Music, were covered with a smooth, firm flooring, and were thus transformed into a magnificent hall, square at one end, semicircular at the other. The place was decorated in perfect taste. The boxes were hidden in groves of evergreens, amid which statues of white marble gleamed. Some of these boxes flanked the stage, which was,

at other points, surrounded by panels alternating with mirrors, and pedestals bearing huge vases of rare flowers. Above crimson curtains an immense American flag rose to the drapery of the proscenium. The stage scene was a vast picture of Windsor Castle, flying the Royal Standard on the turret of the Round Tower. Opposite the stage, in the centre of the balcony, was the Royal box, a tent of scarlet trimmed with gold. The bands were stationed at the extremity of the balcony, next to the private boxes. The scene, irradiated with the most brilliant light, was one of surpassing splendour and interest, in the sight of hues of crimson, gold, imperial purple, green and white, and many more, in flowers, fountains, groups of trees, flags, mottoes, ladies' dresses, and jewels. At 10 o'clock, when the galleries, with quiet parties of lookers-on, splendid in costumes and often radiant in face with intelligence and beauty, were full to the last foot of standing room, every eye was fixed on the Royal box. A movement in the corridors was heard, and a look of expectation brightened all the sea of faces, like sunlight sweeping over a field of waving corn. The orchestra played the Jubilee Overture, based on the British National air, and then the Royal party appeared, to be conducted through the hall by Mayor Lincoln. The Prince danced through the whole programme of seventeen items, and left only at 3.30 a.m.

On the next day, October 19, came a visit to Cambridge, a separate city, but virtually a Boston suburb, across the River Charles. The place is one of the oldest towns in New England, having been first settled in 1630. It became in early days notable for its printing presses. Its chief modern distinction lies in the possession of Harvard University, founded as a college in 1638, now the oldest, richest, and best equipped of the national seats of learning and study. Its name was given in honour of a graduate of the older and greater Cambridge to which the Prince of Wales was to proceed on his return home. The Reverend John Harvard, of Emmanuel College in the renowned British University, went to New England in 1637, and, dying in the following year, bequeathed to the pro-

posed college a good sum of money and his library of over 300 volumes. The institution grew and flourished, and the annual income now much exceeds £100,000. The Prince was received, at the gates of the University, with loud cheers, by 450 undergraduates, drawn up in quadruple lines. Among the distinguished persons presented were some famous in Europe, as Edward Everett, orator and statesman, Longfellow the poet, Agassiz the naturalist, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The buildings were duly inspected, the Prince seeing in the library the first Indian Bible printed in America. After luncheon in Harvard Hall, the party drove to Mount Auburn Cemetery, a place of singular beauty, one of the largest of the kind in America, occupying over 110 acres of undulating ground on the bank of the Charles River. It is formed out of an old well-wooded estate, and thus has plantations consisting of large well-grown trees. The Prince here planted an English elm and a purple ash. A visit to Charlestown, on the promontory where is the site of the Bunker Hill battle, ended the day. The royal visit to the New World now drew rapidly to a close.

On October 20 the party set out in a splendidly adorned special train for Portland, in the State of Maine. There the Prince was received by the Governor, the Mayor, and a body of militia, and escorted by them, with a great crowd in attendance, to the place of embarkation, where he took boat for the *Hero* under a royal salute from that battleship, the *Nile*, the *Ariadne*, the *Styx*, and the *Flying Fish*. On the return voyage the squadron met headwinds, and had bad weather throughout, so that the *Hero* did not anchor at Plymouth until November 15, having encountered, on November 6, within a day's sail and steam of England in smooth waters, a heavy gale, which retarded progress until provisions ran short. For the last few days the royal party had lived on salt and preserved food. There had been some anxiety concerning the Prince. Two men-of-war, sent out in search of the little squadron, at last sighted the *Hero* and learned the cause of the delay. A telegram from Plymouth

gave joy to the parents at Windsor, and in the evening the heir apparent reached the Castle.

We conclude this section of our record with some remarks, chiefly from letters concerning the tour, emanating from persons well qualified to judge. The Duke of Newcastle, in a letter to the Queen, described the Canadian part of the visit as "eminently successful", and expressed his belief that future years would clearly demonstrate the good done. The attachment to the Crown on the part of the Colonists had been greatly cemented, and other nations would have learned how useless it would be, in case of war, to tamper with the allegiance of the North American provinces, or to invade their shores in hope of adhesion. "The visit has done much good to the Prince of Wales himself, and the development of mind and habit of thought is very perceptible. . . . Many of the future duties of life have been forced upon his daily attention. . . . He has certainly left a very favourable impression behind him." As to the tour in the United States, the Duke expressed his conviction that the results of the visit would be "such as the ablest diplomatist could not have brought about in a quarter of a century". Mr. Charles Sumner, the eminent jurist and statesman, writing from Boston to Mr. Evelyn Denison, Speaker of the House of Commons, declared that it "seemed as if a young heir long absent were returning to take possession", and he remarked to the Duke of Newcastle that "he was carrying home to Great Britain an unwritten treaty of amity and alliance between two great nations". One of the United States newspapers had published the striking words: "All our reminiscences, the history, the poetry, the romance of England for ten centuries, are concentrated in the huzzas with which we greet the Prince of Wales". In a letter to the Mayor of Boston, the Duke wrote: "I cannot say with what kindness the Prince has been received in those cities which he has visited in the United States. If each individual had been instructed what to do, the whole people could not have shown greater delicacy of feeling and consideration for the position he occupies in England. . . . They have all looked upon him as

a guest, and resolved to treat him as such, but without overdoing the character of host. In return, of course, every effort has been made, and shall continue to be made elsewhere, to gratify the amiable curiosity of our good cousins to see the son of a Queen whom they love and respect almost as much as we do." Mr. Cornwallis, the able reporter of the *New York Herald*, to whom we have already expressed our acknowledgements, declared that the Duke's letter was "so emphatic and true to the feeling in America as hardly to need comment". To the Prince the tour was, in a very high degree, one of both pleasure and profit. It was toilsome, too, for he travelled over 5000 miles in America itself. He had a grand experience both in nature and in human nature—in the sight of great lakes and rivers, vast prairies, the finest of cataracts, and a country majestic both in physical and social aspect. He visited great cities, swiftly grown up out of wildernesses, and he had a glance at the moral and political phenomena of popular sovereignty, in what may be called a school for statesmen and a study for philosophers. He beheld the general prosperity of a people owing it to their energy, perseverance, industry, intelligence, and free institutions. His mind could not fail to be imbued with wide and generous sympathies with his fellow creatures, and to be inspired with a confidence in the destiny of the great republic which was becoming the wonder and envy of mankind. As regards his visit to Canada and our other North American colonies, it could not be but that the imperial instinct was aroused by the sight of that part of Britain beyond seas over which he was destined one day to reign. Before we furnish the reader with two letters written by personages of the highest position on the two sides of the Atlantic, we note the reward justly conferred on the statesman who had so well discharged the responsible task entrusted to him. The Queen wrote to the Duke of Newcastle a letter expressing a high sense of the excellent manner in which he had fulfilled a difficult and very delicate duty, and at once created him "as an extra Knight of the Garter until a vacancy occurs". During the tour in the United States, President Buchanan wrote to Queen Victoria:—

"When I had the honour of addressing your Majesty in June last, I confidently predicted a cordial welcome for the Prince of Wales throughout this country, should he pay us a visit on his return from Canada to England. What was then prophecy has now become history. He has been everywhere received with enthusiasm, and this is attributable not only to the very high regard entertained for your Majesty, but also to his own noble and manly bearing. He has passed through a long ordeal for a person of his years, and his conduct throughout has been such as became his age and station. Dignified, frank, and affable, he has conciliated, wherever he has been, the kindness and respect of a sensitive and discriminating people. . . . In our domestic circle he won all hearts. His free and ingenuous intercourse with myself evinced both a kind heart and a good understanding. I shall ever cherish the warmest wishes for his welfare.

"The visit of the Prince to the tomb of Washington, and the simple but solemn ceremonies at this consecrated spot, will become an historical event, and cannot fail to exert a happy influence on the kindred people of the two countries.

"With my respectful regards for the Prince Consort,

"I remain your Majesty's friend and obedient servant,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"WASHINGTON, *6th October*. 1860."

This letter was received with much pleasure. Lord Palmerston, the Premier, in returning it to the Queen, remarked that it did "equal honour to the good feelings and just appreciations of the person who wrote it, and to the Royal Prince to whom it relates".

The Queen replied thus to President Buchanan:—

WINDSOR CASTLE,
19th November, 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,

"Your letter of the 6th ult. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing as it does such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanour and the feelings evinced by him have secured to him your esteem and the general goodwill of your countrymen.

"I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple it with the announcement of the Prince of Wales's safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us, by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and so delighted with all he has seen and experienced in his travels. He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly

manner in which you have received him, and whilst as a mother I am most grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express at the same time how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection towards myself personally which his presence has called forth.

"I fully reciprocate towards your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity.

"The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may be fitly taken as the type of our present feeling, and I trust of our future relations.

"The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be to Miss Lane.

"Believe me, always, your good friend,

"VICTORIA REGINA."

It was well that such an interchange of amicable sentiments between the highest personages, the official representatives of two great nations, had occurred at this time. It was better still that these expressions were no mere forms, but that behind them lay, in the heart of both peoples, a large reality of esteem and affection. Dark days were at hand for the United States, and the friendly relations between the larger section of the States and Great Britain were to be subjected to the most severe tests. In April, 1861, within a few months of the return of the Prince of Wales, the great civil war broke out between the Federal, or Northern, and the Confederate, or Southern, American States. The victorious side in that great contest had real and serious cause of complaint against Great Britain. What are called the "upper classes" in this country, or "society", as represented by the *Times* newspaper and some other leading journals, took part in the main with the Confederate cause. The better representatives of the British democracy, and many of our most eminent and far-seeing politicians believed in and hoped for the success of the Federals. The ministry, in which Lord Palmerston was chief, and Lord Russell the Foreign Secretary, honestly strove from the first to maintain an absolute neutrality. The law

of nations was in no wise violated by their recognition of the Confederates as a belligerent power, inasmuch as their ports were being blockaded by Federal squadrons, and a state cannot blockade its own ports. In the last days of 1861 occurred the unfortunate affair of the British mail steamer *Trent*, when, in British West Indian waters, a Federal cruiser compelled her to heave-to and surrender the persons of two Confederate envoys and their secretaries. Lord Palmerston very properly exacted the surrender of these persons, but a bitter feeling had been aroused. During the struggle British shipbuilders constructed in their yards five cruisers for the Confederates, and these vessels, of which the most notorious and destructive was the *Alabama*, made havoc of Federal commerce. The British Government was, beyond doubt, in a large degree responsible, from lack of due vigilance, in this matter. It is well known that, some years later, the claims of the United States Government for compensation to the merchants injured by these Confederate cruisers were settled, under Mr. Gladstone's control as Premier, by means of arbitration, and that ample redress was made. When a friendly feeling between the nations was thus re-established, the best public sentiment in the United States, that of cultured Boston, resumed its sway in favour of Great Britain and her people, and there can be no doubt that the impression created by the heir to the British throne during his visit some years previously had considerable weight. The relations between the two countries have ever since, with advantage to both, become closer in the social and sympathetic bonds which are powerful guarantees of international unity and friendship. During the later years of the nineteenth century American literature had countless admiring readers in the British Isles. Year by year more American citizens are seen as tourists in the old country, and the nearest and dearest relations have been, in many instances, created by intermarriages, the most conspicuous of which have united British peers to richly-dowered American brides. It may now well be hoped and believed that national hostility shall never more arise between the people of Great Britain and the Commonwealth which, though she now

includes within her vast territory many millions of citizens sprung from other European states, still regards with affection the country of Shakespeare, and, with the eye of her travellers, views with reverence the tombs of Westminster Abbey. King Edward the Seventh, in the bloom of youth, did much by his dignified, courteous, and kindly bearing to arouse goodwill for the nation over which his mother ruled. The day, then distant, was to come when a British writer would, with truth, refer to "the recovery by King Edward, in a social form, of the territorial prerogative across the Atlantic lost by George the Third" as "a social fact thrust by everyday experience on the eye of observers in the twentieth century", and could assert with good reason that "the first application of social cement to the relations between the United Kingdom and the United States was by the Prince of Wales on his transatlantic visit of 1860. The charm of his manner impressed all classes, the tribute he paid to the memory of George Washington, by standing uncovered at his tomb, attracted to him a sentiment warmer than that of homage. . . . By the time the heir apparent returned to England the social alliance connecting the two peoples had begun, and when the future king set up his own establishment at Marlborough House, both the communities concerned were conscious of happy auspices of international friendship." With these remarks, affording a strong proof of the important part which, in democratic days, royalty may play in promoting the peace of the world, we may fitly conclude our account of a most memorable and successful enterprise.

CHAPTER VII

A FATHER'S DEATH

1861

On January 18, 1861, the Prince became an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, the greatest institution of its class in the world, then ruled by a man of vast and well-earned renown

for multifarious learning and educational reforms, Dr. Whewell. By a remarkable omission, intended or not, on the part of the College authorities, the Prince's name was not entered in the book, and it was not until 1883, when he accompanied his elder son to Trinity in order to enter him as an undergraduate, that the omission was rectified by the Prince of Wales's own hand. This entry shows that the date was as above given; it describes him as "Nobleman" in rank; his "school" as "Private Tutor", and as "Admitted by order of the Seniority" (*i.e.* the Senior Fellows), "Mr. Mathison being his tutor".

The Prince's position at the University, and his mode of life, were, for the most part, those of an ordinary student. He did not, however, reside in College, but, with his "Governor", Colonel the Hon. Robert Bruce, at Madingley Hall, in a village 3 miles out of town. He was kept by Colonel Bruce under fairly strict observation, and that gentleman had special orders never to allow him to make any long journeys unattended. It need scarcely be said that no unworthy suspicions were hereby implied; it was needful, in the interest of the heir apparent, to "avoid the appearance of evil". The most remarkable fact in connection with his Cambridge career was the instruction which he received from the Reverend Charles Kingsley. Early in 1861, at the special request of the Prince Consort, Kingsley, then recently appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at the University, formed a special class for lectures to the Prince. This work was undertaken by one of the noblest of Englishmen with a grave and solemn sense of responsibility. There can be no doubt concerning the valuable effect of this teaching on the distinguished pupil. Apart from any mere intellectual and historical value in Kingsley's instruction, his moral influence on the young men to whom he lectured at Cambridge was very great and beneficial. From the day of his Inaugural Lecture in the Senate House, the man was liked, apart from any question of agreement with his particular views. He was soon loved and thoroughly trusted for his manliness and truth, and his hatred of all affectation and posing for effect. The rush of undergraduates to hear him was

such that the lecturer was obliged again and yet again to change his lecture room, until he was compelled to have the largest of all the "Schools", and that was crammed to the very doors. Undergraduates, we may observe, were by no means his sole hearers. Side by side with them there sat on the benches other lecturers, and tutors, and non-official Fellows of Colleges. All the students who had any aspirations after a higher life than that which they were leading felt that they were listening to a real friend of young men. From time to time a story of heroic action, of evil overcome by good, or some noble utterance delivered as with a trumpet sound, calling men to fight against wrong, aroused cheers which could not be restrained, and on the cheeks of some of the wild "under-grads" manly tears were seen. Not a few of the Cambridge students of that day were turned by Kingsley to better things. His enthusiasm for all good, his fervid admiration for great deeds, the glistening of his eye and the swelling tone of his voice as he told of something really grand, had an irresistible effect, though he begged his young hearers, in broken tones, not to cheer. It was no mere history that he taught, and he made a lasting impression on many a youthful soul by the eloquent utterances of a poet, a moralist, a counsellor and friend of young men, a preacher of a very high class.

Such was one of the chief instructors of the heir to the throne during his Cambridge career. A special class of eleven students was formed, and twice a week the Prince rode in to Cambridge, from his residence at Madingley Hall, for lectures at Mr. Kingsley's house. In addition to this he went once a week alone to review the work done. The course of instruction was in British history from the reign of William the Third to that of George the Fourth. At the end of each term a paper of questions was set for the Prince, who had always shown himself a courteous, attentive, and intelligent pupil, and the examination brought out ample proofs of his careful attention to what he had heard. A warm friendship arose between pupil and instructor, which continued until the end of Kingsley's too brief career on earth.

The loyal affection of the Professor for the young Prince of Wales was shown on the death of the Prince Consort, by which Kingsley was moved as by that of a dear personal friend. On the day following that disastrous event he met, on his way to Madingley, some of the associates of the Prince, and in solemn tones, with trembling voice, he spoke of the Prince Consort's care for his son, and of the duty incumbent on them, as the Prince's young friends, to strive to enforce the wise counsel of his deceased father. Kingsley was present at the marriage of his royal pupil in history, and he records, in a letter to a friend, his impression of the "grave and reverent dignity", on that occasion, of "my dear young master, whose manner was perfect". In that year, 1863, at the Oxford Commemoration, the Prince of Wales suggested among other names for the honorary degree of D.C.L. that of his former Cambridge instructor. Many of the most eminent members of the University of Oxford were ready to welcome the conferring of the distinction on such a man, but the opposition of some bigots of the extreme "High Church" party, headed by Dr. Pusey, who denounced *Hypatia* as "an immoral book", caused Kingsley, with a just and sensitive pride, to withdraw his name. On the day of national thanksgiving, in February, 1872, for the Prince's recovery from the nearly fatal attack of typhoid, Kingsley preached at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, a sermon on "National Sorrow and National Lessons", enforcing the duty of sanitary reform. Finally, in January, 1875, the Prince of Wales, when his old teacher lay at Eversley Rectory, mortally stricken by pneumonia, sent down Sir William Gull, the physician whose skill and devoted care had done so much for himself in his own sore trial, to see the dying man. This brief account of the relations existing between the heir apparent and one of the best Englishmen of the age has a real significance as to the character of him who could so well appreciate rare and genuine worth. We return from this digression, in which we have anticipated some most important events of our narrative, to a further account of the Prince's Cambridge career. The young man, when he was at Oxford, had taken an active interest

in the University Volunteer Rifle Corps, of which he was a member, and he played the same part in regard to the Cambridge University battalion. During his residence he reviewed at Cambridge the undergraduate corps and the Inns of Court volunteers. Another side of his versatile character was shown in connection with the famous Amateur Dramatic Club of the University, known as "The A.D.C.", which celebrated its "Jubilee" early in 1905. The founder of the club was Sir Francis Burnand, descended, on his father's side, from an old Savoyard family. This most genial and witty "Trinity man" became an admirable writer of comedies and burlesque plays and novelettes; the author of the very facetious "Happy Thoughts" in *Punch*; and finally editor of that renowned weekly. He told the world, on the occasion of the jubilee of the club, how he went up from Eton to Cambridge in his eighteenth year with the credit of a dramatic author, based on the fact that he had, at fifteen years of age, written a farce which had been played in the "pupil room" at his Eton tutor's house, with the approval and aid of the reverend gentleman. As soon as he reached Cambridge, he produced another farce for private performance, and the idea which led to the "A.D.C." arose. Burnand drew up a scheme, and, in search of suitable rooms for performances, he and his associates at last hit upon a place over what had been a stable, and was now a storehouse, in a backyard of the old Hoop Hotel at Cambridge. Then came the difficulty as to actual performance. The University statutes expressly forbade to undergraduates any connection with such matters during residence. Burnand's senior associates, looking to their past University record, positively declined "to go to the Vice-Chancellor" to ask permission. Burnand, as an innocent "freshman", and as the originator of the idea, undertook "to bell the cat", and approach that high official Dr. Guest, Master of Caius College. Nothing can be more amusing than Sir Francis Burnand's account of the interview, but space forbids more than a brief résumé. The stately Vice-Chancellor assumed that the proposed performance would be that of some Greek or Latin play, by Aeschylus perchance, or, at least, one of Terence's

productions. The hapless freshman was forced not only to repudiate, first, the ancient classics, and then Shakespeare, but to ask permission to perform, as he said in subdued tones, a piece called *Box and Cox*, by Mr. Madison Morton. Burnand took care not to explain that Morton was a farce writer then flourishing. The piece, as some of our older readers may be aware, is a "screaming farce". Burnand was then obliged to admit that Mr. Morton was not a "Fellow of Trinity". He did not dare to state that, in addition to *Box and Cox*, it was proposed to play a little thing of his own composition, a burlesque entitled *Villikins and his Dinah*. He was at last courteously dismissed with the statement that the Vice-Chancellor "would lay this matter before the Heads (of Colleges) and would communicate the result". The "Heads" gave a flat refusal. In spite of this rebuff, Burnand and his friends started performing, and the matter was winked at by the authorities. The "A.D.C." was soon making good progress. The University Proctors made a personal inspection of the premises behind the Hoop Hotel, and it was arranged that no notice should be officially taken so long as good behaviour was shown. We come now to the share of the Prince of Wales in the progress of this dramatic club. He accepted the honorary presidency; it was to his intervention that the association owed its first public recognition by the University authorities, and it was due to him that the club attained its unique position. At the Prince's suggestion a piece called "A County Night" was given by the club, and, on another occasion, as a contemporary newspaper states, "the Prince of Wales having signified his intention to be present, the Heads of the University, for the first time since the foundation of the A.D.C., consented to allow ladies to be admitted". The Prince of Wales was accompanied by the Earl of Brecknock (afterwards Duke of St. Albans) and Colonel Bruce, and expressed himself highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. We have in this a foretaste of the heir apparent's subsequent zealous support of the dramatic art.

When the Long Vacation came on, in the early summer of

1861, the Prince went on military duty to the Curragh Camp in Ireland. The Curragh is an undulating down of about 8000 acres, lying to the south of the town of Kildare, in Leinster province. The ground presents a beautiful, soft, natural sward of vivid green, unbroken by a single tree or shrub, never stirred by the plough, and affording excellent pasture for sheep in its short, sweet grass. The land is the property of the Crown, which appoints a special officer as "ranger". Here, during the Crimean war, a camp capable of accommodating 10,000 men was established, and the Prince now spent some time in military training, living in one of the huts brought back from the Crimea. During his sojourn, the Queen, the Prince Consort, Prince Alfred, and the Princesses Alice and Helena visited Dublin, and on August 23 they went to see the heir apparent at his military work. The camp was under the command of Sir George Brown, one of the Crimean generals. The royal party—the Queen and the princesses in a carriage, and the Prince Consort and Prince Alfred on horseback—witnessed a march past during a violent downpour of rain. In the previous March Her Majesty had lost her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and, as her carriage passed down the line, she was deeply affected when a band played one of the Duchess's marches. We now quote from the Queen's diary: "At a little before three we went to Bertie's hut, which is in fact Sir George Brown's. It is very comfortable—a nice little bedroom, sitting-room, drawing-room, and good-sized dining-room, where we lunched with our whole party. Colonel Percy commands the Guards, and Bertie is placed specially under him. I spoke to him, and thanked him for treating Bertie as he did, just like any other officer, for I know that he keeps him to his work in a way, as General Bruce told me, that no one else has done, and yet Bertie likes him very much." On August 26 it was the Prince Consort's birthday. The Queen records with gratitude: "The two eldest boys have not for a long time been with us on this dear day". A sad day was coming for the wife and children who now, for the last time, offered the greetings and gifts of love to the husband and father. On the same day the royal party,

including the Prince of Wales, left Dublin for the Lakes of Killarney, where they were to be for four days guests of the Earl of Kenmare, in Kenmare House, and of Mr. Herbert of Muckross. The Queen was, as usual, greatly interested in the aspect of the country as seen from the train. At Thurles, in County Tipperary, there was a tremendous crowd—"very noisy, the people very wild and dark-looking, all giving that peculiar shriek which is general here instead of cheers—the girls were handsome, with long dishevelled hair". At Killarney station, where the visitors were received by Lord Castlerosse (the Earl of Kenmare's eldest son) and Mr. Herbert, there was another great crowd, headed by the Mayor, who presented an address, and the district-general with a detachment of troops and an escort. The stay at the house, affording, from the window of the Queen's room, an exquisite view across a beautiful garden and lawn to the lake and its islands, was very agreeable. The Kenmare estate extends along the eastern shore of the northern part of the Lower Lake, or Lough Leane, the most northerly and by far the largest of the three Killarney lakes. These lovely expanses of water lie in a basin between several lofty mountain groups, some rising abruptly from the water's edge, and all clothed with trees and shrubbery almost to their summits. Lough Leane, which has an area of 5000 acres, is studded with islands finely wooded, on the largest of which, Ross Island, are the ruins of Ross Castle, an old fortress of the O'Donoghues; on another island, the "sweet Innisfallen" of Tom Moore, are the picturesque ruins of an abbey founded at the close of the sixth century. The Muckross demesne lies southwards of the Kenmare estate, nearer the Middle or Muckross Lake, 680 acres in extent, and contains the ruins of Muckross Abbey, built by the Franciscans about 1440, and rebuilt early in the seventeenth century. The Lower and Middle Lakes are connected with the Upper Lake, having an area of 430 acres thickly studded with islands, by the Long Ranges, a winding richly-wooded channel, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. Midway in its course is the famous echo caused by a lofty pyramidal rock called the Eagle's Nest. The brief period of the royal visit was largely

spent on the water in a fine barge provided for the purpose. The weather was extremely warm, and the moist, close atmosphere, which reminded the Queen "of the tepid-water feel of Devonshire", was somewhat enervating, but the scenery of the hills, the Muckross Lake, where, as the Queen records, "the people live on the water", the numerous boats, and the charming wooded islands, gave much enjoyment to the royal party.

The Prince of Wales returned to his military duties at the Curragh, after bidding farewell to the party at Kingstown on the *Victoria and Albert*, and in September he took the chief part in the public ceremonial of presenting a new stand of colours to the 36th Regiment at the Camp. The Prince Consort, in writing to Baron Stockmar on September 6, said: "The Prince of Wales has acquitted himself extremely well in the Camp, and looks forward with pleasure to his visit to the manœuvres on the Rhine". The journey here alluded to was made in the early autumn, when he was received with great affection and kindness by the King of Prussia and the Royal Family, including his sister, the Crown Princess. On October 15 he returned to Cambridge. At this time his father wrote to Stockmar that the Prince's "present wish, after his time at the University is up, which it will be at Christmas, is to travel, and we have gladly assented to his proposal to visit the Holy Land". On October 31 the Prince was in London, and, dressed in his undergraduate gown, with the riband of the Garter across the chest, he performed the ceremony of opening the Middle Temple Library which adorns the gardens on the banks of the Thames. At the same time he was made a "Bencher" of that Inn of Court. "Benchers", we may here explain, in the Inns of Court are the senior members of the society, invested with the government of the body, and are self-elected, and unrestricted as to numbers, with unlimited powers within their respective societies. In the case of members of the Royal Family, and other personages of high position, the appointment is of course honorary, and the duties of such "Benchers" involve nothing more than the optional dining with the body in the Hall on "High Days".

The Prince, at the close of a brief address, when he had formally declared the Library open, said: "While heartily congratulating you on the completion of this great work, I venture to express a fervent hope that the students within its walls may largely profit by the advantages so wisely and liberally provided for them, and may successfully emulate the fame of their ancient predecessors". The opening ceremony was followed by a service in the Temple Church, a luncheon in the Hall, and a *conversazione* in the evening.

We note that the Prince, in the course of this year, was present at the first investiture of members of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, held at Windsor Castle. The Order had been recently instituted, to contain 30 Knights Commanders, and 154 Companions. The "Grand Master and First and Principal Knight Grand Commander" is always the Viceroy and Governor-General of India for the time being. The Order was enlarged in 1866, 1875, 1876, 1897, and in 1902. The ribbon is light blue, with white stripes towards each edge; the motto is: "Heaven's Light our Guide". On November 9 the heir apparent was at Windsor for his birthday. A large company was gathered to celebrate the event. The Queen wrote in her diary: "This is our dear Bertie's twentieth birthday. I pray God to assist our efforts to make him turn out well. . . . Bertie led me in to dinner by Albert's wish, and I sat between him and Albert." It is pathetic even now to recall that the exalted lady and loving wife and mother who wrote these words was, within the space of five weeks, to become a widow.

The shadow of death was, indeed, already brooding over the Royal circle. The British Royal Family were united by ties both of blood and affection with that of Portugal. Queen Maria da Gloria had married Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, nephew of Leopold, first King of the Belgians, and on her death, in 1853, she had left the throne to her eldest son, Dom Pedro, who came of age and assumed the government in 1855, and in 1857 married the Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern. One of his brothers, Dom Ferdinand, was suffering from fever. His

two other brothers, Dom Luis and Dom John, had been present, on October 10, at the coronation of the King of Prussia in the Church of the Castle of Königsberg. Thence they came to England, and before they set out for Portugal they learned that their brother, the King, was seized with cholera, a fell disease which, along with yellow fever, was then ravaging Lisbon, where sanitary precautions were utterly neglected. On the evening of November 11 the tidings of the death of the King of Portugal, only twenty-five years old, arrived. His young wife had already passed away, and, in Queen Victoria's words, he was now again "united to his darling angel Stephanie", and "spared the pang and the sacrifice of having to marry again". We will here further remark that the Prince Consort was now evidently suffering from illness and from overwork. The Queen was deeply concerned to observe that he seemed to have lost his usual power of recovery from ailment. He continued to look haggard and exhausted, and was much affected by inclement weather during journeys to and from London, and on a hurried visit, on November 28, to his son at Cambridge. The weather was cold and stormy, and he returned to Windsor with a heavy cold. He complained of weariness, depression, and rheumatic pains, and his condition was at once indicated and aggravated by want of sleep. For a fortnight he had scarcely been able to close his eyes at night. While he was in this serious state of health the Prince Consort was harassed by the condition of public affairs between Great Britain and the Federal Government in America, caused by the seizure of the Confederate Commissioners already referred to. He lent his valuable aid in the composition, a most delicate task, of the dispatch to the Federal Government, and the memorandum submitted to the Queen and the Prime Minister (Lord Palmerston), on which the prepared document was, with excellent effect, re-modelled, was the last document that came from his pen. In the last days of November, the Prince Consort, still suffering, bore his part in entertaining guests at Windsor, including Lord Carlisle, the Duc de Nemours, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. On November 28 the young volunteers of Eton College went

through their manœuvres and passed in review before the Queen. The Prince, wrapped in a fur-lined coat, went down to the Walk below the South Terrace to see them, and with the Queen he passed round the tables where the youthful citizen soldiers were seated at luncheon, but he looked ill, walked in a slow, languid fashion, and, though the day was close and warm, he complained of chill.

On Sunday, December 1, the Prince accompanied the Queen and the family to chapel, but he could eat nothing at luncheon or at dinner, though he was able to talk in his usual pleasant way, and afterwards sat quietly listening to the playing of Princess Alice and other ladies. The physicians, Dr. Jenner and Sir James Clark, were beginning to feel uneasy. On the following day, after a night of shivering and wakefulness, he was worse, and the Queen was much distressed on learning that an attack of low fever was feared, a disorder which the Prince had always regarded as certain to be specially dangerous for himself. Lord Palmerston, the Premier, had urged the calling in of another physician, but an improvement seemed to have come, and the patient took some nourishment and had some sleep. There were constant changes, and much depression and some irritability were observed. The Princess Alice was a most devoted nurse, and displayed throughout wonderful fortitude, composure, and self-control. Full particulars of the distressing progress of the malady are given in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*. On December 7 the Queen wrote in her diary: "I seem to live in a dreadful dream", and in the afternoon of that day she sat by the bedside watching and silently weeping. On the following morning he was better, and, having been moved into a larger apartment, one of "the King's rooms", he lay enjoying the bright winter sunshine which streamed in, and heard the Princess Alice play *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott* and another hymn, listening with a calm expression of face, an upward look, and tearful eyes. The Reverend Charles Kingsley preached at the morning service in the chapel, but it was clear that the Queen's thoughts, her very self as it were, were at the bedside of the husband who.

when she returned and read to him, smiled and murmured *Liebes Frauchen* (dear little wife) as he touched the anxious face and held her hands. Now, for the first time, public intimation of the Prince's condition needed to be made, and Dr. Watson and Sir Henry Holland were called in. On December 10 his looks gave some encouragement, but the mind occasionally wandered, and day by day strength was failing. The Princess Alice had, on her own responsibility, sent for the Prince of Wales, and he arrived from Cambridge at 3 o'clock in the morning of December 14. The end drew close, as the Prince Consort lay with his wife and children around him, and at night, just after 10.45 by the castle clock, they were fatherless and the Queen was a widow. The great bell of St. Paul's, with sudden emphasis, proclaimed to the people of London the irreparable loss sustained by the nation whom the dead man had so wisely and faithfully served.

On December 23 the funeral of the Prince Consort was solemnized at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Visitors were admitted into the building at 10.30 a.m., and found the communion rails draped in black velvet, and the table covered with massive plate, shining out in startling brightness from the gloomy hue around. The mourners in the chapel included the chief servants of the household, ranged on each side of a platform leading up the nave. The seats in the choir held personages especially commanded to attend, as Sir George Grey (the Home Secretary), Sir Charles Young (Garter King-at-Arms), wearing his chain of office, Viscount Torrington, the Earl of Derby, the Dukes of Buccleuch and Newcastle, the Marquis of Exeter, and M. van de Weyer (the Belgian Minister). The Knights of the Garter sat in their own stalls, under their banners, at the back of the choir; other mourners were in front, nearest to the burial vault. Lord Colville of Culross, commanding the Honourable Artillery Company, of which the deceased Prince had been Colonel, was in uniform, with deep military mourning. Just before noon all invited persons were in their places, and the perfect silence in the chapel and the lack of all movement were most impressive, the stillness being broken only by the funeral knells and the booming of minute guns.



WINDSOR CASTLE

From a Drawing by E. W. Haslehurst

Then, by the south door, entered Lord George Lennox, bearing on a rich cushion the Prince Consort's field-marshal's baton, sword, and cocked hat with white plumes. Next came Earl Spencer, carrying the Prince's crown on a cushion. A minute later the coffin was brought in by the bearers, and laid on the bier, where it was wholly hidden under the heavy pall of black velvet, adorned at the sides with large funeral escutcheons bearing, on separate shields, the arms of the Queen and her husband. Thereafter the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Castlerosse, who had, only four months previously, entertained the late Prince as we have seen at Killybegs, walked up the Choir to Wolsey's Chapel, where the royal mourners were already gathered. They at once slowly crossed the chapel and took their places in the south aisle at the head of the coffin. The Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, stood in the centre; on his right was Prince Arthur, then in his twelfth year; on his left, the deceased Prince's elder brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. In two or three minutes the procession began to move forward up the chapel. The Prince of Wales made great efforts to restrain the display of his grief. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who had been devotedly attached to his brother, wept incessantly. The Crown Prince of Prussia was equally disturbed. The opening of the burial service was sung by the full choir in Dr. Croft's music. At the conclusion of this the bier had been slowly moved to the western extremity of the chapel, and up the incline to the platform which filled up the opening to the vault. The platform was worked by machinery below, so that the bier and coffin might slowly sink out of sight at the proper moment. As the procession reached the nave, the long soft cadences of the mournful music commenced the words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth". All the servants of the late Prince stood up in the nave as the bier passed, showing deep and often audible grief. With the closing words of the passage: "We brought nothing into this world", the bier, its pall concealing the bearers, was wheeled forward by them into the choir. Nearly twenty minutes had elapsed before the cloth-

covered platform over the entrance to the royal vault was reached. Those who were walking at the foot of the coffin then filed off to right and left as the bier neared the communion rails and was slowly placed on the spot where it was to be lowered out of sight. The pallbearers took their stand near low crape-covered stools on each side of the coffin. Viscount Sydney, as Lord Chamberlain, stood at the foot of the bier, with Lord Castle-rosse and two other officers of the household. Garter King-at-Arms stood on the right. The Prince of Wales, with Prince Arthur and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, remained standing at the head of the coffin, and the other mourners in the same order as before. The chant of the 39th Psalm had now ended, and, as the last tones of the music died away, the platform on which the bier stood was slowly lowered until the coffin was level with the floor. The pall was then disposed around it equally on all sides, so as to cover all the opening leading to the depth below, and the crown and the Field-Marshal's insignia were placed at the head and foot.

The Hon. the Reverend Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, then advanced to the communion rails and in a faltering voice, at times inaudible, read the lesson. Then the Choir sang the German chorale: "I shall not in the grave remain", the music of which had been a favourite with the deceased Prince. All present were now overcome with emotion as the Dean, in broken voice, resumed the service with "Man that is born of Woman". Then Martin Luther's hymn: "Great God, what do I see and hear?" was most pathetically sung, and as the strains of this died away the personal attendants of the deceased came forward and slowly removed the heavy pali, leaving the coffin uncovered in its mournful splendour. As this was done, Earl Spencer, Groom of the Stole to the Prince, placed on the head of the coffin, above the inscription-plate, the Crown of a Prince Consort. At the same time Lord George Lennox, Lord of the Bedchamber, laid the baton, crossed with the sword and surmounted by the plumed hat, on the foot of the coffin, above the insignia of the Garter. These memorials had been fastened to their cushions

of thick black velvet. Thus left alone in the midst of the wide expanse of black, the crimson coffin stood out in hue of startling contrast. Then the attendants of the late Prince moved back from the vault openings, and there was a pause, during which the wind mourned hoarsely against the casements, and the quick sharp rattle of the reversal of arms by the troops arrayed outside the chapel was plainly heard. Then came the muffled toll of the bell, the boom of minute guns, and the coffin very slowly began to sink. The Princes hid their faces and sobbed deeply. Amid intense silence, but for the sounds of grief within the walls, and the moaning of the wind without, and muffled knells from the Windsor spires, the coffin slowly vanished from the view, and, as the last trace of gold and crimson disappeared, the words of the service committing the body to the grave were uttered, and the earth was thrown, falling on the ornaments and coffin plate with a sharp rattle heard throughout the building. Next came more music from the choir, and the concluding collect, and Garter King-at-Arms proclaimed, at the head of the vault, the style and titles of the Prince. This formal proclamation had always hitherto ended with the words for the Queen: "Whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and happiness". For the first time in her reign, the last two words were omitted, in intention, though really Sir Charles Young broke down with the first mention of the Queen's name, and the rest was inaudible. Then Dr. Elvey, at the organ, began Handel's Dead March in *Saul* as the mourners advanced for a last look into the deep vault. The Prince of Wales first moved forward, and stood for a moment with hands clasped, looking down. He then burst into tears, hid his face, and, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain, slowly left the chapel. All the mourners and the invited personages took a farewell glance and slowly departed.

It is worthy of note that the royal vault, very plain, wide, and lofty, with a groined roof springing from stone columns, has on each side four tiers of marble shelves, destined for members of the royal family, and in the centre three very wide and massive slabs of marble, raised about 2 ft. from the ground, these being

for the coffins of monarchs only. As the light slowly penetrates the gloom, two purple coffins, looking almost black, can be seen at the farther end, their richly gilded ornaments shining as though just affixed, brightly reflecting the rays of light. These are the coffins of George the Third and Queen Charlotte. Above their heads, shining out warmly with a bright crimson glow, are the coffins of three of their children who died young. At their feet, but some distance apart, and quite alone, is the gorgeous coffin of George the Fourth. On the centre slab, nearest to the gates, the coffins of William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide rest side by side. The velvet on these was, at the time referred to, as soft and rich, and the gilded plates and handles as bright as on the day they were laid there. On the left side of the vault are the coffins of four royal dukes—York, Gloucester, Kent, and Cambridge—and nearest the gate is that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, covered with crimson velvet. The bier of the Prince Consort was wheeled until the foot of the coffin was at the gates of the royal vault. Soon after the funeral three little wreaths and a bouquet, sent from Osborne, were laid upon it, the wreaths being simple chaplets of roses and violets, made by the three elder Princesses; the bouquet of violets, with a white camellia in the centre, was the offering of the widowed Queen.

It is well known that the remains of the Prince Consort did not long continue lying in this vault. In the royal demesne of Windsor, a short distance south-east of the Castle, near the road to Egham and Runnymede, is Frogmore House, which was for a time the residence of Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent. Near the house stands the beautiful mausoleum erected by the late Queen in 1862–65 for the reception of the remains of her husband. The building consists of a central octagonal chamber surmounted by a dome, with four transepts, the whole having the form of a Greek cross. Over the entrance at the end of the eastern arm of the cross are inscribed the words: "His mourning widow, Victoria, the Queen, directed that all that is mortal of Prince Albert be placed in this sepulchre. A.D. 1862. Farewell, well-beloved; here at last I will rest with

thee, and with thee in Christ shall rise again." The mortal remains of Queen Victoria were placed beside those of her husband on February 4, 1901. The lower part of the walls outside is of granite, the upper part of granite and Portland stone; the interior is adorned with marble and serpentine, fine frescoes, mosaics, stained glass, statuary, paintings, and wrought-metal work. The frescoes on the ceiling were painted from sketches by the Queen's eldest daughter, the late Empress Frederick of Germany. The sarcophagus beneath the dome is of dark-grey granite, and stands on a block of black marble. At each of the four corners there is a bronze figure of a kneeling angel with outstretched wings, and above the tomb there is a recumbent white marble effigy of the Prince Consort. The mausoleum also contains a marble figure of the Princess Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, who is represented lying asleep with her child on her arm. Beside the royal mausoleum there stands another containing the remains of the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother.

CHAPTER VIII

A TOUR IN THE EAST

1862

We have now to consider the changed position of the principal subject of this narrative, due to the lamentable decease of his admirable father. The Prince Consort had been the wise and accomplished adviser and helper of the sovereign both in political and social affairs, discharging many duties which she had neither the time nor the strength to fulfil; devoting his attention to every enterprise of national or social importance, and exercising an influence and a moral authority in all things that concerned the welfare of the State, at home and abroad, which were due to accurate and varied knowledge and to great sagacity. In well-doing on behalf of his adopted country he was untiring and unsparing of himself, and his death left a void which could not

be adequately filled by any successor. The Prince of Wales, at the most critical time of life for a young man, was deprived of the best of guides and counsellors, and, instead of looking forward to a few years of easy life, devoid of serious responsibility in public affairs, he found himself face to face with duties of an exacting nature, not in the sphere of politics, but in regard to the functions of social beneficence wherein his father had played so distinguished a part. The shock of his father's loss was very severe, and it is certain that the wisest course in regard to the heir apparent was that of a change of scene in foreign travel such as had been already devised.

Within a month of the death of the Prince Consort, Dr. Stanley, then Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church, was summoned by the Queen to Osborne. That eminent man, then in middle age, was a representative of the highest culture and the widest tolerance in the Anglican Church. His sympathetic and charitable views and conduct attracted all but the extreme bigots of ecclesiastical parties. After a distinguished career at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, he had entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1834, where Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was his college tutor. At the University he won the Ireland scholarship, the Newdigate prize for a poem, and a first-class in the final classical schools. After a prolonged period of travel in Italy and Greece, he settled down at Oxford as tutor of his college, and soon became a power in the University. By numerous essays in the periodical press, by his *Life of Arnold* and other works, he gained a high literary reputation. In the winter and spring of 1852-3 he made the tour in Egypt and the Holy Land on which was based his famous *Sinai and Palestine*. He had the keenest faculty of observation, and a most excellent gift of description and comment on what he had seen. His *Memorials of Canterbury*, published in 1854, showed the full ripeness of his powers in dealing with historical scenes, characters, and events. After being a Canon of Canterbury for some years, Stanley lived again at Oxford from the close of

1856, and showed anew his great power of winning personal influence, especially, with the happiest effect, over young men. His lectures on ecclesiastical history drew many hearers among the students. In conversation he was altogether charming. In the very best sense of the word he was a man of the world. Such a man, who had, moreover, enjoyed the full confidence of the Prince Consort as one of his chaplains, was clearly the ideal attendant, guide, and friend for the heir apparent in the contemplated tour. It had been the wish of the Prince Consort, when he decided that his eldest son should visit Egypt and Palestine, to make use of Stanley's knowledge and advice, and it was on this fact that General Bruce's invitation to Stanley, on the Queen's command, was based. The Professor's two main objections, as stated by himself at Osborne, were the great inconvenience of quitting his occupations at Oxford, and his reluctance to leave his beloved and aged mother, who was in delicate health, for such a distance and for so long a time. He felt, however, that he could not refuse to render the desired service to the sovereign and her eldest son when the royal family was, as he wrote to a dear friend, "plunged in such grief as this". The persuasions of his friends, Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, Dr. Vaughan, then Vicar of Doncaster and late Headmaster of Harrow, and the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and, above all, his mother's accorded permission, brought about the final decision. It was then arranged that he should meet the Prince and his party at Alexandria, and accompany him through Egypt, instead of, as Dr. Stanley had at first suggested, only through Palestine.¹

Stanley reached Alexandria on February 24, having travelled by the usual route, with a brief stay at Malta. The Prince and his party arrived off the Egyptian port four days later, on the royal yacht *Osborne*, which had steamed from Trieste. The Prince's regular suite comprised General Bruce, Major Teesdale, Captain Keppel, the Hon. R. Meade (of the Foreign Office),

¹ A somewhat free use has been made, in this section, of the narrative of the *Life and Letters of Dean Stanley*, to whose representative, as also to Mr. John Murray, publisher of that valuable work, the author desires to render ample and grateful acknowledgement for permission to make extracts.

Consul-General Colquhoun, Dr. Minter, and Captain Power of the *Osborne*. Dr. Stanley, the accomplished and charming cicerone of the party, soon made himself at home with all his companions, to whom he quickly communicated his own intelligent interest alike in the past and the present of the scenes to be visited during the tour. On March 1 the royal party landed at Alexandria under a salute of twenty-one guns, going ashore at the railway terminus, and starting at once for Cairo. There the Prince was met by the Viceroy, Said Pasha, the train being driven direct to his palace of Kasr-en-Nil, on the Nile bank. Thence the royal party drove to the palace selected for their residence. On the following day, March 2, the Viceroy paid an informal visit to the Prince, who was travelling in a private manner, and the call was returned in the same fashion. Before giving a brief account of Egypt and its ruler at this time, we note an amusing incident from Dr. Stanley's journals. After luncheon on the day of arrival at Cairo, the Prince and his party shocked the nerves and the tastes of the old Turkish official in attendance by riding through the streets on donkeys. The Oriental declared that the proceeding was not *convenable*, and stated that a recent visitor, the Comte de Chambord (a Bourbon prince, son of the Duc de Berri, and known to French "Legitimists" as "Henri Cinq") had not so lowered his dignity. After this it is really painful to relate the fact that the heir to the British throne rode on a donkey called "Captain Snooks", and that his ecclesiastical chaperon, Dr. Stanley, bestrode another styled "Tom Sayers", after the noted pugilist of the day, who had recently fought a drawn battle with the Irish-American Heenan.

The famous country in which the travellers had arrived had, during the earlier decades of the nineteenth century, entered on a new life of progress and prosperity, afterwards so marvellously developed under British control. The rule of Mohammed (or Mehemet) Ali had evolved some order out of chaos, and had transmitted to his successors the rude outline of a European State. The overland transit to India by way of Egypt was resumed in 1838, and steam navigation on the Nile was promoted. Moham-

med Ali died in 1849, and, after a six years' tenure of power by his worthless grandson, Abbas Pasha, the vice-regal rule came, in 1854, to Mohammed's fourth son, Said Pasha, a man of very enlightened views. He was devoted to the cause of Western civilization for his country, a brilliant French scholar, a European in his way of life, a man who encouraged foreign immigration, and filled all important administrative posts with able men of various European nations. Many hurtful restrictions on trade and commerce were by him removed, and the toilers of the country, the hapless fellaheen, began to be treated as something better than mere objects of exhausting and killing taxation and toil. In 1858 the railway from Suez to Alexandria, by way of Cairo, was opened, and telegraph wires and machinery of all kinds became familiar to the dwellers in the land of the Pharaohs. There was a great increase of revenue, and also, through expenditure on public works, the beginning of a national debt. It was Said Pasha who first favoured the great project of that remarkable Frenchman, Ferdinand Lesseps, and liberally aided the work in progress at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to Egypt. On April 25, 1859, the first spadeful of earth was turned at the northern end of the Suez Canal, and although the greater part of the work was executed under the Khedive Ismail, who succeeded to power on Said's death in 1863, the name of the latter was justly given to Port Said, the Mediterranean terminus of the great waterway.

The modern Cairo has little to show of the capital as it existed under the illustrious Saladin, the chivalrous antagonist in Palestine of our Richard Cœur de Lion. Of Saladin's city nothing remains but the three ancient gates, as many ruined mosques, and part of the old walls. The great feature of the present Cairo, the Citadel, with its slender Turkish minarets and commanding battlements, is of later date, and most of the wide space now covered by the European houses of the Ismailiya quarter was under water in olden days when the Nile ran much farther eastwards than now. Bulak and its island were below the surface of the stream. The olden Cairo, the city of the Fatimid Caliphs, was simply

a vast royal castle, styled *el-Kahira*, "The Victorious", corrupted by Italians into the present name at the end of the tenth century. The place lies on the eastern bank of the Nile, 150 miles by rail from Alexandria, and is built partly on the plain and partly on the slopes of the rocky range of Mokattam, on a spur of which stands the Citadel, 250 ft. above the level of the town. The ramparts of the fortress command a splendid and beautiful prospect ranging over massive walls, lofty towers, gardens and squares, palaces and mosques, in all the charm of delicately carved domes and minarets rich in fantastic tracery; the port of Bulak, the gardens and palace of Shubra, the broad island-studded river, the Nile valley variegated with groups of trees, the pyramids on the horizon northwards, fields, villas, and gardens to the west, and barren cliffs to the east backed by a sea of sand. Great improvements have been made since the visit of King Edward in his youthful days, but we are not surprised to learn that the novel scenes in which he found himself had from the first a charm for him. "The Prince takes great delight in the new world on which he has entered," wrote General Bruce to his sister, Lady Augusta (afterwards wife of Stanley), on the third day of the Egyptian tour.

In 1862 a writer describes the old Arab city as quaint and lively, more like a dream than a reality for a visitor from Western Europe, with its gaily coloured costumes in the streets, its shops showing objects of fanciful form and strange enrichment, its ancient houses of elaborately carved woodwork, showing a wealth of fancy in the old artisans in wondrous contrast with the poverty of newer buildings. The mosques are grand in general design, and a mine of ornamental wealth when they are studied in detail. On the other side, the place is rife with dust, dogs, and vermin. The city is 7 miles round, and barely 2 broad. The great square called the Ezbekiyeh is surrounded by the English and foreign hotels, and is planted round with fine old acacias and laid out as a garden. The main street leading into the heart of the city is termed the Muski, passing out from an angle of the square, and it begins at the "Frank" (European) end with a

modern wide roadway between tall European houses, from the summits of which a covering stretches for shade. Soon the road narrows to its original dimensions, and the crowd makes it almost impassable. At right angles runs a great main street turning to the left and winding round towards the railway. This great roadway, not having been modernized or "improved", is very picturesque in the richly carved woodwork of the houses, their overhanging windows, and the elegant minarets of the Mosque of Sultan Hasan, diversified with courses of red brick. At night the place is very gloomy, having no public lights, and only a single oil lamp even in a large shop or coffee house. All persons walking out after dark have to carry a light, or are liable to arrest as suspicious characters. Carriages have besides the running footman, bearing an open firepot, filled with resinous wood, at top of a pole; the pointed end is stuck in the ground as they wait for their masters outside house doors, the staff being thrown across the shoulders in running beside the carriage. Late at night the dogs have possession of the town, and bark and howl, with the occasional uproar of a fight. Such was the Cairo of 1862. The modern "Cook's tourist" can well appreciate the changes which have arisen from the cutting of new streets such as the Boulevard Mehemet Ali, traversing the city northwards from the Citadel to the Ezbekiyeh; the formation of the new district of Ismailiya; the lighting of all the chief streets by gas; the erection of an Italian opera, a French theatre, and of large, luxurious hotels; the creation of a race-course, and of polo, cricket, and tennis grounds on the island of Bulak; the use of the electric light in the newer houses, and the running of electric tramcars in all the principal thoroughfares. We now turn to some account of what the Prince saw and did in the Egyptian capital and elsewhere.

After passing through the Turkish quarter of the city to the Coptic district, inhabited by the Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians, the visitors, on their way to the English Church, were met by five handsome open carriages, but the

vehicles could not make their way through the narrow crooked lanes, and the Prince and his suite had to proceed on foot. The chief tourist here gave a proof of his retentive memory for faces and of his genial disposition, first by recognizing in the church an Oxford man with whom he had once played tennis in his student days, and then by awaiting his coming out, and engaging him in conversation. The Pyramids were visited very early in the morning of March 6. The Prince had been one of the first to reach the Great Pyramid, and Stanley, in his haste, and amid the dimness of twilight, stumbled over his royal charge as he began to mount. The Prince had got the start of Bruce and Stanley, who had been sleeping in the same tent, and, being aroused by Captain Keppel's pulling the tent curtains aside with the news that the Prince was already on his way, huddled on their clothes and started in pursuit. Only a few of the Arabs who assist climbers had arrived, and the Prince, declining the help of a young Bedouin, began the ascent alone over stones dangerously smooth in some places. The Arab lad was astounded to see the chief personage manfully scramble up in physical independence of help, regardless of dignity, and cried out: "That little chap! Why, he got up alone!" The top reached in safety, there was the entrancing view for half an hour of the boundless desert around, and of Cairo beneath the wreaths of mist fading before the newly risen sun.

Then came the voyage up the Nile, made for the first time by a British prince. In his letters home Stanley reports strongly of the personal liking inspired by his royal companion, and of his remarkable memory for names and persons. There was abundant time for reading on the way, and the Prince induced his ecclesiastical comrade to read up *East Lynne*, in which then highly popular work the Professor stood with success an examination by the other members of the party. The Prince had made a rule that there was to be no shooting on a Sunday, and he adhered to it on March 9 in spite of the tempting pressure of flocks of geese and cranes on the river banks. In the course of an hour's frank conversation with Stanley he made, as the

latter reports, "the most reasonable and proper remarks on the due observance of Sunday in England". On the voyage up to the First Cataract, the Prince saw his first temple at Esneh, the Greek *Latopolis*, where the grand Roman portico of the temple of Kneph was viewed by torchlight. At Assouan (Assuan), the ancient Syene, the travellers were in the granitic district of the quarries which supplied the stone called syenite for the obelisks and very many of the statues of Egyptian temples. The bed of the Nile above the town is obstructed by numerous rocks and islands of granite, and at this point begin the rapids called the "First Cataract", caused by the rocks which almost choke up the river. The scene is wildly picturesque in the troubled roaring streams and the ruddy rocks studding its surface.

From Assouan a visit was made to the holy island of Philæ, in Nubia (now the Sudan), just beyond the proper limits of Egypt. This charming spot is very small, being only $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long, and about 500 ft. broad, with a little alluvial soil on its granitic rock, and some vegetation, which includes a few date palms. Westward of this is the great temple of Isis, of complicated structure, with two propylons, large and small, an elegant portico, a partly hypæthral court inside, and an external court bounded by two long galleries with columns in front. At the time of the royal visit Philæ was the only really "beautiful" thing to be seen in the whole country. The distinguished Irish traveller and novelist, Eliot Warburton, whose book of Eastern travel, *The Crescent and the Cross*, rivalled Kinglake's famous *Eothen* in public attention at the time of their first appearance in 1844, calls Philæ "the most unearthly, strange, wild, beautiful spot ever beheld. . . . All around us towered up vast masses of gloomy rocks, piled one upon the other in the wildest confusion; some of them, as it were, skeletons of pyramids, others requiring only a few strokes of giant labour to form colossal statues that might have startled the Anakim. Here spreads a deep drift of silvery sand, fringed by rich verdure and purple blossoms; there a grove of palms, intermingled with the flowering acacia; and then, through vistas of craggy cliffs and plummy foliage, gleams a

calm blue lake with the Sacred Island in the midst, green to the water's edge, except where the walls of the old temple-city are reflected." The buildings are not very antique, none being older than the era of the Ptolemies, except the small chapel of Athor, erected in 381-363 B.C., and many of the structures are the work of Roman emperors. The little hypæthral temple on the eastern side of the island, an incomplete erection of the Greek and Roman period, is more exquisite in effect than any in Egypt. Always open to the sky, as 'hypæthral' means, it has walls whose lower parts are mere screens between columns. An open colonnade faces the southern point of the island, and from the walled terrace there is a lovely view of the river.

The visit to Philæ ended the southern journey and the descent of the river began. The flotilla included two of the Viceroy's state river steamers which had been put at the disposal of the Prince. One of these vessels had in tow a saloon barge for his private use, and the other took charge of Mr. Colquhoun's (the Consul-General's) *dahabieh*. On the downward voyage the grand temple at Edfu was inspected. This structure, which had been, within the previous few years, entirely cleared out, under the orders of the Viceroy, by the eminent French Egyptologist and explorer, Auguste Mariette, is a perfect specimen of the style and arrangement of Egyptian temples. The grandeur of the edifice may be imagined from the facts that the great doorway is about 50 ft. high, flanked by two massive towers 110 ft. in height; that the whole façade measures about 250 ft., or is 70 ft. longer than that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; that the propylon is covered with numerous figures, all of colossal proportions, some reaching 40 ft. of elevation; and that the court is 160 ft. by 140, and is surrounded on three sides by columns 32 ft. in height, forming a covered gallery. The pronaos, or covered portico, measures 110 ft. by 44, and consists of three rows of six columns, each 34 ft. high. The unbroken continuity of outline, the pyramidal tendency of the composition, and the boldness and breadth of every part of this section of the vast building are usual features of Egyptian columnar architecture. The orna-

mentation of the building, in lotus flowers, palm leaves, ibis mummy cases and hieroglyphics, is very graceful and effective.

Among the vast remains at Thebes the Prince and his party saw the great temple of Medinet Habu, a monument of the conquering King Rameses III, with a first propylon 200 ft. wide, and a second court about 123 ft. in length and over 133 in width. For simple grandeur the building is not surpassed by any similar Egyptian structure. The wall sculptures are of special interest in depicting war scenes, whose execution shows the great superiority of the best Egyptian art over that of Assyria, a lion hunt and a sea fight being among the events represented. Another object of interest was the Memnonium, as it is commonly but wrongly called, being the great temple of Rameses II, the greatest Egyptian ruler. The structure is in a more ruinous condition than other edifices of Thebes, but the beautiful architecture of what remains, and the historical interest of its spirited sculptures, render it second in attraction only to the renowned pile of Karnak. Through the propylon, once 225 ft. in width, the visitor enters a court 180 ft. wide and 142 ft. in length, mostly in ruins, but containing the wonderful broken colossal statue of the great king, made of a single block of red granite, and transported thither from the Syene quarries. It was 60 ft. in height, and must have weighed, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson's computation, nearly 900 tons. The best part of the temple is a hall 100 ft. in length and 133 in breadth, originally having forty-eight columns in eight longitudinal rows. A central avenue is formed by twelve lofty columns, about 36 ft. high, with capitals of the shape of the papyrus flower, while the columns on each side, about 24 ft. high, have capitals shaped like papyrus buds. The elegant form and just proportions of all these columns are unequalled in any other Egyptian temple. The Prince saw also the two gigantic statues, one of which is known as the "Vocal Memnon", in single blocks of hard gritstone, about 47 ft. in height, with pedestals of about 12 ft. elevation. Many Greek and Latin inscriptions on the vocal statue record the visits of those who were with the Roman Emperor Hadrian, and relate that they heard

at sunrise the voice of the hero Memnon, a phenomenon which may have been due to some physical cause, or to an imposture of the priests. We pass on to the inspection of the wonder of wonders in Egypt, Karnak.

The grand entrance to the temple, which lies towards the river, is through a propylon over 360 ft. in width, rude in appearance, being unsculptured, and much ruined. Then comes a court 329 ft. wide and 275 ft. in length, having on each side a gallery with a single row of columns. The tourist passes by other temples and chapels, and at last enters the great hall, the most magnificent work of its class in Egypt. The length is 170 ft., the width 329; it is supported by 134 columns, of which the loftiest reach nearly 70 ft., with a circumference exceeding 36; the rest are over 40 ft. in height, with a circumference of more than 27 ft. The greater columns, twelve in number, form an avenue from the entrance through the midst of the hall, the others being arranged in rows very near together on each side. There is also a transverse avenue made by two rows of the smaller columns being placed farther apart than the rest. The stupendous hall is thus crowded with columns, producing an effect of surprising grandeur. The spectator is generally unable to see beyond the columns close at hand, and thus perceives their vast dimensions, which, if they were viewed from a distance, might lose their effect. In whatever direction he looks the forest of huge pillars seems endless, and the result is one unsurpassed elsewhere in the world, and beyond all descriptive powers. This superb structure was, on Sunday, March 16, the scene of one of the most interesting incidents of the tour. In a corner of the Great Hall, Stanley held a service, and after reading the Psalms for the day, he preached on two verses therein concerning Israel coming up out of Egypt. The scene was striking enough, as the only British prince who had ever entered that wonderful building listened to such a historical discourse from the most accomplished living speaker on such a theme. In the farthest aisles of that vast ancient cathedral were gathered the horses, asses, and dromedaries, with their attendants, while the Prince's party and some

other tourists sat on broken stones in the shade of two of the enormous pillars. The Prince showed his pleasure in the sermon—which dealt with the good and evil sides of the old Egyptian religion—by asking to have a copy. During the visit to Thebes the headquarters of the royal party were at the village of Luxor (properly El-Kusur, "The Castles"), occupying part of the site of the great ancient city, and there, on March 14, he had been joined by his uncle the Duke of Coburg. A visit was made, during the return voyage, to the temple at Denderah, a village about 28 miles north of Thebes, marking the site and preserving the name of the ancient city of Tentyra. The building dedicated to Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, is remarkable as the first well-preserved structure of the kind to be seen on the journey up the Nile. It lies about a mile and a half from the left (western) bank of the river, within a square enclosure formed by four crude brick walls, each 1000 ft. in length, and entered by a stone-built gateway adorned with sculptures representing the Roman Emperors Trajan and Domitian engaged in acts of worship. The portico is about 135 ft. in width, and is one of the richest and most beautiful structures of its class, being supported by twenty-four columns, four deep, nearly 50 ft. in height, and over 21 ft. in circumference at the thickest part. The capitals have sculptured on each of their four sides a full face of Hathor, crowned by a small shrine or temple. The interior has many small apartments and halls, nearly all profusely covered with sculptures and inscriptions of a religious character. The exterior of the temple is also richly adorned with sculptures. When the Prince and his party arrived off Denderah, the sun was near setting, as a delay had arisen from a hunt after crocodiles, and some sport with a flock of pelicans. When the tourists got ashore they scurried away over the dusty plain on horses and donkeys. The sun, however, sank so quickly that it was dark when the temple was reached, and the only light in the great gloomy halls with their huge columns came from a few candles. Dr. Stanley had told his fellow travellers at breakfast that the features of the colossal face of Cleopatra had a striking resemblance to those of a distinguished person whom

they all knew. Major Teesdale was the one to guess the riddle, as the candlelight fell on the face of the famous Egyptian queen, and it was seen to resemble that of Dr. Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford. We may here note that on March 21 the Prince saw, at Assiut, the capital of Upper Egypt, a performance, a kind of tournament, of Arnauts and Arabs armed with the *jereed*, a light spear. Great dexterity was shown in throwing this weapon, and in performing other feats with horses at full speed, the riders sometimes dashing among each other in a movement like a wild dance, and going through the mimicry of warfare among wild tribes. On the same day the Prince carefully inspected the extensive sugar works at Roda, belonging to Ismail Pasha, nephew of the Viceroy.

Cairo was reached on March 23, and there Stanley was met by the news of his mother's death, which had occurred about a fortnight previously. The eminent ecclesiastic was informed of the sad event by General Bruce, in a private interview at the palace where the party were lodged. The Prince, in the most considerate way, condoled with his guide and guest. The trouble of his father's loss was still fresh for the heir apparent, and the blow now received by Stanley naturally created a new bond of sympathy between the younger and the elder sufferer. Actuated by his own Christian courage and sense of duty, and urged by the written advice of Dr. Tait, Dr. Jowett, and other dear friends at home, Stanley resolved to stay with the Prince and complete the tour as arranged. Before quitting Egypt for Palestine the royal party went to Suez, which was reached on March 25. The Prince was received by the Consul, Mr. West, and the Governor, Omar Bey, and a large number of people, mostly English. After dinner the tourists started in a steamer for Moses' Wells on the Arabian coast. The shore there was so shallow that the boats could not get within fifty yards of dry land, but Mr. West had sent over his own horses to await the arrival of the Prince. He waded ashore, however, with trousers tucked up, like most of the party, and then rode to the wells. On March 27 the visitors left by special train for Alexandria, where they viewed the column

called "Pompey's Pillar", standing on a mound of earth about 40 ft. high, and having a height of nearly 99 ft. The shaft consists of a single piece of red granite 73 ft. long and nearly 30 ft. in circumference. The capital is Corinthian, 9 ft. high, and the base is a square of about 15 ft. An inscription seems to show that it was erected in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, a statue of whom formerly surmounted the pillar. They also inspected the two obelisks called "Cleopatra's Needles", originally brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria in the reign of Tiberius, and set up in front of the Temple of Cæsar. Both pillars, composed of red granite, are covered with hieroglyphics. One is 71 ft. high and about 23 ft. in circumference at the base. The other, at the time of the Prince's visit, lay prostrate and covered with debris. Its condition was less perfect, and it was not quite so long as the former. Mehemet Ali had offered it as a present, in 1819, to the British Government, but it was, after some consideration, declined. The subsequent fate of these obelisks is well known. The one which had fallen was brought to England in 1879 at the cost of the eminent surgeon and philanthropist, Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and was set up on the outer margin of the Victoria Embankment in London, overlooking the river at a point about midway between Waterloo and Charing Cross Bridges. The obelisk, now about 68 ft. in height, and 8 ft. wide at the base, stands upon a massive granite pedestal nearly 19 ft. high, including the steps, flanked by colossal bronze sphinxes. On each side of the pedestal is a bronze tablet. That on the landward side states that the "obelisk, quarried at Syene, was erected at Heliopolis by the Pharaoh Thothmes III about 500 B.C.". The one facing the river records an event of the voyage from Alexandria to London. The huge pillar was packed in an iron cylinder which was taken in tow by a steamer. In the Bay of Biscay a gale compelled the captain of the vessels, for the safety of his own craft, to cut the cylinder adrift. The derelict was afterwards recovered, and the pillar was finally set up on the place which it will occupy, no doubt, as long as London exists. As regards the other obelisk, the unfallen

"Cleopatra's Needle", the United States, fired by the example of the old country, acquired possession, and the pillar was taken to New York, and erected there, in 1880, in the splendid Central Park.

We must now accompany our tourists from Egypt to the Holy Land, a region known to the first royal Edward of our history before he reached the throne, and, as every schoolboy knows, to the Richard who there encountered his noble foeman Saladin. The scenes to be visited were of most sacred and inspiring influence; the guide and friend and teacher who accompanied the heir apparent was, of all living men, the most competent in depth and width of knowledge, in sympathy with all that the journey would reveal to the Prince, and in power of exposition, for the task which he had undertaken. It was a propitious time for Stanley to make a second tour in Palestine. Some years previously he had journeyed long in that region of the Eastern world with his friend Theodore Walrond, and had gained the knowledge which, as stated above, led to his writing the famous *Sinai and Palestine*. He had usually a great dislike to visiting the same place twice. His perception was so quick, his faculty of observation so comprehensive, that he gained, on a first careful survey, all the advantage that could be acquired, and he justly considered that time might be better devoted to scenes entirely new. The circumstances of a tour in Palestine were, however, such that Stanley might, as a companion of the Prince of Wales, inspect places from which, on his previous tour, he had been excluded by Turkish jealousy of foreigners. The remembrance of Great Britain's serviceable aid to Turkey during the war of 1853-6 was still fresh, and it was certain that the Ottoman authorities would be ready to oblige the heir to the British throne.

The royal party steamed from Alexandria on the *Osborne*, and, on March 30 she lay in the port at Jaffa ready for the landing in Palestine. The place, properly Ya'fa' in Arabic, and familiar in the New Testament as Joppa, is an ancient seaport named in the lists of Thothmes III of Egypt, and in an in-

scription of King Sennacherib of Assyria. Thither King Hiram of Tyre sent the cedar wood of Lebanon "in flotes (rafts) by sea" for building Solomon's temple; there Jonah is represented as taking ship for Tarshish; and there the cedar trees from Lebanon were landed in the time of Ezra and of Cyrus, King of Persia, for erecting the second temple at Jerusalem. In the wars of the Maccabees it was fortified by Simon Maccabeus. It is named by Strabo and by Josephus as a haunt of pirates, and as such it was destroyed by Vespasian in the war which ended with the destruction of Jerusalem, the desolation of the land, and the final scattering of the Jews. In early Christian centuries there were Bishops of Joppa under the metropolitan of Jerusalem. Saladin's brother captured the town in 1187; Richard Cœur de Lion retook it four years later; it was again in Saracen hands in 1197. In 1799 the French under Kléber stormed the then walled city. To Christian believers the place is of peculiar interest as that where the Apostle Peter raised from the dead the disciple named Tabitha, in Greek Dorcas (the doe or roe), the "woman full of good works and alms deeds which she did", the miracle taking place in the upper chamber where she lay, as "all the widows stood by him weeping and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them". It was there, too, that Peter, lodging in the house of "one Simon a tanner" had the vision in a trance upon the housetop which taught him that nothing created is "common or unclean" in the eyes of the Creator, and so went away to Cæsarea to baptize Cornelius, the devout Gentile centurion. The modern town is the seaport for Jerusalem, with which it was connected, at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit, only by a carriage road in very bad repair. Now there is a metre-gauge railway to the capital, and beyond the limits of the old town, with narrow, dirty streets rising in terraces from the water's edge, are new quarters with well-built houses and broad streets. The orange gardens, constantly increasing in area, are famous for their fruit, and pomegranates, olives, and figs, with bananas and palm trees, are produced in orchards to

the east of the town, which has a population of about 35,000, of whom about two-thirds are Moslems, and the rest Christians and Jews. There are British, French, German, American, Austrian, Russian, and Italian consulates, Latin, Greek, and Armenian monasteries, and British, French, and German hospitals and schools.

At this place the party landed on the morning of March 31, and the route to Jerusalem was that taken by Richard the First of England. It was a picturesque and motley cavalcade that attended the Prince. A troop of Turkish cavalry, with pennons waving and spears gleaming in the Syrian sun, escorted the long array of mounted travellers. The Prince wore, as a protection against dust and sun, the flowing white garment called a "burnous", and his suite were arrayed in similar fashion. The long procession of travellers included English and Greek clergy, Franciscan monks, and groups of ragged Jews, finding safety on the road in the presence of the Turkish spearmen in front and rear. The famous, once fertile Plain of Sharon, rich of old in roses, and now mostly a wilderness, was traversed, and then came Lydda (Ludd), the town where St. Peter healed Æneas of his palsy, and whence the Apostle was summoned to Joppa for the raising of Dorcas. At this place the tourists viewed with deep interest the Crusaders' Church, dedicated to St. George, and restored, after destruction by Saladin, by Richard Cœur de Lion. Soon afterwards the travellers found themselves in the hill country, and came to Beth-horon (Beit-ur), the scene of two victories of Judas Maccabæus. At the summit of the Pass of Beth-horon there was a fine backward view of the Plain of Sharon and the Mediterranean, and in the front, far away, the Prince had, like Richard the Crusader, his first glimpse of Jerusalem. We note here that the Turkish governor was in attendance, and that, from time to time, groups of children sang hymns under the clusters of trees. Stanley describes the road as detestable in its rugged broken stones, and the clatter of the horses' hoofs in front and rear drowned every sound as the party passed along under the walls of Jerusalem.

We learn that the Prince, coming to Stanley's tent in the evening, in order to get the correct spelling, for his journal, of the names of places seen on the way, said in his pleasant manner: "You see that I am trying to do what I can to carry out what you said in your sermon". He was alluding to a beautiful discourse which his friend had delivered on the *Osborne* as she lay in Jaffa harbour on the previous Sunday, from the words "Gather up the fragments".

A careful exploration was made of Jerusalem, with rides in the mountains, a visit to Bethlehem, to "the ruined groves of Jericho", and to Bethany. As Bethany was approached, Stanley found himself alone with the Prince, at the head of the party, for half an hour, and he took the opportunity of referring to each stage of the triumphal entry of Jesus—the "stones", the "fig-trees", the first sight of Jerusalem, the acclamations of the people, the palm branches strewn in the way, the olive branches, and the second view of the city, "where He beheld and wept over it". It was remarkable that, as the eloquent expositor turned round to call the attention of the rest of the party, he was able to direct the view of the Prince to a flock of white sheep and of black goats on the mountain side, a scene which gave occasion to the Parable of the Judgment delivered from the ridge where the party then stood. Among the most striking places visited in Palestine was the Mosque of Hebron. In Scripture the place is famous as the most southern of the three cities of refuge west of Jordan and as a town where Jacob once resided, where David was anointed, and where Absalom raised the standard of revolt. In the Book of Genesis, Mamre, near "the cave of the field of Machpelah", which became the burial place of the patriarchs, is declared to be the same as "Hebron in the land of Canaan", and Abraham's tomb is one of the few sanctuaries of the Moslem which are honoured by all Mohammedan sects. The sanctuary built over the supposed site of Machpelah is called *Haram*, and the site is probably genuine. An iron door, still visible, is mentioned in the twelfth century as leading from the Haram wall to the cavern. The modern town, with a population in-

cluding 17,000 Moslems and 600 Jews, is called *El Khalil*, "the friend", in allusion to Abraham, "the friend of God", and is built on the last slope of a shallow valley, surrounded by luxuriant vineyards. The *Haram* is an enclosure measuring 112 ft. east and west by 198 north and south, surrounded with high rampart walls and masonry. The interior area is partly occupied by a twelfth-century Gothic church, and contains six modern cenotaphs of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah. The cave beneath the platform has probably not been entered for at least six centuries. This holy place, first Jewish, then Christian, then Mussulman, has always been guarded with such jealous care that no European, except in disguise, was known to have entered it since 1187, when the town was taken by Saladin. Even to royal personages the place had been closed for nearly 700 years. It was the tactful diplomacy of General Bruce which procured admission. The royal party passed between lines of soldiers to the entrance, while in the narrow streets scarcely a face was seen in the houses, and on the flat top of each dwelling stood a solitary guard, in case Mohammedan fanaticism should prompt an attempt to throw down stones at the sacrilegious band of Christian tourists. At the top of a steep flight of stairs they were met by the chief guardian of the Mosque, who declared, in a courteous way, that he would have relaxed the strict rule for none but the eldest son of the Queen of England. "Sooner should the princes of any other nation have passed over his dead body." Only the Prince and Stanley were permitted to enter the building, and the latter was there only because his royal friend showed his gracious character by making Stanley's admission along with himself an absolute condition of his visit. When Stanley, hearing this afterwards from General Bruce, went to thank the Prince for gaining him so great a privilege, he received the reply, delivered with touching simplicity: "Well, high station, you see, has after all some merits, some advantages". The scene inside was indeed memorable. The young Prince and the clergyman stood in the gloomy edifice amid deep groans of fear and indignation from the Moslem attendants when the shrines of

Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph were opened. A tragedy might have occurred when Stanley thrust his arm as far as he could reach into the recesses of Abraham's grave, in the hope of discovering whether it were natural or in any way artificial. All, however, ended safely, thanks to the feeling inspired, even in devout Orientals, to whom human life was usually of no account on such an occasion, by the presence of the heir of the greatest throne on earth, then on the most friendly terms with Turkey.

The tourists were, on April 9, back at Jerusalem, and they started on the next day for Bethel, Shiloh, and Nabulus. Bethel, 11 miles north of Jerusalem, is well known in the history of Jacob, and became, in later times, a resting place of the ark, and a royal residence and a seat of idolatrous worship under some of the kings. Shiloh, the modern Seilun, on the road from Bethel to Shechem, is a ruined village amid a smiling and fertile landscape. It was there that the Philistines destroyed the sanctuary of the ark, where Samuel as a child had done priestly service. At Nabulus (corrupted from Neapolis), the ancient Shechem, in a fertile valley between Mounts Gerizim (2849 ft. high) on the south, and Ebal (3079 ft.) on the north, Stanley was again able, on account of the presence of his royal friend, to witness something which had been denied to him on his previous tour. It was on April 12 that the party viewed the most interesting vestige of the earliest Jewish ritual, when the Samaritan Passover was held on Mount Gerizim. The whole of the male Samaritans were encamped on the terrace before the summit. At three-quarters of an hour before sunset the prayers began. Then came on a sudden a pastoral scene, as it were in a play, when six sheep appeared, wandering among the crowd, guarded by lads. The sun which had been shining on the distant Mediterranean now sank nearly to the farthest western ridge. The prayers grew more vehement in expression. The sheep were driven closer together, still playing about. The sun touched the ridge. Then the youths attending the animals burst into a wild chant, and drew long bright knives, which they brandished in the air. In an instant the innocent victims were flung on their backs, and

became dumb as the weapons passed across their throats, and the blood streamed from the only Jewish sacrifice that remains in the world. The youths dipped their fingers in the blood, and marked therewith the noses and foreheads of all the children, which was explained to be the only remaining fragment of some ceremony of the far-distant past. Then came the skinning of the sheep, and their roasting on long poles or spits over a deep hole in which were burning vines and brambles. The feasting followed, and the only direct vestige of the Jewish Passover was complete.

Easter Sunday, April 20, was spent beside the shores of the Lake of Tiberias, otherwise called Lake Chinnereth (Chinneroth), Gennesaret, and Sea of Galilee. It is needless to dwell on the interest of this famous sheet of water in connection with New Testament history. Of pear-shaped form, it is 13 miles in length, and 6 at the greatest width, and lies at a level of 682 ft. below that of the Mediterranean. The usually placid surface is liable to be disturbed by short, sudden storms, and the lake still swarms with fish, caught in nets by a guild of fishermen, the industry having been lucrative from so early a date that the Jews ascribed to Joshua the laws which regulated it. The fish were classed as clean and unclean, the "good and bad" of the parable in St. Matthew. The lake was once surrounded by towns with large populations, but Tiberias and Magdala (now *Mejdel*), on the western shore, alone are now inhabited. On that side a plateau ends in precipices 1700 ft. above the water. On the north, where the Jordan enters through a narrow gorge, the hills rise gradually from a shore fringed with oleanders and indented with small bogs. Two miles from the shore at this point lies *Kerâzeh*, the undoubted site of Chorazin, standing on a rocky spur 900 ft. above the water. Foundations and scattered stones cover the slopes and the flat valley below, and in the midst of the ruins are the remains of a synagogue in richly ornamental style, composed of the local stone, black basalt. The sites of Capernaum, on the western shore, and of Bethsaida, on the east side, are not yet certainly identified. Magdala is now but a wretched mud hamlet on the hill slope, with a few lotus trees and

some tombs hewn out of the rock. Tiberias (now *Tabariyeh*) has about 3000 people, more than half of whom are Jews, within walls, flanked by round towers, partly destroyed by the earthquake of 1837. In medieval history this lake figures as the scene of a great defeat of Crusaders, in 1187, by an immense army under Saladin, when Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, was taken prisoner. On the south side of the lake is a broad valley through which the Jordan flows.

Returning to the travellers, we find that midway between Tabor and Tiberias the Prince and his party were the guests of a Bedouin chief who had protected Christians during the massacres of 1860. He kissed the Prince's foot in the stirrup, and offered a present of two mares. On Easter Eve the Prince and his clerical friend rode alone over the hills, and the younger man spoke much of his father. "It will be a sad Easter for me," he said. "Yes," replied Stanley, "and a sad one for me. But I am sure that if your father and my mother could look down upon us, they would be well satisfied that we should both be at this time in this place." They rode forward, and on suddenly reaching the edge of the cliffs the whole view of the Sea of Galilee burst upon them, and the Prince "quite screamed", as Stanley writes, "with surprise and pleasure, saying: 'So unexpected and so beautiful'". The setting sun threw a soft light over the descent to the lake level; the sky showed stormy clouds flying to and fro, and the spectacle was truly grand. The tents had been pitched at the bottom of the hill, by the ancient walls of Tiberias, on the very edge of the water. Easter Day broke with the sun behind a bank of black clouds, and on surmounting these the great luminary poured his rays on the calm waters, and the western hilltops were tinged with golden light. At 10 a.m. service was held in the great tent, and Stanley preached on St. John, chap. xxi. After the communion service, the party strolled through the dirty town, and then started for a long walk by the shores to the hot springs, and thence to the hill overlooking the spot where the Jordan issues from the lake. Amidst the many minor notices contained in Stanley's account of the tour

we find that the Prince was assiduous in gathering leaves and flowers for his elder sister, the Princess Frederick of Prussia, and took much interest in the curing and stuffing of birds and animals, in which Stanley's servant had skill.

The journey was then continued to Damascus, by way of the hills of Naphtali. An interesting place in a green upland plain was Kadesh-Naphtali, now a little village called *Kades*. It was of old the sacred city of the tribe, the birthplace of Barak, and close by is the scene of the murder of Sisera as described in the Book of Judges. There the Prince carried off a small branch of terebinth or turpentine tree, to add to his sister's collection, above mentioned, from nearly every famous spot visited. In a detailed account of a typical day's journey Stanley describes the party as winding, in the evening, down some hillside, with the Prince, white-robed, in front, gun at his side. Close by him, also in white burnous, was the interpreter, Noel Moore, ready for any town governor coming out to meet the Prince and fall on his knees to kiss the stirrup. Captain Keppel wore a grey shooting-jacket and "wideawake", Mr. Meade a flying white burnous, with a red and yellow silk handkerchief wound around his head, exactly like a Bedouin. Dr. Minter and Stanley wore grey dress, with white helmets, and Major Teesdale, in brown, was on the outskirts of the cavalcade, prowling for vultures, partridges, or gazelles, being a certain dead shot at all game. As the camping place was neared, the escort of fifty mounted spearmen closed round the Prince, and the servants hurried on to pitch the tents on grass near running water, and prepare tea and coffee. At 7 p.m. a bell rang thrice for dinner. After the meal the party adjourned to another tent for a smoke. At 7 a.m. came breakfast, and at 8 o'clock a fresh start was made. Over hill and valley the tourists and escort rode till noon, and then a tree and water were sought for as a luncheon place. The forage mule brought up cold meat, oranges, biscuits, and other fare, and the party sat down on spread carpets for the meal. A fresh start was made after two hours' rest during the hottest part of the day.

Damascus was naturally a place of great interest for the







RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES BY A BEDOUIN CHIEF, 1862

From a Painting by W. R. S. Stott

travellers. The history of the city goes back far beyond the days of Abraham, whose steward was "Eliezer of Damascus". It was the abode of the leper Naaman. Its people were carried away captive to Assyria by Tiglath-pileser, whereupon it was colonized from the conquering empire, on which it continued dependent for centuries. Taken by Alexander the Great, Damascus became, after his death, attached to the kingdom of the Seleucidæ. In 64 B.C. it was captured by the Romans under Metellus. St. Paul was there, as we learn from the Acts of the Apostles, and Christianity spread so rapidly that the Metropolitan bishop, with seven suffragans, attended the Council of Nice in A.D. 325. In 634 the Mohammedans took possession, and the Caliphs adorned the city with many fine buildings. The Crusaders under Baldwin failed in an attack. The Tartars of Tamerlane (properly *Timur i Leng* "the lame Timur") captured it early in the fifteenth century, when the place was utterly ruined by pillage and fire after an indiscriminate massacre of the people. A century later it was in Turkish hands under Sultan Selim, and in that possession it has since remained, save for a few years, 1832 to 1841, when it was held by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha. Two years before the visit of the Prince of Wales, Damascus had been the scene of terrible atrocities of Moslem fanaticism. The Mohammedans rose against the Christians on the afternoon of Monday, July 9, 1860, and on that and the two following days they burned the whole Christian quarter, and massacred about 3000 adult males, while thousands who escaped the sword died of wounds or famine. It was on this occasion that one of the two supreme products of Mohammedanism, in the warrior class, the two higher types of the chivalry of Islam, won the greatest distinction of his noble career. The first man here alluded to was Saladin; the second is Abd-el-Kader. That great hero-patriot, after his long and splendid struggle against the French in Algeria, had been permitted to reside in Damascus, where he took up his abode at the close of 1855. The whole Mohammedan population was gathered outside the gates to receive the renowned champion of Islam. No such man had entered

that oldest city in the world since the days of Saladin. Fortunate indeed for many Christians was the presence of Abd-el-Kader in Damascus in the evil days of 1860. When the news reached him that the Moslems had risen, he hurried forth with his attendants and met a furious mob in full career towards the Christian quarter. He vainly harangued them on the wickedness of their design, but then gathered round him a thousand of his Algerine friends, and rescued large numbers of Christians by conducting them to his house, enclosed by a guard which no Turks could penetrate. When the number grew beyond the space at his disposal, he escorted them all to the citadel, and handed them over to the care of the Turkish garrison. For ten days the gallant Algerian continued his work of mercy, on one occasion facing a yelling crowd of Turks sword in hand, backed by his faithful compatriots, and forcing the rioters to withdraw. The European consuls, leaving their houses in flames, had fled to him with their families on the first day. The British consul alone, living in the Mohammedan quarter, had thought himself secure, but he also needed and found the protection of the great Arab, and was saved within a few minutes of massacre planned by his Turkish guard. From first to last Abd-el-Kader, at that time of horror, saved the lives and honour of 15,000 Christians by his fearless courage, his unwearied activity, his all-embracing humanity of soul. All the representatives of the Christian powers at Damascus, without one single exception, owed their lives to him. It was a strange destiny. An Arab had thrown his guardian ægis over the outraged majesty of Europe; a descendant of the Prophet had sheltered and protected the Church of Christ. The Christian powers did not fail in due recognition of his splendid services. From France came the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour; from Russia, the Grand Cross of the White Eagle; from Prussia, the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle; from Greece, the Grand Cross of the Saviour. Great Britain, having, as it seems, no order to which he could be admitted, sent a double-barrelled gun inlaid with gold; the United States, a brace of pistols with like adornments. The Sultan conferred the *Medjidie* of the First

Class, and the Order of Freemasons in France sent a magnificent star. Along with reward for the humane came condign punishment for the guilty. The Turkish governor of Damascus, with a large military force at his disposal, had made no serious attempt to save the Christians. A convention of the Powers allowed Great Britain and France to restore order, French troops being in the first instance employed for the purpose. The Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, dispatched to Syria his able minister, Ferad Pasha, directing foreign affairs, and Lord Dufferin went thither as British Commissioner. Prompt punishment was dealt out. The governor of the city, Achmet Pasha, had his epaulets torn from his shoulders, and was executed along with the commander of the Turkish troops, and about sixty persons, chiefly belonging to the Turkish police force, were publicly put to death. We may well imagine the impression made upon the minds of the tourists by the sight of a city so memorable for events of the most ancient and the most recent date.

Apart from all historical associations Damascus amply repays a visit. The site is one of remarkable beauty. On the eastern side of the Anti-Libanus range a vast plain, 2200 ft. above sea level, stretches far away into Arabia. In the centre of the range the River Barada (the *Abana* of the Biblical story) rises, and, descending through a grand ravine, flows eastward through the plain for 20 miles to empty itself into a lake. About a mile from the mouth of the ravine, on the banks of the Abana, stands Damascus, the river intersecting the city in a deep rapid current about 50 ft. wide. A large, fairly modern suburb is on the northern bank, but the whole of the ancient walled city and the chief buildings are spread over the plain on the south. The river supplies every house in the place with an abundance of pure water, the first requisite of Eastern life and luxury, and extensive irrigation has turned what would otherwise be a parched desert into a garden of Eden, with fields, orchards, gardens, and vineyards covering a circuit of over 60 miles displaying almost unequalled luxuriance and beauty. The River Awaj (the ancient *Pharpar*) aids the Abana in rendering fertile

upwards of over 400 sq. miles of territory. We may now understand the justly boastful words of Naaman: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" when he was bidden to wash himself in those of little Jordan. The view of the city from the crest of Anti-Libanus, about 500 ft. up, a distance of 2 miles, is one of the most enchanting in the world. Above the white-terraced roofs rise tapering minarets and swelling domes, tipped with golden crescents, and in some places these summits shine among the verdure of the gardens. The antiquities are not as striking as those of many other less-noted cities, but some of the mosques are large and beautiful. The most charming feature for European visitors is found in the interior of the private houses, showing only rough mud walls outside, but displaying, on admission, an open court, with tessellated pavement, marble fountains, orange and lemon trees, flowering shrubs, and fresh and fragrant climbing and creeping plants. All the apartments open into the court, and on the south side is an open alcove, with a marble floor, and a raised cushioned dais round three sides. The front wall is supported by an open Saracenic arch. Some of the rooms display gorgeous decoration in wall mosaics with carved work, and in ceilings rich in arabesques elaborately gilded.

From this glorious scene the travellers wended their way to Baalbec, famous for its magnificent ruins, the most extensive in Syria with the exception of those at Palmyra. The place lies on a declivity of the Anti-Libanus range, about 35 miles north-west of Damascus, at 4500 ft. above sea level. The origin of the town is lost in dim antiquity, and there are few historical notices. The Greek name was "Heliopolis" (City of the Sun), which is most likely a translation of the native name. It was held by a Roman garrison under Augustus, and coins of the city have been found belonging to the reigns of almost all the Roman emperors from A.D. 98 to 268. In early Christian times Baalbec was a most flourishing seat of Pagan worship, and the new religion was there severely persecuted. The Oriental writers describe the city as one of stately palaces and ancient

monuments, rich in trees and fountains, and all the appliances of luxury and enjoyment. When the Moslems invaded Syria it was forced to surrender, after a brave defence, and in A.D. 748 it was sacked and dismantled, with a massacre of the chief people, by the caliph of Damascus. It passed through the hands of Genghis Khan and Timur the Tartar into Turkish possession. The olden walls of the city are about 4 miles in circumference; the present town, except parts of its Saracenic fortifications and two mosques, is a mere cluster of shabby edifices. The ruins consist mainly of three temples: the Great Temple; that of Jupiter, or Apollo, or the Sun; and the Circular Temple. The first of these stands on a grand platform high above the ground level, and extends about 1100 ft. from east to west. The grand entrance, at the eastern end, with a portico 260 ft. in length, leads into a hexagonal court measuring about 250 ft. across, and then a portal 50 ft. wide brings the visitor into the great quadrangle, 440 ft. by 370, or between 3 and 4 acres in area. The statues and pillars which surrounded this vast enclosure now lie in confusion. Only six columns of the fifty-four in the temple proper now stand upright, with shafts 62 ft. high, and 7 ft. in diameter at the base, and rich Corinthian capitals. The structure of the great platform is on a colossal scale, with three blocks in one place measuring each about 63 ft. in length and 13 in height. The Temple of the Sun is in much better preservation than the one just described, and is somewhat larger than the Parthenon at Athens. It is also built on a platform, and has columns 45 ft. in height and 19 in circumference, with very beautiful sculptured walls. The Circular Temple is very small, but exquisite in design and workmanship. The ruins of Baalbec have aroused the admiration of European travellers ever since the sixteenth century, but still need much excavation and research for a complete knowledge of their origin and details.

On May 6 the royal party was at Beirût (Beyrout) the chief seaport of Syria, formerly *Berytus*, on rising ground at the foot of Lebanon. The place is very ancient. Under the

early Roman Empire it was a Roman colony, with an amphitheatre and splendid buildings. Under Justinian the city was the seat of the chief imperial school of law. The modern suburbs, including numerous European edifices and institutions, are beautifully placed amid gardens and orchards. With a population of, perhaps, 60,000 at the time of the Prince's visit, Beirût has now double that number, including 77,000 Christians; a great import and export trade; and a railway across the Lebanon to Damascus. From Beirût the tourists visited Tyre and Sidon. The modern *Sur*, a paltry place of 5000 people, represents the city of ancient renown which was so great in Phœnician trade, famed for its purple dye, captured by the great Alexander, vainly besieged by Saladin in crusading days, and finally destroyed by the Turks. Sidon (Saida), now but a small town, lies on the coast about midway between Tyre and Beirût. The site of the ancient city is now partly occupied by luxuriant fruit gardens, a source of livelihood to the modern inhabitants. Thence the travellers went to Tripoli, lying in a fertile maritime plain covered with orchards and dominated by a castle overhanging a gorge of the River Hadisha. The name, implying "triple city", is derived from the fact that in Persian times it was the seat of the federal council of Sidon, Aradus, and Tyre. There are still fine remains of the great sea walls and towers erected in its flourishing ancient and medieval days. Since the royal visit the place has become one of 30,000 inhabitants, with a large foreign trade.

One of the last scenes of interest during the tour in Palestine and Syria was Lebanon. The name, from a root word meaning "white", refers to the bare walls of chalk or limestone which are a feature of the whole range, the central mountain mass of Syria, extending for about 100 miles in a southerly direction, the western range being, in Greek, *Libanos*, and the eastern *Antilibanos*. The forms of both ranges—attaining heights from 7000 to 10,000 ft., some mountains being always snow-capped—are monotonous, with fine colouring in a distant view. Close at hand, only a few valleys with perennial streams show landscape beauty in rich verdure contrasting with the bare brown and yellow mountain

sides. The attraction to the royal party was, of course, the famous cedars, trees ever loved by painters and poets for their beauty, stateliness, and strength. About a dozen groves have been noted by travellers on Lebanon, the best-known group consisting of 12 very ancient trees amidst a grove of about 400 younger ones, occupying little knolls in a recess or hollow near the highest point of the mountains, about 15 miles from the sea. Trees of 63, 49, and 42 ft. in girth at the base are there found. In Stanley's description of the group seen by the Prince of Wales we read: "The cedar grove stands as a black, massive cloud between a lower range of bare rock and the snowy range above, in a vast mountain semicircle. It is the only vegetation in the whole view except the green lower cultivated valley. The trees stand on a little island, as it were, in the centre of the barren mountains—an island of seven hills or knolls, of which six lie around the seventh, a central square mount with a rude chapel standing thereon. The cedars are not equal to those in England in picturesque appearance, as they have no wide-spreading branches reaching down to the ground." At the earnest request of the Prince a Sunday morning service was to be held under the shade; but, when all was ready, a heavy rain drove the party to mount and ride back fast to Ehden. There the palace was ready for them, and in the afternoon the last service in Syria was held. A day or two before quitting the country the Prince made a state entry into Beyrout, and was received by the Turkish officials in their best array. Under a blazing sun, with crowds looking down from the housetops, the royal party rode into the square. On May 13 they embarked on the *Osborne* for a leisurely return.

Many scenes of historical note were visited on the homeward journey. Among these was Patmos (now Patino), one of the Sporades, about 28 miles southwest of Samos. About 10 miles long from north to south, it is a bare, rocky, volcanic isle, with hills rising to nearly 1000 ft., and commanding a superb view of the adjacent sea and islands. The deeply indented coast was once haunted by pirates. The town is grouped at the foot of the monastery of St. John, crowning the hill with its

towers and battlements. It is well known as the place of exile of St. John the Apostle in 95 A.D. The modern population is Greek. Then came Ephesus, on the coast of Asia Minor, with its countless historical memories and remains, including the glorious temple of Artemis or Diana; Smyrna, still the chief city of that region for size and trade; and Constantinople, where a week was passed. The Sultan gave a banquet to the Prince and his party at the kiosk overlooking the Sweet Waters, and there presented his distinguished guest with a *narghile* pipe, set with diamonds to the value of £3000. Athens and Malta were seen on the westward voyage, and the tour practically ended at Marseilles. On the way home through France the Prince visited the Emperor at Fontainebleau Palace, one of the largest, and, in the interior, one of the most sumptuous of the Imperial residences, begun by Francis I, enlarged by Henri Quatre, and restored with great splendour by Napoleon I. There are five great courts, including that of the White Horse, also called the Court of Adieux, in memory of the parting scene in 1814 between Napoleon and his "Old Guard". Among the many other historical associations of the vast series of buildings are the birth of Louis XIII; a visit of Charles V of Germany; the residence of Christina of Sweden, and the assassination, at her order, of her secretary Monaldeschi, in a gallery still shown; the signing of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685; the death of Condé; a visit of Peter the Great of Russia; and the residence of Pope Pius VII from 1812 to 1814, as Napoleon's prisoner. The forest is one of the most beautiful districts of its class in France, for ages the haunt of French landscape painters, and having an area of nearly 82,000 acres. On June 13 the Prince was again in his native country. His return was quickly followed by a new grief in the decease of a dear elder associate, guardian, and friend. General Bruce, who had been attacked by fever during the tour, was very unwell at Constantinople, and reached London in a dangerous condition. He was conveyed to the rooms of his sister, Lady Augusta Bruce, in St. James's Palace, and there, on June 27, he died. This loss,



IN 1860
From a photo. by Brady



IN 1863
From a drawing by E. Desmaisons



IN 1863



IN 1864
After G. Lemar

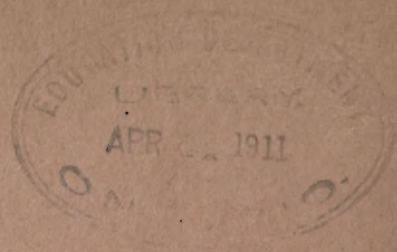
KING EDWARD VII AS A YOUNG MAN

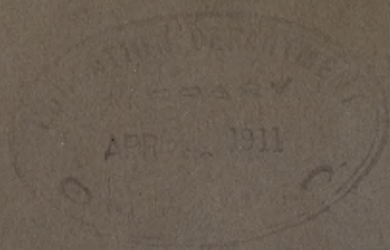
so quickly following on his father's death, was a severe blow to the Prince.

Within a few days, however, duty called him to a scene of joy, modified by sad memories of recent date. On July 1, at 1 p.m., in the dining-room of Osborne, there was solemnized, in as quiet and private a fashion as possible, the marriage of the Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, afterwards Grand-Duke of Hesse. The Princess Alice Maud Mary, second daughter and third child of the Queen, was born at Buckingham Palace on April 25, 1843. Her father, in a letter, described her as "the beauty of the family, and an extraordinary good and merry child". We have seen how, during his fatal illness, she proved herself to be an affectionate and skilful nurse, and "the great comfort and support" of her mother. In regard to the wedding the Prince of Wales had the general direction of affairs. An altar covered with purple velvet and gold, and surrounded by a gilt railing, was erected in the room. The Prince and his three brothers attended the Queen, who was conducted by the Lord Chamberlain from her private rooms to a chair on the left side of the altar. The same functionary then took the bridegroom, whose parents, brothers, and sisters were present, to his place on the right side, where he was supported by his brother, Prince Henry of Hesse. The Lord Chamberlain then brought the bride to the left side, attended by her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who gave her away, and by her sisters, Helena, Louise, and Beatrice. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Longley, Archbishop of York, in the absence, through illness, of Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury. The wedded royal pair, before their departure for Germany, spent a few days at St. Clare, a pleasant seat about 3 miles from Ryde, lent by Colonel and Lady Katherine Vernon Harcourt, and then stayed for a time at Osborne.

In the autumn the Prince accompanied the Queen, and his brothers and sisters still at home in England, on a visit to the King of the Belgians at Laeken, near Brussels, and then to a family gathering which included the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and Prince

Alfred. The place of meeting was Rheinhartsbrunn, in Thüringer Wald (the Thuringian Forest), a range or system of hills 70 miles in length, and from 8 to 25 miles broad. The hills are of rounded top, rarely reaching 3000 ft., with precipitous slopes and winding gorges in the north-west, and having charming valleys and glens, and fine forests of pines and firs throughout the range. On November 9 the Prince of Wales came of full age. The day was spent with his sister and brother-in-law, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, on the Bay of Naples. At 8 a.m. all the British men-of-war in the Bay "dressed ship"; the *Osborne* had on each mast a crown of evergreens. No salutes were fired, as the Prince was incognito, and in deference to his mother's wish. At noon the royal party visited the *London* and the *Doris*, and the yards were "manned". In the evening a dinner was given by the Prince on the *Osborne* to twenty-four guests, including the captains of the men-of-war, General La Marmora, and the British and Prussian consuls. General Knollys proposed the Prince's health, and alluded to the great loss sustained, and the bright example left by the Prince Consort. The Princess of Prussia was much affected, and, standing next to the Prince, here turned and kissed him. A rocket announced that the toast had been duly honoured, and then the *London*, *Doris*, and *Magicienne* were blazing with blue lights which ran along the yards, and peered out of the portholes, while rockets shot skywards from each vessel, and the crews cheered as they drank the health of the Prince. On the same day, at Edinburgh, a fine bust of the Prince, executed by Mr. John Steele, of the Royal Scottish Academy, was presented to the High School, in memory of his connection with that institution in 1859. The Rector, Dr. Schmitz, returned thanks, remarking on the affectionate disposition and keen sense of justice shown by his former pupil. He spoke also of the Prince's intellectual powers as above the average, and stated that his judgment on historical matters and keen perception of right and wrong had often caused surprise. In regard to the fine arts and all matters of taste, the Prince had shown rare excellence.





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